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THE  
**B**reitmann **B**allads.

BY  
CHARLES G. LELAND.

A New Edition.



**LONDON:**  
TRÜBNER & CO., LUDGATE HILL.

1889.

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72764

TO THE MEMORY  
OF THE LATE  
NICHOLAS TRÜBNER

This Work is Dedicated

BY

CHARLES G. LELAND.



### Ad Musam.

“Est mihi schoena etenim et praestanti corpore liebsta  
Haec sola est mea Musa meoque regierit in Herzo.  
Huic me ergebo ipsum meaque illi abstatto geluebda,  
Huic ehrensaulas anfrichto opfroque Geschenka,  
Hic etiam absingo liedros et carmina scribo.”

—*Rapsodia Andra, Leipzig, 17th century.*







## P R E F A C E

TO THE EDITION OF 1889.



THOUGH twenty years have passed since the first appearance of the "Breitmann Ballads" in a collected form, the author is deeply gratified—and not less sincerely grateful to the public—in knowing that Hans still lives in many memories, that he continues to be quoted when writers wish to illustrate an exuberantly joyous "barty," or ladies so very fashionably dressed as to recall "de maidens mit nodings on," and that no inconsiderable number of those who are "beginning German" continue to be addressed by sportive friends in the Breitmann dialect as a compliment to their capacity as linguists. For as a young medical student is asked by anxious intimates if he has got as far as salts, I have heard inquiries addressed to tyros in Teutonic whether they had mastered these songs. As I have realised all of this from newspapers and novels, even during the past few weeks, and have learned that a new and very expensive edition of the work has just appeared in America, I trust that I may be pardoned for a self-gratulation, which is, after all

really gratitude to those who have demanded of the English publisher another issue. My chief pleasure in this—though it be mingled with sorrow—is, that it enables me to dedicate to the memory of my friend the late NICHOLAS TRÜBNER the most complete edition of the Ballads ever printed. I can think of no more appropriate tribute to his memory, since he was not only the first publisher of the work in England, but collaborated with the author in editing it so far as to greatly improve and extend the whole. This is more fully set forth in the Introduction to the Glossary, which is all his own. The memory of the deep personal interest which he took in the poems, his delight in being their publisher, his fondness for reciting them, is and ever will be to me indescribably touching; such experiences being rare in any life. He was an immensely general and yet thorough scholar, and I am certain that I never met with any man in my life who to such an extensive bibliographical knowledge added so much familiarity with the contents of books. And he was familiar with nothing which did not interest him, which is rare indeed among men who *must* know something of thousands of works—in fact, he was a wonderful and very original book in himself, which, if it had ever been written out and published, would have never died. His was one of the instances which give the world good cause to regret that the art of autobiography is of all others the one least taught or studied. There are few characters more interesting than those in which the practical man of business is combined with the scholar, because of the contrasts, or varied play of light and shadow, in them, and this

was, absolutely to perfection, that of Mr. Trübner. And if I have re-edited this work, it was that I might have an opportunity of recording it.

There are others to whom I owe sincere gratitude for interest displayed in this work when it was young. The first of these was the late CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED of New York. With the exception of the "Barty," most of the poems in the first edition were written merely to fill up letters to him, and as I kept no copy of them, they would have been forgotten, had he not preserved and printed them after a time in a sporting paper. Nor would they even after this have appeared (though Mr. Bristed once tried to surprise me with a privately printed collection of them, which attempt failed) had not Mr. RINGWALT, my collaborateur on the *Philadelphia Press*, and also a printer, had such faith in the work as to have it "set up" in his office, offering to try an edition for me. This was transferred to PETERSON BROTHERS, in whose hands the sale became at once very great ; and I should be truly ungrateful if I omitted to mention among the many writers who were very kind in reviews, Mr. GEORGE A. SALA, who was chiefly influential in introducing Hans Breitmann to the English public, and who has ever been his warmest friend. Another friend who encouraged and aided me by criticism was the late OCTAVE DELEPIERRE, a man of immense erudition, especially in archæology, *curiosa*, and *facetiæ*. I trust that I may be pardoned for here mentioning that he often spoke of Breitmann's "Interview with the Pope" as his favourite Macaronic poem, which, as he had published two volumes of *Macaronea*, was praise

indeed. His theory was, that as Macaronics were the ultra-extravagance of poetry, he who wrote most recklessly in them did best ; in fact, that they should excel in first-rate *badness* ; and from this point of view it is possible that Breitmann's Latin lyric is not devoid of merit, since assuredly nobody ever wrote a worse. The late LORD LYTTON, or "Bulwer," was also kind enough to take an interest in these Ballads, which was to me as gratifying as it was amazing. It was one of the great surprises of my life. I have a long letter from him, addressed to me on the appearance of the first collected edition, in 1870. In it he spoke with warmest compliment of the poem of "Leyden," and the first verses of "Breitmann in Belgium."

In conclusion, I acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. DALZIEL BROTHERS for allowing me to republish here four poems which had appeared in the "Brand New Ballads" published by them in 1885. But to mention all the people of whom I have grateful memories in connection with the work, who have become acquainted with me through it, or written to me, or said pleasant words, would be impossible. I am happy to think that it would embrace many of the Men of the Times during the past twenty years—and unfortunately too many who are now departed. And trusting that the reader will take in good part all that I have said, I remain,—his true friend (for truly there is no friend dearer than a devoted reader),

CHARLES G. LELAND.



## P R E F A C E.

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WHEN HANS BREITMANN'S PARTY, WITH OTHER BALLADS, appeared, the only claim made on its behalf was, that it constituted the first book ever written in English as imperfectly spoken by Germans. The author consequently held himself bound to give his broken English in a truthful form. So far as observation and care, aided by the suggestions of well-educated German friends, could enable him to do this, it was done. But the more extensive were his observations, the more did the fact force itself upon his mind, that there is actually no well-defined method or standard of "German-English," since not only do no two men speak it alike, but no one individual is invariably consistent in his errors or accuracies. Every reader who knows any foreign language imperfectly is aware that *he speaks it better at one time than another*, and it would consequently have been a grave error to reduce the broken and irregular jargon of the book to a fixed and regular language, or to require that the author should invariably write exactly the same mispronunciations with strict consistency on all occasions.

The opinion—entirely foreign to any intention of the author—that Hans Breitmann is an embodied

satire on everything German, has found very few supporters, and it is with the greatest gratification that he has learned that educated and intelligent Germans regard Hans as a jocose burlesque of a type which is every day becoming rarer. And if Teutonic philosophy and sentiment, beer, music, and romance, have been made the medium for what many reviewers have kindly declared to be laughter-moving, let the reader be assured that not a single word was meant in a bitter or unkindly spirit. It is true that there is always a standpoint from which any effort may be misjudged, but this standpoint certainly did not occur to the writer when he wrote, with anything but misgiving, of his "heartly, hard-fighting, good-natured old ex-student," who, in the political ballads and others, appears to no moral disadvantage by the side of his associates.

Breitmann in several ballads is indeed a very literal copy or combination of characteristics of men who really exist or existed, and who had in their lives embraced as many extremes of thought as the Captain. America abounds with Germans, who, having received in their youth a "classical education," have passed through varied adventures, and often present the most startling paradoxes of thought and personal appearance. I have seen bearing a keg a porter who could speak Latin fluently. I have been in a beer-shop kept by a man who was distinguished in the Frankfort Parliament. I have found a graduate of the University of Munich in a negro minstrel troupe. And while mentioning these as a proof that Breitmann, as I have depicted him, is not a contradictory character, I cannot

refrain from a word of praise as to the energy and patience with which the German "under a cloud" in America bears his reverses, and works cheerfully and uncomplainingly, until, by sheer perseverance, he, in most cases, conquers fortune. In this respect the Germans, as a race, and I might almost say as individuals, are superior to any others on the American continent. And if I have jested with the German new philosophy, it is with the more seriousness that I here acknowledge the deepest respect for that true practical philosophy of life—that well-balanced mixture of stoicism and epicurism—which enables Germans to endure and to *enjoy* under circumstances when other men would probably despair.

Breitmann is one of the battered types of the men of '48—a person whose education more than his heart has in every way led him to entire scepticism or indifference—and one whose Lutheranism does not go beyond "Wein, Weib, und Gesang." Beneath his unlimited faith in pleasure lie natural shrewdness, an excellent early education, and certain principles of honesty and good fellowship, which are all the more clearly defined from his moral looseness in details which are identified in the Anglo-Saxon mind with total depravity. In such a man, the appreciation of the beautiful in nature may be keen, but it will continually vanish before humour or mere fun; while having no deep root in life or interests in common with the settled Anglo-Saxon citizen, he cannot fail to appear at times to the latter as a near relation to Mephistopheles. But his "mockery" is as accidental and naïf as that of Jewish Young Germany is keen

and deliberate ; and the former differs from the latter as the drollery of Abraham à Santa Clara differs from the brilliant satire of Heine.

The reader should be fairly warned that these poems abound in words, phrases, suggestions, and even couplets, borrowed to such an extent from old ballads and other sources, as to make acknowledgment in many cases seem affectation. Where this has appeared to be worth the while, it has been done. The lyrics were written for a laugh—without anticipating publication, so far as a number of the principal ones in the first volume were concerned, and certainly without the least idea that they would be extensively and closely criticised by eminent and able reviewers. Before its compilation the “Barty” had almost passed from the writer’s memory, several other songs of the same character by him were quite forgotten, while a number had formed portions of letters to friends, by one of whom a few were published in a newspaper. When finally urged by many who were pleased with “Breitmann” to issue these humble lyrics in book form, it was with some difficulty that the first volume was brought together.

The excuse for the foregoing observations is the unexpected success of a book which is of itself of so eccentric a character as to require some explanation. For its reception from the public, and the kindness and consideration with which it has been treated by the press, the author can never be sufficiently grateful.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

LONDON, 1871.



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# INTRODUCTION.

BY THE PUBLISHER.



“HANS BREITMANN GIFE A BARTY”—the first of the poems here submitted to the English public—appeared originally in 1857, in *Graham's Magazine*, in Philadelphia, and soon became widely known. Few American poems, indeed, have been held in better or more constant remembrance than the ballad of “Hans Breitmann's Barty ;” for the words just quoted have actually passed into a proverbial expression. The other ballads of the present collection, likewise published in several newspapers, were first collected in 1869 by Mr. Leland, the translator of Heine's “Pictures of Travel” and “Book of Songs,” and author of “Meister Karl's Sketch-Book,” Philadelphia, 1856, and “Sunshine in Thought,” New York, 1863. They are much of the same character as “The Barty”—most of them celebrating the martial career of “Hans Breitmann,” whose prototype was a German, serving during the war in the 15th Pennsylvanian cavalry, and who—we have it on good authority—was a man of desperate courage whenever a cent could be made, and one who *never*

fought unless something *could* be made. The "*rebs*" "gobbled" him one day ; but he re-appeared in three weeks overloaded with money and valuables. One of the American critics remarks :—"Throughout all the ballads it is the same figure presented—an honest 'Deutscher,' drunk with the New World as with new wine, and rioting in the expression of purely Deutsch nature and half-Deutsch ideas through a strange speech."

The poems are written in the droll broken English (not to be confounded with the Pennsylvanian German) spoken by millions of—mostly uneducated—Germans in America, immigrants to a great extent from southern Germany. Their English has not yet become a distinct dialect ; and it would even be difficult to fix at present the varieties in which it occurs. One of its prominent peculiarities, however, is easily perceived : it consists in the constant confounding of the soft and hard consonants ; and the reader must well bear it in mind when translating the language that meets his eye into one to become intelligible to his ear. Thus to the German of our poet, kiss becomes giss ; company—gompany ; care—gare ; count—gount ; corner—gorner ; till—dill ; terrible—derrible ; time—dime ; mountain—moundain ; thing—ding ; through—droo ; the—de ; themselves—demselves ; other—oder ; party—barty ; place — blace ; pig — big ; priest — breest ; piano—biano ; plaster—blaster ; fine—vine ; fighting—vighting ; fellow—veller ; or, *vice versâ*, he sounds got—cot ; green—creen ; great—crate ; gold dollars—cold tollars ; dam—tam ; dreadful—treadful ; drunk—troonk ; brown — prawn ; blood — ploot ; bridge—

pridge ; barrel—parrel ; boot—poot ; begging—peggin' ; blackguard—plackguart ; rebel—repel ; never—nefer ; river—rifer ; very—fery ; give—gife ; victory—fictory ; evening — efening ; revive — refife ; jump—shoomp ; join—choin ; joy—choy ; just—shoost ; joke—choke ; jingling—shingling, &c. ; or, through a kindred change, both—bofe ; youth—youtf ; but mouth—mout' ; earth—ear't' ; south—sout' ; waiting—vaiten' ; was—vas ; widow—vidow ; woman—voman ; work—vork ; one—von ; we—ve, &c. And hence, by way of a compound mixture, we get from him drafel for travel, derriple for terrible, a daple-leck for a table-leg, bepples for pebbles, tisasder for disaster, schimnastig dricks for gymnastic tricks, let-bencil for lead-pencil, &c. The peculiarity of Germans pronouncing in their mother tongue *s* like *sh* when it is followed by *t* or *p*, and of Germans of southern Germany often also final *s* like *sh*, naturally produced in their American jargon such results as shplit, shtop, shtraight, shtar, shtupendous, shpree, shpirit, &c. ; ish (is), ash (as), &c. ; and, by analogy, led to shveet (sweet), schwig (swig), &c. We need not notice, however, more than these freaks of the German-American-English of the present poems, as little as we need advert to simple vulgarisms also met with in England, such as the omission of the final *g* in words terminating in *ing* (blayin'—playing ; shpinnen'—spinning ; ridin', sailin', roonin', &c.). We must, of course, assume that the reader of this little volume is well acquainted both with English and German.

The reader will perceive that the writer has taken another flight in "Hans Breitmann's Christmas," and

many of the later ballads, from what he did in those preceding ; and exception might be taken to his choice of subjects, and treatment of them, if the language employed by him were a fixed dialect—that is, a language arrested at a certain stage of its progress ; for in that case he would have had to subordinate his pictures to the narrow sphere of the realistic incidents of a given locality. But the imperfect English utterances of the German, newly arrived in America, coloured more or less by the peculiarities of his native idiom, do not make, and never will make a dialect, for the simple reason that, in proportion to his intelligence, his opportunities, and the length of time spent by him among his new English-speaking countrymen, he will sooner or later rid himself of the crudenesses of his speech, thus preventing it from becoming fixed. Many of the Germans who have emigrated and are still emigrating to America belong to the well-educated classes, and some possess a very high culture. Our poet has therefore presented his typical German, with perfect propriety, in a variety of situations which would be incompatible with the narrow conceptions within which the dialect necessarily moves, and has endowed him with character, even where the local colour is wanting.

In “Breitmann in Politics,” we are on purely American ground.

In it the Germans convince themselves that, as their hero can no longer plunder the rebels, he ought to plunder the nation, and they resolve on getting him elected to the State Legislature. They accordingly form a committee, and formulate for their candidate six “moral ideas” as his platform. These they show



to their Yankee helper, Hiram Twine, who, having changed his politics fifteen times, and managed several elections, knows how matters should be handled. He says the moral ideas are very fine, but not worth a "dern;" and instead of them proclaims the true cry, that Breitmann is *sound upon the goose*, about which he tells a story. Then it is reported that the German cannot win, and that, as he is a soldier, he has been sent into the political field only to lead the forlorn hope and get beaten. In answer to this, Twine starts the report that Smith has *sold the fight* to Breitmann, a notion which the Americans take to at once—

"For dey mostly dinked id de naturalest ding as efer couldt pefall,

For to sheat von's own gonstituents is de pest mose in de came,  
Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense to do de same."

Accordingly, Breitmann calls a meeting of Smith's supporters, tells them that he hopes to get a good place for his friend Smith, though he cannot approve of Smith's teetotal principles, because he, Breitmann, is a republican, and the meaning of that word is plain:—" . . . If any enlightened man vill seeken in his Bibel, he will find dat a publican is a barty ash sells *lager*; und de ding is very blain, dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und 'gain." Moreover, Smith believes in God, and goes to church,—what liberal German *can* stand this?—while Breitmann, being a publican, must be a sinner. As to parties, the *principles* of both are the same—plunder—and "any man who gifes me his fote,—votefer his boledics pe,—shall alfays pe regardet ash bolidigal friendt py me."

This brings the house down. And when Breitmann announces that he sells the best beer in the city, and stands drinks gratis to his "bolidigal friendts," and orders in twelve barrels of lager for the meeting, he is unanimously voted "a brickbat, and no sardine."

After this brilliant success, the author is obliged to pause, in order to proclaim the intellectual superiority of Germans to the whole world. He gets tremendously be-fogged in the process, but that is no matter—

"Ash der Hegel say of his system, 'Dat only von mans knew  
 Vot der tyfel id meant; and he couldn't tell,' und der Jean  
 Paul Richter, too,  
 Who saidt, 'Gott knows, I meant somedings vhen foorst dis  
 buch I writ,  
 Boot Gott only weiss vot das buch means now, for I hafe  
 forgotten it!'"

But, taking the point as proved, our German still allows that the Yankees have some sharp-pointed sense, which he illustrates by narrating how Hiram Twine turned a village of Smith-voters into the Breitmann camp. The village is German and Democrat. Smith has forgotten his meeting, and Twine, who is very like Smith, and rides into the village to watch the meeting, is taken by the Germans for Smith. On this, Twine resolves to personate Smith, and give his supporters a dose of him. Accordingly, on being asked to drink, he tells the Germans that none but hogs would drink their stinking beer, and that German wine was only made for German swine. Then he goes to the meeting, and, having wounded their feelings in the tenderest point,—the love of beer,—attacks the next tenderest,—their love for their language,—by

declaring that he will vote for preventing the speaking of it all through the States ; and winds up by exhorting them to stop guzzling beer and smoking pipes, and set to work to un-Germanise themselves as soon as possible. On this "dere coomed a shindy," with cries of "Shoot him with a bowie-knife," and "Tar and feather him." A revolver-ball cuts the chandelier-cord ; all is dark ; and amidst the row, Twine escapes and gallops off, with some pistol-balls after him. But the village votes for Breitmann, and he "licks der Schmit."

The ballad, "Breitmann's Going to Church," is based on a real occurrence. A certain colonel, with his men, did really, during the war, go to a church in or near Nashville, and, as the saying is, "kicked up the devil, and broke things," to such an extent, that a serious reprimand from the colonel's superior officer was the result. The fact is guaranteed by Mr. Leland, who heard the offender complain of the "cruel and heartless stretch of military authority." As regards the firing into the guerilla ball-room, it took place near Murfreesboro', on the night of Feb. 10 or 11, 1865 ; and on the next day, Mr. Leland was at a house where one of the wounded lay. On the same night a Federal picket was shot dead near Lavergne ; and the next night a detachment of cavalry was sent off from General Van Cleve's quarters, the officer in command coming in while the author was talking with the general, for final orders. They rode twenty miles that night, attacked a body of guerillas, captured a number, and brought back prisoners early next day. The same day Mr. Leland, with a small cavalry escort, and a



few friends, went out into the country, during which ride one or two curious incidents occurred, illustrating the extraordinary fidelity of the blacks to Federal soldiers.

The explanation of the poem entitled, "The First Edition of Breitmann," is as follows:—It was not long after the war that a friend of the writer's to whom "the Breitmann Ballads" had been sent in MSS., and who had frequently urged the former to have them published, resolved to secure, at least, a small private edition, though at his own expense. Unfortunately the printers quarrelled about the MSS., and, as the writer understood, the entire concern broke up in a row in consequence. And, in fact, when we reflect on the amount of fierce attack and recrimination which this unpretending and peaceful little volume elicited after the appearance of the fifth English edition, and the injury which it sustained from garbled and falsified editions, in not less than three unauthorised reprints, it would really seem as if this first edition, which "died a borning," had been typical of the stormy path to which the work was predestined.

"I Gili Romaneskro," a gipsy ballad, was written both in the original and translation—that is to say, in the German gipsy and German English dialects—to cast a new light on the many-sided Bohemianism of Herr Breitmann.

The readers of more than one English newspaper will recall that the idea of representing Breitmann as an Uhlan, scouting over France, and frequently laying houses and even cities under heavy contribution, has occurred to very many of "Our Own." A spirited

correspondent of the *Telegraph*, and others of literary fame, have familiarly referred to the Uhlán as Breitmann, indicating that the German-American free-lance has grown into a type ; and more than one newspaper, anticipating this volume, has published Anglo-German poems referring to Hans Breitmann and the Prussian-French war. In several pamphlets written in Anglo-German rhymes, which appeared in London in 1871, Breitmann was made the representative type of the war by both the friends and opponents of Prussia, while during February of the same year Hans figured at the same time, and on the same evenings for several weeks, on the stages of three London theatres. So many imitations of these poems were published, and so extensively and familiarly was Mr. Leland's hero spoken of as the exponent of the German cause, that it seemed to a writer at the time as if he had become "as regards Germany what John Bull and Brother Jonathan have long been to England and America." In connection with this remark, the following extract from a letter of the Special Correspondent of the *London Daily Telegraph* of August 29, 1870, may not be without interest :—

"The Prussian Uhlán of 1870 seems destined to fill in French legendary chronicle the place which, during the invasions of 1814-15, was occupied by the Cossack. He is a great traveller. Nancy, Bar-le-Duc, Commercy, Rheims, Châlons, St. Dizier, Chaumont, have all heard of him. The Uhlán makes himself quite at home, and drops in, entirely in a friendly way, on mayors and corporations, asking not only himself to dinner, but

an indefinite number of additional Uhlans, who, he says, may be expected hourly. The Uhlan wears a blue uniform turned up with yellow, and to the end of his lance is affixed a streamer intimately resembling a very dirty white pocket-handkerchief. Sometimes he hunts in couples, sometimes he goes in threes, and sometimes in fives. When he lights upon a village, he holds it to ransom ; when he comes upon a city, he captures it, making it literally the prisoner of his bow and his spear. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* once drove the people of Lancashire to madness by declaring that, in the Rebellion of 1745, Manchester 'was taken by a Scots sergeant and a wench ;' but it is a notorious fact that Nancy submitted without a murmur to five Uhlans, and that Bar-le-Duc was occupied by two. When the Uhlan arrives in a conquered city, he visits the mayor, and makes his usual inordinate demands for meat, drink, and cigars. If his demands are acceded to, he accepts everything with a grin. If he is refused, he remarks, likewise with a grin, that he will come again to-morrow with three thousand light horsemen, and he gallops away ; but in many cases he does not return. The secret of the fellow's success lies mainly in his unblushing impudence, his easy mendacity, and that intimate knowledge of every highway and byway of the country which, thanks to the military organisation of the Prussian army, he has acquired in the regimental school. He gives himself out to be the precursor of an imminently advancing army, when, after all, he is only a boldly adventurous free-lance, who has ridden thirty miles across country on the chance of picking

up something in the way of information or victuals. Only one more touch is needed to complete the portrait of the Uhlan. His veritable name would seem to be Hans Breitmann, and his vocation that of a 'bummer;' and Breitmann, we learn from the preface to Mr. Leland's wonderful ballad, had a prototype in a regiment of Pennsylvanian cavalry by the name of Jost, whose proficiency in 'bumming,' otherwise 'looting,' in swearing, fighting, and drinking lager beer, raised him to a pitch of glory on the Federal side which excited at once the envy and the admiration of the boldest bush-whackers and the gauntest guerillas in the Confederate host."

The present edition embraces all the Breitmann poems which have as yet appeared; and the publisher trusts that in their collected form they will be found much more attractive than in scattered volumes. Many new lyrics, illustrating the hero's travels in Europe, have been added, and these, it is believed, are not inferior to their predecessors.

N. TRÜBNER.





## The Breitmann Ballads.



### *HANS BREITMANN'S BARTY.*

HANS BREITMANN gife a barty ;  
 Dey had biano-blayin',  
 I felled in lofe mit a Merican frau,  
 Her name vas Madilda Yane.  
 She hat haar as prawn ash a pretzel,  
 Her eyes vas himmel-plue,  
 Und vhen dey looket indo mine,  
 Dey shplit mine heart in dwo.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
 I vent dere you'll pe pound ;  
 I valtzet mit Matilda Yane,  
 Und vent shpinnen' round und round.  
 De pootiest Fraulein in de house,  
 She vayed 'pout dwo hoondred pound,  
 Und efery dime she gife a shoomp  
 She make de vindows sound.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty,  
 I dells you it cost him dear ;  
 Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks  
 Of foost-rate lager beer.

- Und vhenefer dey knocks de shpicket in  
• De Deutschers gifes a cheer ;  
I dinks dot so vine a barty  
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;  
Dere all vas Souse and Brouse,  
Vhen de sooper comed in, de gompany  
Did make demselves to house ;  
Dey ate das Brot and Gensy broost,  
De Bratwurst and Braten vine,  
Und vash der Abendessen down  
Mit four parrels of Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty ;  
Ve all cot troonk ash bigs.  
I poot mine mout' to a parrel of beer,  
Und emptied it oop mit a schwigs ;  
Und den I gissed Madilda Yane,  
Und she shlog me on de kop,  
Und de gompany vighted mit daple-lecks  
Dill de coonshtable made oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gife a barty—  
Vhere ish dot barty now ?  
Vhere ish de lofely golden cloud  
Dot float on de moundain's prow ?  
Vhere ish de himmelstrahlende stern—  
De shtar of de shpirit's light ?  
All gonod afay mit de lager beer—  
Afay in de ewigkeits !

*BREITMANN AND THE TURNERS.*

HANS BREITMANN shoined de Turners,  
Novemper in de fall,  
Und dey gifed a boostin' bender  
All in de Turner Hall.  
Dere coomed de whole Gesangverein  
Mit der Liederlich Aepfel Chor,\*  
Und dey blowed on de drooms und stroomed on de  
fifes  
Till dey couldn't refise no more.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,  
Dey all set oop some shouts,  
Dey took'd him into deir Turner Hall,  
Und poots him a course of shprouts.  
Dey poots him on de barell-hell pars  
Und shtands him oop on his head,  
Und dey poomp de beer mit an enchine hose  
In his mout' dill he's 'pout half tead !

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners ;  
Dey make shimnastig dricks ;  
He stoot on de middle of de floor,  
Und put oop a fify-six.

---

\* *Liederchor* is the word which serves as a basis for this designation.

Und den he drows it to de roof,  
Und schwig off a treadful trink :  
De veight coom toomple back on his headt,  
Und py shinks ! he didn't vink !

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :—  
Mein Gott ! how dey drinked und shwore ;  
Dere vas Schwabians und Tyrolers,  
Und Bavarians by de score.  
Some vellers coomed from de Rheinland,  
Und Frankfort-on-de-Main,  
Boot dere vas only von Sharman dere,  
Und *he* vas a Holstein Dane.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,  
Mit a Limpurg' cheese he coom ;  
Vhen he open de box it schmell so loudt  
It knock de musik doomb.  
Vhen de Deutschers kit de flavour,  
It coorl de haar on deir head ;  
Boot dere vas dwo Amerigans dere ;  
Und, py tam ! it kilt dem dead !

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners ;  
De ladies coomed in to see ;  
Dey poot dem in de blace for de gals,  
All in der gal-lerie.  
Dey ashk : " Vhere ish der Breitmann ?"  
Und dey dremple mit awe and fear  
Vhen dey see him schwingen' py de toes,  
A trinken' lager beer.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :  
! dells you vot py tam !

Dey sings de great Urbummellied : \*  
De holy Sharman psalm.  
Und vhen dey kits to de gorus  
You ought to hear dem dramp !  
It scared der Teufel down below  
To hear de Dootchmen stamp.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners :—  
By Donner ! it vas grand,  
Vhen de whole of dem goes valkin  
Und dancin' on deir hand,  
Mit deir veet all vavin' in de air,  
Gottstausend ! vot a dricks !  
Dill der Breitmann fall und dey all go down  
Shoost like a row of bricks.

Hans Breitmann shoined de Turners,  
Dey lay dere in a heap,  
And slept dill de early sonnen shine  
Come in at de vindow creep ;  
And de preeze it vake dem from deir dream,  
And dey go to kit deir feed :  
Here hat dis song an ende—  
Das ist DES BREITMANNSLIED.

---

\* Studio auf einer Reis',  
Lebet halt auf auf eig'ner Weis'  
Hungrig hier und hungrig dort,  
Ist des Burschens Lobungswort.

This, with the other verses, may be found in the German Students' *Commers-bücher*.

*BALLAD.*

BY HANS BREITMANN.

DER noble Ritter Hugo  
Von Schwillensauenstein,  
Rode out mit shper and helmet,  
Und he coom to de panks of de Rhine.

Und oop dere rose a mermaid,  
Vot hadn't got nodings on,  
Und she say, "Oh, Ritter Hugo,  
Where you goes mit yourself alone?"

And he says, "I rides in de greenwood,  
Mit helmet und mit shpeer,  
Till I cooms into em Gasthaus,  
Und dere I trinks some beer."

Und den outshpoke de maiden  
Vot hadn't got nodings on :  
"I tont dink mooch of beoplesh  
Dat goes mit demselves alone.

"You'd petter coom down in de wasser,  
Where dere's heaps of dings to see,  
Und hafe a shplendid tinner  
Und drafel along mit me.

“Dere you sees de fisch a schwimmin’,  
Und you catches dem efery von :”—  
So sang dis wasser maiden  
Vot hadn’t got nodings on.

“Dere ish drunks all full mit money  
In ships dat vent down of old ;  
Und you helpsh yourself, by dunder !  
To shimmerin’ crowns of gold.

“Shoost look at dese shpoons und vatches !  
Shoost see dese diamant rings !  
Coom down and fill your bockets,  
Und I’ll giss you like efery dings.

“Vot you vantsh mit your schnapps und lager ?  
Coom down into der Rhine !  
Der ish pottles der Kaiser Charlemagne  
Vonce filled mit gold-red wine !”

*Dat* fetched him—he shtood all shpell pound ;  
She pooled his coat-tails down,  
She drawed him oonder der wasser,  
De maiden mit nodings on.

*A BALLAD APOUT DE ROWDIES.*

DE moon shines ofer de cloudlens,  
Und de cloudts plow ofer de sea,  
Und I vent to Coney Island,  
Und I took mein Schatz mit me.  
Mein Schatz, Katrina Bauer,  
I gife her mein heart und vordt ;  
Boot ve tidn't know vot beoples  
De Dampfsschiff hafe cot on poard.

De preeze plowed cool und bleasant,  
We looket at de town  
Mit sonn-light on de shdeebles,  
Und wetter fanes doornin' round.  
Ve sat on de deck in a gorner  
Und dropled nopody dere,  
Vhen all aroundt oos de rowdies  
Peginned to plackguard und schvear.

A voman mit a papy  
Vas sittin' in de blace ;  
Von tocket a chew tobacco  
Und trowed it indo her vace.  
De voman got coonvulshons,  
De papy pegin to gry ;  
Und de rowdies shkreemed out a laffin,  
Und saidt dat de fun vas "high."



Pimepy ve become some hoonger,  
 Katrina Bauer und I,  
 I openet de lit of mine pasket,  
 Und pringed out a cherry bie.  
 A cherry kookken mit pretzels,  
 "How goot!" Katrina said,  
 Vhen a rowdy snatched it from her,  
 Und preaked it ofer mine het.

I dells him he pe a plackguart,  
 I gifed him a biece my mind,  
 I vouldt saidt it pefore a tousand,  
 Mit der teufel himself behind.  
 Den he knocks me down mit a sloong-shot,  
 Und peats me plack and plue ;  
 Und all de plackguards kick me,  
 Dill I vainted, und dat ish drue.

De rich American beoples  
 Don't know how de rowdies shtrike  
 Der poor hardtworkin' Sharman,  
 He knows it more ash he like.  
 If de Deutsche speakers und bapers  
 Are somedimes too hard on dis land,  
 Shoost dink how de Deutsch kit driven  
 Along by de rowdy's hand !

*THE PICNIC.*

**D**E picknock oud at Spraker's Wood :—  
Id melt de soul und fire de plood.  
Id sofly slid from cakes und cream ;  
Boot busted oop on brandy shdeam.

Mit stims of tender craceful ring,  
De gals begoon a song to sing ;  
A bland mildt lied of olden dime—  
Deutsch vas die doon, und Deutsch de rhyme.

Wi's uff der Stross' wenn's finschter ischt,  
Und niemond in der Goss' mehr ischt,  
Nur Schöne Mädels wolle mer fonga,  
Wie es gebil'te Leut' verlonga.

At de picknock oud in Spraker's Wood,  
De bier was soft—de gals were good :  
Oondil von feller, vild und rasch,  
Called out for a Yankee brandy-smash !

A crow vot vas valkin on de vall,  
Fell dead ven he hear dis Dootchmann call ;  
For he knew dat droples coom, py shinks !  
Ven de Dootch go in for Yankee drinks.

De Dootch got ravin droonk ash sin,  
Dey smash de windows out und in ;  
Dey bust und bang de bar-room ein,  
Und call for a bucket of branntewein.

Avay, avay, demselves dey floong,  
Und a wild infernal lied dey sung :  
'Tvas, " Tam de wein, and cuss de bier !  
Ve tont care nix for de demprance here !

" O keep a pringin juleps in,  
Und baldface corn dat burn like sin ;  
Mit apple tods und oldt shtone fence,  
Ve'll all get corned ere ve go hence ! "

Dey dash deir glasses on de cround,  
Und tanz dill 'tvas all to brick-duss ground,  
Ven dey hear von man had a ten-dollar note,  
De crowd go dead for dat rich man's troat.

A demperance chap vot coomed dere in,  
Vent squanderin out mit his shell burst in ;  
" It's walk your chalks, you loost your chance,  
Dis vot de call der Dootchmans' dance."

Boot ven de law, mit his myrmidon,  
Vas hear of dese Dootchmen's carryins-on,  
Dey sent bolicemen shtern und good,  
To *pull* dose Dootch in Spraker's Wood.

De Dootch vas all gone roarin mad,  
Und trinked mit Spraker all dey had ;  
Dey shpend 'nuf money to last deir life,  
And each vas tantzin mit anoder man's wife.

Dey all cot poonish difers vays,  
Some vent to jug for dirty tays ;  
Und de von dat kilt de demperance man  
Vas kit from de Alderman repriman.

Und dus it ran :—"A warnin dake,  
For you mighdt hafe mate soom pig mishdake ;  
Now how vouldt you hafe feeled, py shing !  
If dat man hat peen in de whiskey ring ?

"Since you votes mine dicket, of course you know,  
I'm pound to led you shlide und go.  
Boot nefer on whiskey trink your fill,  
For you Dootchmen don't know who to kill."

Now Deutschers all—on dis warning dink,  
Und don't get troonk on Yankee trink,  
For neider you, or anoder man,  
Can pe hocks like de New York rowdies can.

So trink goot bier, mit musik plest,  
For if you tried your level best,  
You can't be plackguarts—taint in de plood :  
Dus endet de shdory of Spraker's Wood.



# I GILI ROMANESKRO.

## A GIPSY BALLAD.

WHEN der Herr Breitmann vas a yungling, he vas go bummin aroundt goot deal in de worldt, vestigatin human natur, *roulant de vergne en vergne*, ash de Fraentsch boet says : "goïn from town to town ;" seein beobles in gemixed society, und learnin dose languages vitch ornamentd a drue moskopolite, or von whose kopf ish bemosst mit experience. Mong oder tongues, ash it would appeared, he shpoke fluently, Red Welsh, Black Dootch, Kauder-Waelsch, Gauner-sprache und Shipsy ; und dis latter languashe he pring so wide dat he write a pook of pallads in it,—von of vitch pallads I hafe intuce him mit moosh droples to telifer ofer to de worldt. De inclined reader vill, mit crate heavy-hood blace pefore himself de fexation und lapor I hafe hat in der Breitmann his absents, to ged dese Shipsy verses properly gorrected ; as de only shentleman in town who vas culpable of so doïn, ish peen gonfined in de town-brison, pout some droples he hat for shdealin some hens ; und pefore I couldt consoolt mit him, he vas rooned afay. Denn I fond

an oldt vomans Shipsy, who vas do nodings boot peg,  
und so wider mit pout five or four oders more. Der-  
fore, de errordoms moost pe excused py de enlightened  
pooplic, who are fomiliar mit dis peautiful languashe,  
vitch is now so shenerally fashionábel in literary und  
shpordin circles.

F. SCHWACKENHAMMER.

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*I GILI ROMANESKRO.*

Schunava, ke baschno del a godla,  
Schunava Paschomàskro.  
Te del miro Dewel tumen  
Dschavena bachtallo.\*

Schunava opré to ruka  
Chirikló ke gillela :  
Kamovéla but dives,  
Eh'me pale kamaveva.

Apo je wa'wer divesseste  
Schunava pro gilaviben,  
M'akana me avava,  
Pro marzos, pro kuriben.

So korava kuribente,  
So korava apre dróm ;  
Me kanáv miri romni,  
So kamela la lákero rom.

---

\* *Bachtallo dschaven* is the prose form. Vide Pott's *Zigeuner*.

DRANSLATION.

I hear de gock a growin !  
 I hear de musikant !  
 Gott gife dee a happy shourney  
 When you go to a distand landt.

I hears oopon de pranches  
 A pird mit merry shdrain,  
 Goot many tays moost fanish  
 Ere I coom to dis blace again.

Oopon some oder tay-times  
 I'll hear dat song from dee ;  
 Boot now I goes ash soldier  
 To war, o'er de rollin sea.

Und vot I shdeals in pattle,  
 Und vot on de road I shdeal,  
 I'll pring all to my true lofe  
 Who lofes her lofer so well.

*STEINLI VON SLANG.*

## I.

DER watchman look out from his tower  
Ash de Abendgold glimmer grew dim,  
Und saw on de road troo de Gauer  
Ten shpearmen coom ridin to him :  
Und he schvear : " May I lose my next bitter,  
Und denn mit der Teufel go hang !  
If id isn't dat pully young Ritter,  
De hell-drivin Steinli von Slang.

" De vorldt nefer had any such man,  
He vights like a sturm in its wrath :  
You may call me a recular Dutchman,  
If he arn't like Goliath of Gath.  
He ish big ash de shiant O'Brady,  
More ash sefen feet high on a string,  
Boot he can't vin de hearts of my lady,  
De lofely Plectruda von Sling."

De lady make welcome her gast in,  
Ash he shtep to de dop of de shtair,  
She look like an angel got lost in  
A forest of audumn-prown hair.  
Und a bower-maiden said ash she tarried :  
" I wish I may bust mit a bang !  
If id isn't a shame she ain't married  
To der her-re-liche Steinli von Slang ! "



He pows to de cround fore de lady,  
While his vace ish ash pale ash de tead ;  
Und she whispers oonto him a rédè  
Ash mit arrow point accents, she said :  
“ You hafe long dimes peen dryin to win me,  
You hafe vight, and mine braises you sing,  
Boot I’m ’fraid dat de notion aint in me,  
De Lady Plectruda von Sling.

“ Boot brafthood teserfes a reward, sir ;  
Dough you’ve hardly a chost of a shanse.  
Sankt Werolf ! medinks id ish hard, sir,  
I should allaweil lead you dis dance.”  
Like a bees vhen it booz troo de clofer,  
Dese murmurin accents she flang,  
While singin, a stingin her lofer,  
Der woe-moody Ritter von Slang.

“ Boot if von ding you do, I’ll knock under,  
Our droples moost enden damit.  
Und if you pull troo it,—by donder !  
I’ll own myself euchred, und bit.  
I schvear py de holy Sanct Chlody !  
Py mine honor—und avery ding !  
You may hafe me—soul, puttons, und pody,  
Mit de whole of Plectruda von Sling.”

“ Und dis ish de test of your power :—  
While ve shtand ourselves round in a row,  
You moost roll from de dop of dis tower,  
Down shdairs to de valley pelow.  
Id ish rough and ash shteepe ash my virtue :”  
(Mit schwanenshweet accents she sang :)  
“ Tont try if you dinks id vill hurt you,  
Mine goot liddle Ritter von Slang.”

An moormoor arosed mong de beoples ;  
 In fain tid she doorn in her shkorn,  
 Der vatchman on dop of de shdeeples  
 Plowed a sorryfool doon on his horn.  
 Ash dey look down de dousand-foot treppé,  
 Dey schveared dey wouldt *pass* on de ding,  
 Und not roll down de firstest tam steppé  
 For a hoondred like Fräulein von Sling.

## II.

'Twas audumn. De dry leafs vere bustlin  
 Und visperin deir elfin wild talk,  
 Vhen shlow, mit his veet in dem rustlin,  
 Herr Steinli coomed out for a walk.  
 Wild dooks vly afar in de gloamin,  
 He hear a vaint gry vrom de gang ;  
 Und vished he vere off mit dem roamin :  
 De heart-wounded Ritter von Slang.

Und ash he vent musin und shbeakin,  
 He see, shoost ahead in his vay,  
 In sinkular manner a streakin,  
 A strange liddle bein, in cray,  
 Who toorned on him quick mit a holler,  
 Und cuttin a dwo bigeon ving,  
 Cried, " Say, can you change me a thaler,  
 Oh, guest of de Lady von Sling ? "

De knight vas a goot-nadured veller,  
 (De peggars all knowed him at sight,)  
 So he forked out each groschen und heller,  
 Dill he fix de finances aright.  
 Boot shoost ash de liddle man vent, he,  
 (Der Ritter,) astonished cried " Dang ! "  
 For id vasn't *von* thaler boot *twenty*,  
 He'd passed on der Ritter von Slang.

O reater ! soopose soosh a vlight in  
De vingers of *me*, or of *you*,  
How we'd toorned on our heels, und gone kitin  
Dill no von vos left to pursue !  
Good Lort ! how *we'd* froze to de ready !  
Boot mit him 'dvas a different ding ;  
For *he* vent on de high, moral steady,  
Dis lofer of Fräulein von Sling.

Und dough no von vill gife any gredit  
To dis part of mine dale, shdill id's drue,  
He drafelled ash if he vould dead it,  
Dis liddle oldt man to pursue.  
Und loudly he after him hollers,  
Till de vales mit de cliffers loud rang :  
" You hafe gified me nine-ten too moosh dollars,  
Hold hard ! " cried der Ritter von Slang.

De oldt man ope his eyes like a casement,  
Und laidt a cold hand on his prow,  
Denn mutter in ootmosdt amazement,  
" Vot manner of mordal art dou ?  
I hafe lifed in dis world a yar tausend,  
Und nefer yed met soosh a ding !  
Yet you find it hart vork to pe spouse, and  
Peloved by de Lady von Sling !

" Und she vant you to roll from de tower  
Down shteps to yon rifulet shpot."  
(Here de knight, whom amazement o'erbower,  
Cried, " Himmels potz pumpen Herr Gott ! ")  
Boot de oldt veller saidt : " I'll arrange it,  
Let your droples und sorrows co hang !  
Und nodings vill coom to derange it—  
Pet high on it, Ritter von Slang.

"So get oop dis small oonderstandin,  
 Dat to-morrow by ten, do you hear?  
 You'll pe mit your *trunk* at de landin ;  
 I'll also be dere—nefer fear !  
 Und I dinks we shall make your young voman  
 A new kind of meloty sing ;  
 Dat vain, wicked, cruel, unhuman,  
 Gott-tamnaple Fräulein von Sling."

De fiolet shdars vere apofe him,  
 White moths und white dofes shimmered round,  
 All nature seemed seekin to lofe him,  
 Mit perfume und vision und sound.  
 De liddle oldt veller hat fanished,  
 In a harp-like, melotious twang ;  
 Und mit him all sorrow vas panished  
 Afay from der Steinli von Slang.

### III.

Id vas morn, und de vorldt hat assembled  
 Mid panners und lances und dust,  
 Boot de heart of de Paroness tremped,  
 Und ofden her folly she cussed.  
 For she found dat der Ritter vould *do it*,  
 Und "die or get into de Ring,"  
 Und denn she'd pe cerdain to rue it,  
 Aldough she vas Lady von Sling.

For no man in Deutschland stood higher  
 Dan he mit de Minnesing crew,  
 He vas friendet to Heini von Steier,  
 Und Wolfram von Eschenbach too.  
 Und she dinked ash she look from de vinders,  
 How herzlich his braises dey sang ;  
 "Now dey'll knock my goot name indo flinders,  
 For killin der Ritter von Slang."

Boot oh ! der goot knight had a Schauer,  
Und felt most ongommonly queer,  
Vhen he find on de top of de dower  
De goblum, pesite him, abbear.  
Denn he find he no more could go valkin,  
Und shtood, shoost an potrifed ding,  
Vhile de goblum vent round apout talkin,  
Und chaffin Plectruda von Sling.

Denn at vonce he see indo de problem,  
Und vas stoggered like rats at ids *vim* :  
His soul had gone indo de goblum,  
Und de goblum's hat gone indo him.  
Und de eyes of de volk vas enchanted,  
Dere vas "glamour" oopon de whole gang ;  
For dey dinked dat dis veller who ranted  
So loose, vas der Ritter von Slang.

Und, Lordt ! how he dalked ! Oonder heafens  
Dere vas nefer soosh derriple witz,  
Knockin all dings to sechses and sefens,  
Und gifin Plectruda, Dutch fits.  
Mein Gott ! how he poonished und chaffed her  
Like a hell-stingin, devil-born ding ;  
Vhile de volk lay a-rollin mit laughter  
At Fräulein Plectruda von Sling.

De lady grew angry und paler,  
De lady grew ratful und red,  
She felt some Satanical jailer  
Hafe brisoned de tongue in her head.  
She moost laugh vhen she vant to pe cryin,  
Und vas crushed mit de teufelisch clang,  
Till she knelt herself, pooty near dyin,  
To dis derriple image of Slang.

Denn der goblum shoomp oop to der ceiling  
Und trow sommerseds round on de vloor,  
Right ofer Plectruda a-kneelin,  
Dill she look more a vool dan pefore.  
Denn he roll down de shteps light und breezy,  
His laughs made it all apout ring ;  
Ash he shveared dere vas noding more easy  
Dan to win a Plectruda von Sling.

Und vhen he cot down to de pottom,  
He laugh so to freezen your plood ;  
Und schwear dat de booms ash he cot em  
Hafe make him feel petter ash good.  
Boot, oh ! how dey shook at his power,  
Vhen he toorned himself roundt mit a bang,  
Und *roll oop* to de dop of de tower,  
To change forms mit de *oder* Von Slang !

Denn all in an insdand vas altered,  
Der Steinli vas coom to himself ;  
Und de sprite, vitch in double sense paltered,  
From dat moment acain vas an elf.  
Dey shdill dinked dat *he* vas de person  
Who had bobbed oop and down on de ving,  
Und knew not who 'tvas lay de curse on  
De peaudiful Lady von Sling.

Nun—endlich—Plectruda repented,  
Und gazed on der Ritter mit shoy ;  
In dime to pe married consented,  
Und vas plessed mit a peautifool poy,  
A dwenty gold biece on his bosom  
Vhen geporn vas tiscofered to hang  
Mit de inscript—"Dis dime dont refuse em"—  
So endet de tale of Von Slang.

TO A FRIEND STUDYING GERMAN.

Si liceret te amare  
Ad Suevorum magnum mare  
Sponsam te perducerem.

—*Tristitia Amorosa.* Frau Aventure,  
von J. V. Scheffel.

VILL'ST dou learn die Deutsche Sprache?  
Denn set it on your card,  
Dat all the nouns have shenders,  
Und de shenders all are hard.  
Dere ish also dings called pronoms,  
Vitch id's shoost ash vell to know ;  
Boot ach ! de verbs or time-words—  
Dey'll work you bitter woe.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
Denn you allatag moost go  
To sinfonies, sonatas,  
Or an oratorio.  
When you dinks you knows 'pout musik,  
More ash any other man,  
Be sure de soul of Deutschland  
Into your soul ish ran.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
Dou moost eat apout a peck

A week, of stinging sauerkraut,\*  
 Und sefen pfounds of speck.  
 Mit Gott knows vot in vinegar,  
 Und deuce knows vot in rum :  
 Dis ish de only cerdain vay  
 To make de accents coom.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
 Brepate dein soul to shtand  
 Soosh sendences ash ne'er vas heardt  
 In any oder land.  
 Till dou canst make parentheses  
 Intwisted—ohne zahl—  
 Dann wirst du erst Deutschfertig seyn,†  
 For a languashe ideál.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
 Du must mitout an fear  
 Trink afery tay an gallon dry,  
 Of foamin Sherman bier.  
 Und de more you trinks, pe certain,  
 More Deutsch you'll surely pe ;  
 For Gambrinus ish de Emperor  
 Of de whole of Germany.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
 Be sholly, brav, und treu,  
 For dat veller ish kein Deutscher  
 Who ish not a sholly poy.

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\* *Stinging*. An amusing instance of "Breitmannism" was shown in the fact that an American German editor, in his ignorance of English, actually believed that the word stinging, as here given, meant *stinking*, and was accordingly indignant. It is needless to say that no such idea was intended to be conveyed.

† Then only you will be ready in German.



Find out vot means Gemüthlichkeit,  
Und do it mitout fail,  
In Sang und Klang dein Lebenlang,\*  
A brick—ganz kreuzfidél.

Will'st dou learn de Deutsche Sprache?  
If a shendleman dou art,  
Denn shtrike right indo Deutschland,  
Und get a schveetes heart.  
From Schwabenland or Sachsen  
Where now dis writer pees ;  
Und de bretty girls all wachsen  
Shoost like aepples on de drees.

Boot if dou bee'st a laty,  
Denn on de oder hand,  
Take a blonde moustachioed lofer  
In de vine green Sherman land.  
Und if you shoost kit married  
(Vood mit vood soon makes a vire),  
You'll learn to sprechen Deutsch mein kind,  
Ash fast ash you tesire.

DRESDEN, *January* 1870.

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\* In Music and Song all thy life long.

## LOVE SONG.

Vulnerasti cor meum, soror mea sponsa.

O VERE mine lofe a sugar-powl,  
De fery shmallest loomp  
Vouldt shveet de seas, from pole to pole,  
Und make de shildren shoomp.  
Und if she vere a clofer-field,  
I'd bet my only pence,  
It wouldn't pe no dime at all  
Pefore I'd shoomp de fence.

Her heafenly foice, it drill me so,  
It oft-dimes seems to hoort,  
She ish de holiest anamile  
Dat roons oopon de dirt.  
De renpow rises vhen she sings,  
De sonnshine vhen she dalk ;  
De angels crow und flop deir vings  
Vhen she goes out to valk.

So livin white, so carnadine,  
Mine lofe's gomblexion show ;  
It's shoost like Abendcarmosine,  
Rich gleamin on de shnow.

Her soul makes pluses in her sheek  
 Ash sommer reds de wein,  
 Or sonnligh sends a fire life troo  
 An blank Karfunkelstein.

De überschwengliche idées  
 Dis lofe poot in my mind,  
 Vouldt make a foost-rate philosoph  
 Of any human kind.  
 'Tis schudderin schveet on eart to meet  
 An himmlisch-hoellisch Qual ;  
 Und treat mitwhiles to Kümmel Schnapps  
 De Schœnheitsidéal.

Dein Füß seind weiss wie Kreiden,  
 Dein Ermlein Helfenbein,  
 Dein ganzer Leib ist Seiden,  
 Dein Brust wie Marmelstein—  
 Ja—vot de older boet sang,  
 I sing of dee—dou Fine !  
 Dou'rt soul und pody, heart und life :  
 Glatt, zart, gelind, und rein.\*

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\* Thy feet are white as chalk, my love,  
 Thy arms are ivory bone,  
 Thy body is all satin soft,  
 Thy breast of marble stone.

. . . . .

Smooth, tender, pure, and fair.

—Liederbuch Pauls von der Helst, 1602.

## DER FREISCHÜTZ.

AIR—" *Der Pabst lebt,*" &c.

WIE gehts, my frendts—if you'll allow—  
 I sings you rite afay shoost now  
 Some dretful shdories vitch dey calls  
 Der Freyschütz, or de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it cooms,  
 Where folk trink prandy mate of plooms ; \*  
 Dere lifed ein Yaeger—Maxerl Schmit—  
 Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Now dere vas von oldt Yaeger, who  
 Says, "Maxerl, dis vill nefer do ;  
 If you shouldt miss on drial-tay,  
 Dere'll pe der tyfel denn to bay.

"If you do miss, you shtupid coose,  
 Dere'll pe de donnerwetter loose ;  
 For you shant hafe mine taughter's hand,  
 Nor pe der Hertzhog's yaegersmann."

Id coomed pefore de tay vas set,  
 Dat all de shaps togeder met ;  
 Und Max he fired his goon und missed,  
 Und all de gals cot roundt und hissed.

\* Slibovitz.

Dey laughed pefore und hissed pehind ;  
Boot von shap—Kaspar—saidt, “Ton’t mind ;  
I dells you vot—you stoons ’em alls  
If yoost you shoodt mit magic balls.”

“De magic balls ! oh, vot is dat ?”  
“I cot soom in my hoontin’ hat ;  
Dey’re plack as kohl, und shoodt so drue :  
Oh, dem’s de kindt of balls for you.

“You see dat eagle vlyin’ high,  
Ein hoondred miles oop in de sky ;  
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,  
You kills him tead ash doonderblix !”

“I ton’t pelieve de dings you say.”  
“You fool,” says Kasp, “denn plaze afay !”  
He plazed afay, vhen, sure as plood,  
Down coom de eagle in de mud.

“O was ist das ?” said Maxerl Schmit :  
“Vhy ! dat’s de eagle vot you hit.  
You kills him vhen you plaze afay ;  
Boot dat’s a ding you nix verstay.

“Und you moost go to make dem balls  
To de Wolf’s Glen vhen mitnight valls.  
Dow know’sst de shpot—alone und late”—  
“Oh ja—I knows him *ganz* foost-rate !

“Boot denn I does not like to co  
Among dem dings.” Says Kasp, “Ach, ’sho !  
I’ll help you fix dem tyfel chaps,  
Like a goot veller—dake some schnapps !”

("Hilf Zamiel ! hilf ")—"Here, dake some more !"  
 Denn Kasp vent shtompin' roundt de vloor,  
 Und coomed his hoompugs ofer Schmit,  
 Dill Max saidt, "*Nun—ich gehe mit !*"

All in de finster mitternocht,  
 Vhen oder folk in shleep vas lockt,  
 Down in de Wolfschlucht, Kasp tid dry  
 His tyfel-strikes und Hexery.

Mit skools und pones he mate a ring,  
 De howls und shpooks pegin to sing,  
 Und all the tyfels oonder croundt  
 Coom preakin' loose und rooshin' roundt.

Denn Maxerl cooms along : says he,  
 "Mein Gott ! vot dings ish dis I see !  
 I dinks de fery tyfel und all  
 Moost help to make dem magic ball.

"I vish dat I had *nix cum raus*,  
 Und shtaid mineself in bett to house."  
 "Hilf Zamiel !" cried Kasp ; "you whelp—  
 You red Dootch tyfel—coom und help !"

Denn oop dere coomed a tredfull shdorm,  
 De todtengrips aroundt tid schvarm ;  
 De howl shoumped oop und flopt his vings  
 Und toorned his het like avery dings.

Oop droo de croundt dere coomed a pot  
 Mit leadt, und dings to make de shot ;  
 Und hoellisch fire in grimson plaze,  
 Und awful schmells like Schweitzer kase.

Agross de scene a pine-shtick flew  
Mit seferal shail-pirds vastened to ;  
Six treadful shail-pirds mit deir vings  
Tied to de shticks mit magic shtrings.

All droo de air, all in a row,  
Die wilde Jagd vas seen to go ;  
De hounds und teer all mate of pone,  
Und hoonted py a skilleton.

Dere coomed a tredful shpecdre pig,  
Who, shpitten' fire afay, tid dig ;  
Und fiery drocks und tyfel-shnake  
A scootin' droo de air tid preak.

Boot Kaspar tidn't mindt dem alls,  
Boot casted out de pullet balls ;  
Six vas to go ash he vouldt like,  
De sevent' moost for de tyfel shtrike.

Ad last, oopon de drial tay,  
De gals cot roundt so nice und gay,  
Und denn dey goed und maked a tantz,  
Und singed apout de *Jungfernkranz*.

Und denn der Hertshog—dat's der Duke—  
Cooms doun und dinks he'll dake a look :  
"Young mans," to Maxerl denn saidt he,  
"Shoost shoot dem dove oopon dat dree !"

Denn Maxerl pointed mit de bix,  
"Potzblitz !" says he, "dat dove I'll fix !"  
He fired his rifle at de *Taub*,  
When Kass rollt ofer in de *Staub*.

De pride she falled too in de doost,  
 De gals dey cried, de men dey coossed :  
 Der Hertshog says, "Id's fery glear  
 Dat dere has peen some tyfels here !

"Und Max has shot mit tyfels-blei !  
 Pfui !—die verfluchte Hexerei !  
 O Maximilian ! O Du  
 Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu !"

Boot denn a hermits coomed in late ;  
 Says he, "I'll fix dese dings foostrate :"  
 Und telled der Hertshog dat yung men  
 Vill raise der Tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forgifed de Kaspar dann,  
 Und mate of him a Yægersmann,  
 Vhat shoodts mit bixen goon, und pfeil,  
 Und talks apout de Waidmannsheil.

Und denn de pride she coomed to life,  
 Und cot to pe de Maxerl's vife ;  
 Denn all de beoples gried "Hoorah !  
 Das ist recht brav ! und hopsasa !"

#### MORAL.

Py dis dings may pe oondershtood  
 Dat vhat is pad vorks ofden goot :  
     Or, *Maximilia Maximil-*  
     *ibus curantur*—if you will.



## WEIN GEIST.

I STOOMPLED oud ov a dafern,  
Berauscht mit a gallon of wein,  
Und I rooshed along de strassen,  
Like a derriple Eberschwein.

Und like a lordly boar-big,  
I doomplet de soper folk ;  
Und I trowed a shtone droo a shdreed lamp,  
Und bot' of de classes I proke.

Und a gal vent roonin' bast me,  
Like a vild coose on de vings,  
Boot I gatch her for all her skreechin',  
Und giss her like efery dings.

Und denn mit an board und a parell,  
I blay de horse-viddle a biece,  
Dill de neighbours shkreem "deat' !" und  
"murder !"  
Und holler aloudt "bolice !"

Und vhen der crim night wæchter  
Says all of dis foon moost shtop,  
I oop mit mein oomberella,  
Und schlog him ober de kop.

I leaf him like tead on de bavemend,  
Und roosh droo a darklin' lane,  
Dill moonlighd und tisdand musik,  
Pring me roundt to my soul again.

Und I sits all oonder de linden,  
De hearts-leaf linden dree ;  
Und I dink of de quick gevanisht lofe  
Dat vent like de vind from me.  
Und I voonders in mine dipsyhood,  
If a damsel or dream vas she !

Dis life is all a lindens  
Mit holes dat show de plue,  
Und pedween de finite pranches  
Cooms Himmel-light shinin' troo.

De blaetter are raushlin' o'er me,  
Und efery leaf ish a fay,  
Und dey wait dill de windsbraut comet,  
To pear dem in Fall afay.

Denn I coomed to a rock py der rifer,  
Where a stein ish of harpe form,  
—Jahrtausand in, oud, it standet'—  
Und nopody blays but de shtorm.

Here, vonce on a dimes, a vitches,  
Soom melodies here peginned,  
De harpe ward all zu steine,  
Die melodie ward zu wind.

Und so mit dis tox-i-gation,  
Vitch hardens de outer Me ;  
Ueber stein and schwein, de weine  
Shdill harps oud a melodie.

---

Boot deeper de Ur-lied ringet',  
Ober stein und wein und svines,  
Dill it endeth vhere all peginnet,  
Und alles wird ewig zu eins,  
In de dipsy, treamless sloomper  
Vhich units de Nichts und Seyns.

Und im Mondenlicht it moormoors,  
Und it burns by waken wein,  
In Mädchenlieb or Schnapsenrausch  
Das Absolut ist dein.

### SCHNITZERL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

Die Speer die er thut führen  
 die ist sehr gross und lang,  
 Das sollt du glauben mire,  
 gemacht von Vogelgsang.  
 Sein Ross das ist die Heide,  
 das sollt du glauben mir,  
 Darauf er nun thut reiten,  
 führwahr das sag ich dir.

— *Ein schön nerr Lied von dem Mai und  
 von dem Herbst.* 16th century.

#### I.

##### PROLOGUE.

HERR SCHNITZERL make a ph'losopede,  
 Von of de pullyest kind ;  
 It vent mitout a vheel in front,  
 And hadn't none pehind.  
 Von vheel vas in de mittel, dough,  
 And it vent as sure ash ecks,  
 For he shtraddled on de axel dree,  
 Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und vhen he vant to shtart it off  
 He paddlet mit his feet,  
 Und soon he cot to go so vast  
 Dat efery dings he peat.

He run her out on Broader shtreed,  
He shkeeted like der vind,  
Hei ! how he bassed de vancy crabs,  
And lef dem all pehind !

De vellers mit de trottin nags  
Pooled oop to see him bass ;  
De Deutschers all erstaunished saidt :  
    *"Potztausend! Was ist das?"*  
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed  
On—mit a ghastly shmile ;  
He tidn't tooch de dirt, py shings !  
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis eart'ly pliss ?  
Oh, vot ish man's soocksess ?  
Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings ?  
Und vot ish hobbusiness ?  
Ve find a pank node in de shtreedt,  
Next dings der pank ish break !  
Ve folls, and knocks our outsides in,  
Vhen ve a ten shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schnitzerlein  
On his philosopede.  
His feet both shlipped outsidevard shoost  
Vhen at his exdra shpeed.  
He felled oopon der vheel of coorse ;  
De vheel like blitzen flew !  
Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,  
For it shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,  
Id cot so shkared, men say,  
It pounded onward till it vent  
Ganz tyfelwards afay.

Boot vhere ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?  
 Vhere dos his shbirit pide?  
 In Himmel droo de endless plue,  
 It takes a medeor ride.

## II.

## HANS BREITMANN AND HIS PHILOSOPEDE.

Vhen Breitmann hear dat Schnitzerl  
 Vas quarderred into dwo,  
 Und how his crate philosopede  
 To 'm tyfel had peen flew,  
 He dinked und dinked so heafy,  
 Ash only Deuschers can,  
 Denn saidt, "Who mightdt peliefet  
 Dish is de ent of man?"

"De human souls of beoples  
 Exisd't in deir idées,  
 Und dis of Wolfram Schnitzerl  
 Mightdt drafel many vays.  
 In his *Bestimmung des Menschen*  
 Der Fichte makes pelieve,  
 Dat ve brogress oon-endtly  
 In vhat pehindt ve leave.

"De shparrow falls ground-downvarts  
 Or drafels to de West;  
 De shparrows dat coom afder,  
 Bild shoost de same oldt nest.  
 Man had not vings or fedders,  
 Und in oder dings, 'tis set,  
 He tont coom up to shparrows,  
 But on nests he goes ahét.

“O ! vliest dou droo bornin' vorldts,  
Und nebuloser foam,  
By monsdroun mitnigh shiant forms,  
Or where red tyfels roam ;  
Or where de ghosdts of shky-rockets  
Peyond creation flee ?  
Where e'er dou art, O Schnitzerlein,  
Crate Saindt ! Look town on me !

“Und deach me how you maket  
Dat crate philosope,  
Vhich roon dwice six mals vaster  
Ash any Arap shteed.  
Und deach me how to 'stonish volk,  
Und knock dem oud de shpots.  
Coom pack to eart', O Schnitzerlein,  
Und pring id down to dots !”

Shoost ash dish vordt vent outvarts,  
Hans dinked he saw a vlash,  
Und oonterwards de dable  
He doompelt mit a crash.  
Und to him, moong de glasses,  
Und pottles ash vas proke,  
Mit his het in a cigar-box,  
A foice from Himmel shpoke :

“*Adsum, Domine Breitmann !*  
Herr Copitain, here I pe !  
So dell me rite *honeste*,  
*Quare inquietasti me ?*  
*Te video inter spoonibus*,  
*Et largis glassis* too,  
*Cerevisia repletis*,  
*Sicut percussus tonitru !*”

Denn Breitmann ansver Schnitzerl ;

“*Coarctor nimis*, see !

*Siquidem Philistiim*

*Pugnant adversum me.*

*Ergo vocavi te,*

Ash Saul *vocavit* Sam-

Uel, *ut mi ostenderes*

*Quid teufel faciam ?*”

Denn de shpirit (in Lateinisch)

Saidt “*Bene*, dat’s de talk,

*Non habes in hoc* shanty,

A shingle *et* some chalk ?

*Non video inkum nec calamos*

(I shpose some bummer shdole ’em),

*Levate oculos tuos*, son,

*Et aspice ad linteolum !*”

Denn Breitmann see de biece of chalk

Vhich riset vrom de vloer,

Und signed a fine philosopede

Alone, oopon de toor.

De von dat Schnitzerl fobricate,

Und oonderneat’ he see :

*Probate inter equites*,

(Try dis in de cavallrie).

Der Breitmann shtood oop from de vloer,

Und leanet on a post ;

Und saidt : “ If dis couldt, shouldt hafe peen,

Dat vouldt, mighdt peen a ghosdt ;

Boot if id pe nouomenon,

Phenomenoned indeed,

Or de soobyectif obyectified,

I’fe cot de philosopede.”



Denn out he seekt a plackschmit,  
Ash vork in iron-steel,  
To make him a philosopede  
Mit shoost an only vheel.  
De dings vas maket simple,  
Ash all crate idées shouldt pe,  
For 'tvas noding boot a gart-vheel,  
Mit a dwo-feet axel dree.

De dimes der Breitmann doomple,  
In learnin' for to ride,  
Vas ofdener ash de sand-crains  
Dat rollen in de tide.  
De dimes he cot oopsettet,  
In shdeerin' left und righdt,  
Vas ofdener ash de cleamin' shdars,  
Dat shtud de shky py night.

Boot de vorstest of de veadures  
In dis von-vheel horse, you pet,  
Ish dat man couldt go so nicely,  
Pefore he get oopset.  
Some dimes he co like plazes,  
Und doorn her, extra-fine ;  
Und denn shlop ofer—dis is vot  
Hafe kill der Schnitzerlein.

Soosh droples ash der Breitmann hafe,  
To make dis 'vention go,  
Vas nefer seen py mordal man,  
Oopon dis vorldt pelow.  
He doomplet righdt—he doomplet left,  
He hafe a dousand dooms ;  
Dere nefer vas a gricket ball  
Ash get soosh 'fernal booms.

Boot—ash he'd shvearet he'd poot it droo,  
 He shvear't it moost pe tone ;  
 Dough he schimpft' und flucht' *gar læsterlich*,  
 He visht he't ne'er pegun.  
 Mit "Hagel ! Blitz ! Kreuz-sakrament !"  
 He maket de Houser ring,  
 Und vish der Schnitzerl vas in hell,  
 For deachin' him dis ding.

Nun-goot ! At lasht he cot it,  
 Und peautifool he goed,  
 "Dis day," saidt he, "I'll 'stonish folk  
 A ridin' in de road.  
 Dis day, py shings ! I'll do it,  
 Und knock dings oud of sight :"—  
 Ach weh !—for Breitemann dat day  
 Vas not be-markt mit white.

De noombers of de Deutsche volk,  
 Dat coomed dis sighdt to see,  
 I dink, in soper earnst-hood,  
 Mighdt not ge-reckonet pe.  
 For miles dey shtoodt along de road,  
 Mein Gott !—boot dey wer'n dry ;  
 Dey trinket den lager-bier shops out,  
 Pefore der Hans coom py.

When all at vonce drementous gries  
 De fery coondry shook,  
 Und beople's shkreamt, "Da ist er !—Schau !  
 Here cooms der Breitmann, look !"  
 Mein Gott ! vas efer soosh a sighdt !  
 Vas efer soosh a gry !  
 When like a brick-pat in a vighdt,  
 Der Breitemann roosh py ?

Oh mordal man ! Vhy ish idt, dou  
Hast passion to go vast ?  
Vhy ish id dat te tog und horse  
Likes shbeed too quick to lasht ?  
De pugs, de pirds, de pumple-pees,  
Und all dat ish, 'tvouldt seem  
Ish nefer hobby boot, exsepdt,  
Vhen pilin' on de shdeam.

Der Breitmann flew ! Von mighdy gry  
Ash he vent scootin' bast ;  
Von derriple, drementous yell ;—  
Dat day de virst—und lasht.  
Vot ha ! Vot ho ! Vhy ish it dus ?  
Vhot makes dem shdare aghasht ?  
Vhy cooms dat vail of vild deshbaire ?  
Ish somedings cot ge-shmasht ?

Yea, efen so. Yea, ferily,  
Shbeak, soul !—it ish dy biz !  
Der Breitmann shkeet so vast along  
Dey fairly heard him whizz.  
Vhen shoost oopon a hill-top point  
It caught a pranch ge-bent,  
Und like an apple from a shling,  
Afay Hans Breitmann vent.

Vent droo de air an hoondert feet  
Allowin' more or lees :—  
Denn, *pob—pob—pob*—a mile or dwo  
He rollet along—I guess.  
Say—hast dou seen a gannon ball  
Half shpent, shtill poundin' on,  
Like made of gummi-lasticum ?—  
So vent der Breitemann.

Dey bick him oop—dey pring him in,  
No wort der Breitmann shboke.  
Der doktor look—he shwear erstaunt  
Dat nodings ish peen proke.  
“He rollt de rocky road entlang,  
He pounce o’er shtock und shtone,  
You’d dink he’d knocked his outsites in,  
Yet nefer preak a pone !”

All shtill Hans lay, bevilderfied ;  
He seemt not mind de shaps,  
Nor mofed oontil der medicus  
Hafe dose him vell mit schnapps.  
De schmell-voke oop de boetry  
Of tays vhen he vas yoong,  
Und he murmulde de fragmends  
Of an sad romantish song :

“Ash sommer pring de roses  
Und roses pring de dew,  
So Deutschland gifes de maidens  
Who fetch de bier for you.  
Komm Maidelein ! rothe Waengelein !  
Mit wein-glass in your paw !  
Ve’ll get troonk among de roses,  
Und pe soper on de shtraw !

“Ash vinter pring de ice-wind  
Vitch plow o’er Burg und hill,  
Hard times pring in de landlord,  
Und de landlord pring the pill.  
Boot sing Maidelein—rothe Waengelein !  
Mit wein-glass in your paw !  
Ve’ll get troonk among de roses,  
Und pe soper on de shtraw !”

Dey dook der Breitmann homewarts,  
Boot efer on de vay  
He nefer shpeaket no man,  
Und nodings else couldt say,  
Boot, "Maidelein—rothe Waengelein !  
Mit wein-glass in her paw,  
Ve'll get troonk among de roses,  
Und pe soper on de shtraw !"

Dey laid der Hans im bette,  
Peneat' de eider doun,  
Und sembelet all de doktors  
Who doktor in de town,—  
Dat ish, de Deutsche Aertzte,—  
For Breitmann always says,  
De Deutschers ish de onlies  
Mit originell idées.



Der vas Doktor Moritz Schlinkenschlag,  
Dat vork ash Caféopath,  
Und de learned Cobus Schoepfskopf,  
Who use de milchy bath ;  
Und Korschalschky aus Boehmen,  
Vhat cure mit slibovitz,  
Und Wechselbalg, der Preusse,  
Who only 'tend to fits.

Dere vas Stroblich aus Westfalen,  
Who mofe all eart'ly ills  
Mit concentrirter Schinken juice,  
Und Pumpernickel pills.  
Und a bier-kur man from Munich,  
Und a grape-curist from Rhein,  
Und von who shkare tiseases  
Mit a dose of Schlesier-wein.

So dey meet in consooldation,  
 Mit Doktor Winkeleck,  
 Who proctise "renovation"  
 Mit sauer-kraut und speck.  
 Und dat no man shouldt pe shlightet,  
 Or dreatet ash a tunce,  
 Dey 'greed to dry deir sysdems  
 Oopon Breitmann—all at vonce.

Dat ish, mit de exscepdition  
 Of gifin' Schlesier-wein :  
 For de remedy vas dangerfull  
 For von who trink from Rhein.  
 Ash der Teufel vonce deklaret,  
 Vhen he taste it on a shpree,  
 Dat a man, to trink soosh liquor,  
 Moost a porn Silesian pe.

So dey all vent los at Breitmann,  
 Und woonderfool to dell,  
 He coom to his Gesundheit,  
 Und pooty soon cot vell.  
 Some hinted at *Natura*,  
 Mit her olt *vis sanatrix*,  
 Boot eash doktor shvore he curet him,  
 Und de rest vere taugenix.

I know not vot der Breitmann  
 More newly has pegun ;  
 Boot dey say he talks day-dayly  
 Mit Dana of de *Sun*.  
 Dey talk in Deutsch togeder,  
 Und volk say de end vill be,  
 Philosopedal shanges  
 In de Union Cavallrie.

---

Gott helf de howlin' safage !  
Gott helf de Indi-án !  
Shouldt Breitmann shoin his forces  
Mit Sheneral Sheridan !  
Und denn, to sing his braises,  
I'll write anoder lied :  
Hier hat dis dale an ende,  
Of Breitmann's Philosopede !

*DIE SCHÖNE WITTWE.\**

(DE POOTY VIDOW.)

## I.

VOT DE YANKEE CHAP SUNG.

**D**AT pooty liddle vidow  
 Vot ve dosh'nt vish to name,  
 Ish still leben on dat liddle shtreet,  
 A doin' shoost de same.  
 De glerks aroundt de gorners  
 Somedimes goes round to zee  
 How die tarlin' liddle vitchy ees,  
 Und ask 'er how she pe.  
 Dey lofes her ver' goot liquær,  
 Dey lofes her liddle shtore ;  
 Dey lofes her little paby,  
 But dey lofes die vidow more.  
 To dalk mit dat shveet widow,  
 Ven she hands das lager round,

---

\* The author does not know who wrote the first part of "Die Schöne Wittwe." It appeared about 1856, and "went the round of the papers," accumulating as it went several additions or rejoinders, one of which was that by Hans Breitmann.



Vill make der shap dat does id  
Pe happy, ve'll be pound.  
Dat ish if we can vell pelieve  
De glerks vat drinks das beer,  
Who goes in dere for noding elshe,  
Put simply for to zee her.

## II.

## HOW DER BREITMANN CUT HIM OUT.

Oh yes I know die wittwe,  
Mit eyes so prite und proun !  
She's de allerschœenste wittwe  
Vot live in dis here down.  
In her plack silk gown—mine grashious !—  
All puttuned to de neck—  
Und a pooty liddle collar,  
Mitout a shpot or sheck.  
Ho ! clear de drack you oder *fraus*—  
You can't pegin to shine  
Vhen de lofely vidder cooms along—  
Dis vidder ash ish mine !  
Ho ! clear de drack you Yankee chaps,  
You Englishers und sooch,  
You can't pegin to coot me out,  
Mitout you dalks in Dootch.  
Ich hab die schœene wittwe  
Schon lange nit gesehn,  
Ich sah sie gestern Abend  
Wohl bei dem Counter stehn.  
Die Wangen rein wie Milch and Blut,  
Die Augen hell und klar.

Ich hab sie sechsmal auch geküsst—  
Pötztausend ! das ist wahr. \*

\* I had not seen for many days  
The handsome widow's face ;  
I saw her last night standing  
By her counter, full of grace.  
With cheeks as pure as milk and blood,  
With eyes so bright and blue,  
I kissèd her full well six times,  
Indeed, and that is true.

*BREITMANN IN BATTLE.*

"TUNC TAPFRE AUSFUHRERE STREITUM ET RITTRIS  
DIGNUM POTUERE ERIAGERE LOBUM."

"Hiltibraht enti Hadubrant."

DER FADER UND DER SON.\*

I DINKS I'll go a vightin'—outshpoke der Breitemann,

'It's eighdeen hoonderd fordy-eight since I kits swordt  
in hand ;

Dese fourdeen years mit Hecker all roostin' I haf been,  
Boot now I kicks der Teufel oop and goes for sailin' in."

"If you go land out-ridin'," said Caspar Pickletongue,  
"Foost ding you knows you cooms across some repels  
prave and young,

Away down Sout' in Tixey, dey'll split you like a  
clam"—

"For dat," spoke out der Breitmann, "I doos not gare  
one tam !

---

\* This ballad is a parody of Das Hildebrandslied. Consult Wackernagel's *Leseluch*, and *Das kleine Heldenbuch*.

"Ich vill zum Land ausreiten,  
Sprach sich Maister Hilteprand."

“Who der Teufel pe’s de repels, und vhere dey kits  
deir sass?

If dey make a run on Breitmann he’ll soon let out de  
gas;

I’ll shplit dem like kartoffels; I’ll schlog em on de kop;  
I’ll set de plackguarts roonin’ so, dey don’t know vhere  
to shtop.”

Und den outshpoke der Breitmann, mit his schlaeger  
py his side:

“Forvarts, my pully landsmen! it’s dime to run and  
ride;

Vill riden, vill vigheten—der Copitain I’ll pe,  
It’s sporn und horn und saddle now—all in de  
Cavallrie!”

Und ash dey rode droo Vinchesder, so herrlich to be  
seen,

Dere coomed some repel cavallrie a riden’ on de creen;  
Mit a sassy repel Dootchman—an colonel in gommand,  
Says he, “Vot Teufel makes you here in dis mein  
Faderland?

“You’re dressed oop like a shentleman mit your  
plackguart Yankee crew,

You mudsills and meganics! Der Teufel put you droo!  
Old Yank, you ought to shtay at home und dake your  
liddle horn,

Mit some oldt voomans for a noorse”—der Breitmann  
laugh mit shkorn.

“Und should I trink mein lager beer und roost mine  
self to home?

I’fe got too many dings like you to mash beneat’ my  
thoom:

In many a fray und fierce foray dis Dootchman will be  
feared

Pefore he stops dis vightin' trade—'twas dere he grayed  
his peard."

"I pools dat peard out py de roots—I gifes him such  
a dwist

Dill all de plood roons out, you tamned old Apolitionist!  
Your creenpacks, mit your swordt und vatch, right ofer  
you moost shell,

Und den you goes to Libby straight—und after dat to  
h-ll!"

"Mein creenpacks and mein schlaeger, I kits 'em in  
New York,

To gife dem up to creenhorns, young man, is not de  
talk ;"

De heroes shtopped deir sassin' here und grossed  
deir sabres dwice,

Und de vay dese Deutschers vent to vork vos von pig  
ding on ice.

Deryoungerfetch de older such a gottallmachty shmack  
Der Breitmann dinks he really hears his skool go shplit  
and crack ;

Der repel shoomps dwelfe paces back, und so he safe  
his life :

Der Breitmann says : "I guess dem shoomps, you  
learns dem of your vife."

"If I should learn of vomans I dinks it vere a shame,  
Bei Gott I am a shentleman, aristograt, and game.

My fader vos anoder—I lose him fery young—

Der Teufel take your soul ! Coom on ! I'll split your  
vaggin' tongue !"

A Yankee drick der Breitmann dried—dat oldt gray-pearded man—  
For ash the repel raised his swordt, beneat' dat sword he ran.  
All roundt der shlim yoong repel's vaist his arms oldt Breitmann pound,  
Und shlinged him down oopon his pack and laidt him on der ground.

“Who rubs against olt kittle-pots may keep white—if he can,  
Say vot you dinks of vightin' now mit dis oldt shentleman?  
Your dime is oop; you got to die, und I your breest vill pe;  
Peliev'st dou in Morál Ideas? If so, I lets you free.”\*

“I don't know nix apout ideas—no more dan 'pout Saint Paul,  
Since I'fe been down in Tixey I kits no books at all;  
I'm greener ash de clofer-grass; I'm shtupid as a shpoon;  
I'm ignoranter ash de nigs—for dey takes de *Tribune*.

“Mein fader's name vas Breitmann, I heard mein mutter say,  
She read de bapers dat he died after she rooned afay;  
Dey say he leaf some broperty—berhaps 'tvas all a sell—  
If I could lay mein hands on it I likes it mighty vell.”

---

\* The Republicans in America were for a long time ridiculed by their opponents as if professing to be guided by Moral Ideas, *i.e.*, Emancipation, Progress, Harmony of Interests, &c.

“Und vas dy fader Breitmann? *Bist du* his kit und kin?

Denn know dat *ich* der Breitmann dein lieber Vater bin?”

Der Breitmann pooled his hand-shoe off und shooked him py de hand;

“Ve’ll hafe some trinks on strengt’ of dis—or else may I pe tam’d!”

“Oh! fader, how I shlog your kop,” der younger Breitmann said;

“I’d den dimes sooner had it coom right down on mein own headt!”

“Oh, never mind—dat soon dry oop—I shticks him mit a blaster;

If I had shplit you like a fish, dat vere an vorse tis-asder.”

Dis fight did last all afternoon—*wohl* to de fesper tide, Und droo de streets of Vinchesder, der Breitmann he did ride.

Vot vears der Breitmann on his hat? De ploom of fictory!

Who’s dat a ridin’ py his side? “Dis here’s mein son,” says he.

How stately rode der Breitmann oop!—how lordly he kit down!

How glorious from de great *pokal* he drink de beer so prawn!

But der Yunger bick der parrel oop und schwig him all at one.

“Bei Gott! dat settles all dis dings—I *know* dou art mein son!”

Der one has got a fader ; de oder found a child.  
Bofe ride oopon one war-path now in pattle fierce und  
vild.

It makes so glad our hearts to hear dat dey did so  
succeed—

Und damit hat sein Ende DES JUNGEN BREITMANN'S  
LIED.



*BREITMANN IN MARYLAND.*

DER BREITMANN mit his gompany  
Rode out in Marylandt.  
“Dere’s nix to trink in dis countrie ;  
Mine droat’s as dry as sand.  
It’s light canteen und haversack,  
It’s hoonger mixed mit doorst ;  
Und if ve had some lager beer  
I’d trink oontil I boorst.  
Gling, glang, gloria !  
Ve’d trink oontil ve boorst.\*

“Herr Leut’nant, take a dozen men,  
Und ride dis land around !  
Herr Feldwebel, go foragin’  
Dill somedings goot is found.  
Gotts-donder ! men, go ploonder !  
Ve hafn’t trinked a bit

---

\* *Gling, glang, gloria*, was a common refrain in the 16th century, in German drinking songs.

“Gling, glang, glorian,  
Die Sau hat ein Panzer an.”

—*Tractatus de Ebrietate Vitanda.*

Dis fourteen hours ! If I had beer  
 I'd sauf oontil I shplit !  
 Gling, glang, gloria !  
 Ve'd sauf oontil ve shplit !”

At mitternacht a horse's hoofs  
 Coom rattlin' droo de camp ;  
 “ Rouse dere !—coom rouse der house dere !  
 Herr Copitain—ve moost tromp !  
 De scouds have found a repel town,  
 Mit repel davern near,  
 A repel keller in de cround,  
 Mit repel lager beer ! !  
 Gling, glang, gloria !  
 All fool of lager beer !”

Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth !  
 How Breitmann broked de bush !  
 “ O let me see dat lager beer !  
 O let me at him rush !  
 Und is mein sabre sharp und true,  
 Und is mein var-horse goot ?  
 To get one quart of lager beer  
 I'd shpill a sea of plood.  
 Gling, glang, gloria !  
 I'd shpill a sea of plood.

“ Fuenf hoonderd repels hold de down,  
 One hoonderd strong are ve ;  
 Who gares a tam for all de odds  
 Vhen men so dirsty pe.”  
 And in dey smashed and down dey crashed,  
 Like donder-polts dey fly,

Rash fort as der vild yæger cooms  
Mit blitzen droo de shky.  
Gling, glang, gloria !  
Like blitzen droo de shky.

How flewed to rite, how flewed to left  
De moundains, drees, und hedge ;  
How left und rite de yæger corps  
Vent donderin' droo de pridge.  
Und splash und splosh dey ford de shtream  
Where not some pridges pe :  
All drippin' in de moonlight peam  
Stracks vent de cavallrie.  
Gling, glang, gloria !  
Der Breitmann's cavallrie.

Und hoory, hoory, on dey rote,  
Oonheedin' vet or try ;  
Und horse und rider shnort and blowed,  
Und shparklin' bepples fly.  
Ropp ! Ropp ! I shmell de parley-prew !  
Dere's somedings goot ish near.  
Ropp ! Ropp !—I scent de kneiperei ;  
Ve've got to lager beer !  
Gling, glang, gloria !  
Ve've got to lager beer !

Hei ! dow de carpine pullets klined  
Oopon de helmets hart !  
Oh, Breitmann—how dy sabre ringed ;  
Du alter Knasterbart !  
De contrapands dey sing for shoy  
To see de rebs go down,

Und hear der Breitmann grimly gry :  
 Hoorah !—ve've dook de down.  
 Gling, glang, gloria !  
 Victoria, victoria !  
 De Dootch have dook de down.

Mid shout and crash and sabre flash,  
 And vild husaren shout  
 De Dootchmen boorst de keller in,  
 Und rolled de lager out ;  
 Und in the coorlin' powder shmoke,  
 Vhile shtill de pullets sung,  
*Dere* shtood der Breitmann, axe in hand,  
 A knockin' out de boong.  
 Gling, glang, gloria !  
 Victoria ! Encoria !  
 De shpicket beats de boong.

Gotts ! vot a shpree der Breitmann had  
 Vhile yet his hand was red,  
 A trinkin' lager from his poots  
 Among de repel tead.\*

\* The boot was a favourite drinking cup during the Middle Ages. The writer has seen a boot-shaped mug, bearing the inscription,

“ Wer . sein . Stiefel . nit . trinken . kan .  
 Der . ist . fürwahr . kein . Teutscher . man.”

There is an allusion to this boot-cup in Longfellow's “Golden Legend,” where mention is made of a jolly companion

——“ who could pull  
 At once a postilion's jack-boot full,  
 And ask with a laugh, when that was done,  
 If they could not give him the other one.”

---

'Tvas dus dey vent at mitternight  
Along der moundain side ;  
'Tvas dus dey help make history !  
Dis vas der Breitmann's ride.  
Gling, glang, gloria !  
Victoria ! Victoria !  
Cer'visia, encoria !  
De treadful mitnight ride  
Of Breitmann's vild Freischarlinger,  
All famous, broad, und vide.

## BREITMANN AS A BUMMER.

DER SHENERAL SHERMAN holts oop on his coorse,  
 He shtops at de gross-road und reins in his  
 horse.

“Dere’s a ford on de rifer dis day we moost dake,  
 Or elshe de grand army in bieces shall preak !”  
 Vhen shoost ash dis vord from his lips had gone bast,  
 There coomed a young orterly gallopin’ fast,  
 Who gry mit amazement : “Herr Shen’ral ! Goot  
 Lord !

*Dat Bummer der Breitmann ish holdin’ der ford !”*

Der Shen’ral he ooterred no hymn und no psalm,  
 But opened his lips und he priefly say “D——n !  
 Dere moost hafe been viskey on dat side der rifer ;  
 To get it dose shaps vould set hell in a shiver ;  
 But now dat dey hold it, ride quick to deir aid :  
 Ho, Sickles ! move promp’ly, send down a prigade !  
 Dat Dootchman moost vork mighty hard mit his sword  
 If againsd a whole army he holds to de ford.”

Dey spooored on, dey hoory’d on, gallopin’ shtraight,  
 But for Breitmann help coomed shoost a liddle too  
 late,  
 For as de Lauwiné goes smash mit her pound,  
 So on to de Bummers de repels coom down :

Heinrich von Schinkenstein's tead in de road,  
 Dieterich Hinkelbein's flat as a toad ;  
 Und Sepperl—Tyroler—shpoke nefer a vord,  
 But shoost "*Mutter Gottes!*" und died in de ford.

Itsch'l of Innspruck ish drilled droo de hair,  
 Einer aus Böblingen \*—he too vash dere—  
 Karli of Karlisruh's shot near de fence  
 (His horse vash o'erloadet mit toorkies und hens),  
 Und dough he like a ravin' mad cannibal fought  
 Yet der Breitmann—der capt'n—der hero vash  
 caught ;  
 Und de last dings ve saw, he vas tied mit a cord,  
 For de repels had goppled him oop at de ford.

Dey shtripped off his goat und skyugled his poots,  
 Dey dressed him mit rags of a repel recruits ;  
 But von gray-haared oldt veller shmiled crimly und bet  
 Dat Breitmann vouldt pe a pad egg for dem yet.  
 "He has more on his pipe † as dem vellers allows,  
 He has cardts yet in hand und *das Spiel ist nicht aus*,  
 Dey'll find dat dey took in der Teufel to board,  
 De day dey pooled Breitmann vell ofer de ford."

In de Bowery each beer-haus mit crape vas oopdone,  
 Vhen dey read in de papers dat Breitmann vas gone ;

\* The German equivalent for a native of Little Pedlington. It is a Suabian joke, commemorated in a popular song, to inquire in foreign and remote regions, "Is there any good fellow from Böblingen here?"

† "Sonst etwas auf dem Rohr haben"—something else on the pipe or tube—meaning a plan or idea, kept to one's self, is a German proverbial expression, which occurs in one of Langbein's humorous lyrics.

Und de Dootch all cot troonk oopon lager und wein,  
At the great Trauer-fest of de Turner Verein.  
Dere vas wein-en mit weinen ven beoplesh did dink  
Dat Sherman's great Sharman cood nefer more trink.  
Und in Villiam Shtreet veepin' und vailen' vas hoor'd,  
Pecause der Hans Breitmann vas lost at de ford.



## SECOND PART.

*I*N *dulce júbilo* now ve all sings,  
 A-vaifin' de panners like efery dings.  
 De preeze droo de bine-trees ish cooler und salt,  
 Und der Shen'ral is merry venefer ve halt ;  
 Loosty und merry he schmells at de preeze,  
*Lustig und heiter* he looks droo de drees,  
*Lustig und heiter* ash vell he may pe,  
 For Sherman, at last, has marched down to the sea.

Dere's a gry from de quart—dere's a clotter und dramp,  
 Vhen dat fery same orterly rides droo de camp  
 Who report on de ford. Dere ish drooles and awe  
 In de face of de youf' apout somedings he saw ;  
 Und he shpeak me in Fräentsch, like he always do :  
 “ Look !

*Sagre pleu ! fentre Tieu !*—dere ish Breitmann—his  
 spook !

He ish goming dis vay ! *Nom de garce !* \* can it pe  
 Dat de spooks of de tead men coom down to de sea !”

Und ve looks, und ve sees, und ve trembles mit tread,  
 For risin' all swart on de efenin' red

---

\* “ *Nom de garce*,” as an anagram of *nom de grace*, occurs in Rabelais.

Vas Johannes—der Breitmann—der war es, bei Gott !  
 Coom ridin' to oos-vard, right shtraight to de shpot !  
 All mouse-still ve shtood, yet mit oop-shoompin' hearts,  
 For he look shoost so pig as de shiant of de  
 Hartz ;  
 Und I heard de Sout Deutschers say “ Ave Morie !  
 Braise Gott all goot shpirids py land und py sea ! ”

Boot Itzig of Frankfort he lift oop his nose,  
 Und be-mark dat de shpook hat peen changin' his  
 clothes,  
 For he seemed like an Generalissimus drest  
 In a vlamín' new coat und magnificent vest.  
 Six bistols beschlagen mit silber he vore,  
 Und a cold mounded swordt like a Kaisar he bore,  
 Und ve dinks dat de ghosdt—or votever he pe—  
 Moost hafe proken some pants on his vay to de sea.

“ Id is he ! ” “ *Und er lebt noch !* ” he lifes, ve all say :  
 “ Der Breitmann—Oldt Breitmann !—Hans Breit-  
 mann ! *Herr Je !* ”  
 Und ve roosh to emprace him, und shtill more ve find  
 Dat vherefer he'd peen, he'd left noding pehind.  
 In bofe of his poots dere vas porte-moneys crammed,  
 Mit creen-packs stoof full all his haversack jammed,  
 In his bockets cold dollars vere shinglin' deir doons  
 Mit two doozen votches und four dozen shpoons,  
 Und two silber tea-pods for makin' his dea,  
 Der ghosdt hafe pring mit him, *en route* to de sea.

Mit goot sweed-botatoes, und doorkies, und rice,  
 Ve makes him a sooper of efery dings nice.  
 Und de bummers hoont roundt apout, *alle wie ein*,  
 Dill dey findt a plantaschion mit parrels of wein.

Den t'vas "Here's to you, Breitmann ! Alt Schwed " \*  
—*bist zurück ?*

Vot teufels you makes since dis fourteen nights  
veek ?"

Und ve holds von shtupendous and derriple shpree  
For shoy dat der Breitmann has got to de sea.

But in fain tid we ashk vhere der Breitmann hat peen,  
Vot he tid ; vot he pass droo—or vot he might seen ?  
Vhere he kits his vine horse, or who gafe him dem  
woons,

Und how Brovidence plessed him mit tea-pods und  
shpoons ?

For to all of dem queerries he only rebliies,

"If you dells me no quesdions, I ashks you no lies !"

So 'twas glear dat some derriple mysh'dry moost pe

Vhere he kits all dat ploonder he prings to de sea.

Dere ish bapers in Richmond dells derriple lies

How Sherman's grand armee hafe raise deir soopies :

For ve readt *in brindt* dat der Sheneral Grant

Say de bummers hafe only shoost take vat dey vant.

But 'tis vhispered dat vwhile a refolfer'll go round

Der BREITMANN vill nefer a peggin' be found ;

Or shtarvin' ash brisner—by doonder !—not he,

Vwhile der Teufel could help him to ged to de sea.

---

\* An expression only used in reference to seeing again some jolly old friend after long absence—"Uns kommt der alte Schwed."

## BREITMANN'S GOING TO CHURCH.

"Vides igitur, Collega carissime, visitationem canonicam esse rem haud ita periculosam, sed valde amoenam, si modo vinum, groggio et cibi praesto sunt."

—*Novissimae Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum, Berolini F. Berggold, 1869. Epistola xxiii., p. 63.*

D'VAS near de state of Nashfille,  
 In de town of Tennessee,  
 Der Breitmann vonce vas quarderd  
 Mit all his cavallrie.  
 Der Sheneral kept him glose in gamp,  
 He vouldn't let dem go ;  
 Dey couldn't shdeal de first plack hen,  
 Or make de red cock crow.

Und virst der Breitmann vildly shmiled,  
 Und denn he madly shvore ;  
 "Crate h—I, mit shpoons und shinsherbread,  
 Can *dis* pe makin war?  
 Verdammt pe all der discipline !  
 Verdammt der Shenerál !  
 Vere I vonce on de road, his will,  
 Vere wurst mir und egál.\*

\* *Wurst*, literally sausage, is used by German students to signify indifference. When a sausage is on the table, and one

"Oh vhere ish all de plazin roofs  
Dat claddened vonce mine eyes?  
Und vhere de crand plantaschions  
Vhere ve gaddered many a brize?  
Und vhere de plasted shpies ve hung  
A howlin loud mit fear?  
Und vhere de rascal push-whackers  
Ve shashed like vritened deer?

"De roofs are shtandin fast and firm  
Mit repels blottin oonder;  
De crand blantaschions lie round loose  
För Morgan's men to ploonder!  
De shpies go valkin out und in,  
Ash sassy ash can pe;  
Und in de voods de push-whackers  
Are makin foon of me!

"Oh vere I on my schimmel grey  
Mein sabre in mein hand,  
Dey should drack me py de ruins  
Of de houses troo de land.

---

is asked with mock courtesy which part he prefers, he naturally replies—"Why, it is all sausage to me." I have heard an elderly man in New England reply to the query whether he would have "black meat or breast"—"Any part, thank 'ee—I guess it's *all turkey*." There are, of course, divers ancient and quaint puns in Pennsylvania, on such a word as *wurst*. Thus it is said that a northern pedlar, in being served with some sausage of an inferior quality, was asked again if he would have some of the *wurst*. Not understanding the word, and construing it as a slight, he replied to his hostess—"No, thank you, marm, this is quite bad enough." The literal meaning of this line, which is borrowed from Scheffel's poem of Perkéo, is "indifferent, and equal, to me."

Dey should drack me py de puzzards  
High sailen ofer head,  
A vollowin der Breitmann's trail  
To claw de repel dead."

Outspoke der bold Von Stossenheim,  
Who had théories of Gott :  
"O Breitmann, dis ish shoodgement on  
De vays dat you hafe trot.  
You only lifes to joy yourself,  
Yet you, yourself moost say,  
Dat self-defelopment requires  
De religiös Idée."

Dey sat dem down und argued id,  
Like Deutschers vree from fear,  
Dill dey schmoke ten pfounds of knaster,  
Und drinked drei fass of bier.  
Der Breitmann go py Schopenhauer,  
Boot Veit he had him denn ;  
For he dook him on de angles  
Of de moral oxygen.

Der Breitmann 'low, dat 'pentence,  
Ish known in efery glime,  
Und dat to grin und bear it  
Vas healty und sooplime.  
"For mine Sout German Catolicks,  
Id vas pe goot, I know ;  
Likevise dem Nordland Luterans,  
If vonce to shoorsch dey go.

"Boot how vas id mit oders,  
Who dinks philosophie ?

I don't begreif de matter,"  
Said Stossenheim : "Denn see.  
De more dat shoorsch disgoostet you,  
Und make despise und bain,  
De crater merid ish to go,  
Und de crater ish your gain.

"I know a liddle shoorsch mineself,  
Opon de Bole Jack road :  
(De rebs vonce shot dree Federals dere,  
Ash into shoorsch dey goed.)  
Dere you might make a bilcrimage,  
Und do id in a tay :  
Gott only knows vot dings you mightd  
Bick oop, oopon de vay."

Denn oop dere shpoke a contrapand,  
Vas at de tent id's toor—  
"Dere's twenty bar'ls of whiskey, hid,  
In dat tabernacle, shore.  
A rebel he done gone and put  
It in de cellar, true,  
No libin man dat secret knows,  
'Cept only me an' you."

Der Stossenheim, he grossed himself,  
Und knelt peside de fence,  
Und gried : "O Coptain Breitmann, see,  
Die finger Providence."  
Der Breitmann droed his hat afay,  
Says he, "Pe't hit or miss,  
I'fe heard of miragles pefore,  
Boot none so hunk ash dis."

“Wohlauf mine pully cafaliers,  
Ve’ll ride to shoorsh to-day,  
Each man ash hasn’t cot a horse  
Moost shteal von, rite afay.  
Dere’s a raw, green corps from Michigan,  
Mit horses on de loose,  
You men ash wants some hoof-irons,  
Look out und crip deir shoes.”

All brooshed und fixed, de cavallrie  
Rode out py moonen shine,  
De cotton fields in shimmerin light,  
Lay white as elfenbein.  
Dey heard a shot close py Lavergne,  
Und men who rode afay,  
In de road a-velterin in his ploom,  
A Federal picket lay.

Und all dat he hafe dimes to say,  
“Vhile shtandin at my post,  
De guerillas got first shot at me,”  
Und so gafe oop de ghost.  
Denn a contrapand, who helt his head,  
Said : “Sah—dose grillers all  
Is only half a mile from hy’ar,  
A dancin at a ball.”

Der Breitmann shpoke and brummed it out  
Ash if his heart tid schvell :  
“I’ll gife dem music at dat pall  
Vill tantz dem indo hell.”  
Hei !—arrow-fast—a teufel’s ride !  
De plack man led de vay,  
Dey reach de house—dey see de lights —  
Dey heard de fiddle blay.



Dey nefer waited for a word  
Boot galloped from de gloom,  
Und, bang !—a hoonderd carpine shots  
Dey fired indo de room.  
Oop vent de groans of vounded men,  
De fittlin died away :  
Boot some of dem vere tead pefore  
De music ceased to blay.

Denn crack und smack coom scotterin shots  
Troo vindow und troo door,  
Boot bang and clang de Germans gife  
Anoder volley more.  
“Dere—let 'em shlide. Right file to shoorsch !”  
Aloudt de orders ran.  
“I kess I paid dem for dat shot,”  
Shpeak grim der Breitemann.

All rosen red de mornin fair  
Shone gaily o'er de hill,  
All violet plue de shky crew teep  
In rifer, pond, und rill ;  
All cloudy grey de limeshtone rocks  
Coom oop troo dimmerin wood ;  
All shnowy vite in mornin light  
De shoorsch pefore dem shtood.

“Now loudet vell de organ, oop,  
To drill mit solemn fear ;  
Und ring also dat Lumpenglock  
To pring de beoples here.  
Und if it prings guerillas down,  
Ve'll gife dem, py de Lord,

De low-mass of de sabre, and  
De high-mass of de cord.\*

“Du, Eberlé aus Freiburg,  
Du bist ein Musikant,  
Top-sawyer on de counterpoint  
Und buster in discánt,  
To dee de soul of musik  
All innerly ish known,  
Du canst mit might fullenden  
De art of orgel-ton.

“Derefore, a Miserére  
Vilt dou, be-ghostet, spiel,  
Und vake be-raised yearnin,  
Also a holy feel :—  
Pe referent, men—rememper  
Dis ish a Gotteshaus—  
Du Conrad—go along de aisles  
Und schenk de whiskey aus !”

Dey blay crate dings from Mozart,  
Beethoven, und Méhul,  
Mit chorals of Sebastian Bach  
Sooplime and peaudiful.  
Der Breitmann feel like holy saints,  
De tears roon down his fuss ;  
Und he sopped out, “Gott verdammich—dis  
Ist wahres Kunstgenuss !”†

\* It was, I believe, Ragnar Lodbrog who, in his Death Song, spoke, about as intelligently and clearly as Herr Breitmann, of a mass of weapons.

† Is true art-enjoyment.

Der Eberlé blayed oop so high,  
He maket de rafters ring ;  
Der Eberlé blayed lower, und  
Ve heardt der Breitmann sing  
Like a dronin wind in piney woods,  
Like a nightly moanin sea :  
Ash de dinked on Sonntags long ago  
Vhen a poy in Germany.

Und louder und mit louder tone  
High oop de orgel blowed,  
Und plentifuller efer yet  
Around de whiskey goed.  
Dey singed ash if mit singin, dey  
Might indo Himmel win :—  
I dink in all dis land soosh shprees  
Ash yet hafe nefer peen.

Vhen in de Abendsonnenschein,  
Mit doost-clouds troo de door,  
All plack ash night in golden lighdt  
Dere shtood ein schwartzer Mohr,  
Dat contrapand so wild und weh,  
Mit eye-palls glaring roun,  
Who cried " For Gott's sake, hoory oop !  
De reps ish gomin down ! "

Und while he yet was shpeakin,  
A far-off soundt pegan,  
Down rollin from de moundain  
Of many a ridersmann.  
Und vwhile de waves of musik  
Vere rollin o'er deir heads,  
Dey heard a foice a schkreemin,  
" Pile out of thar, you Feds !

“For we uns ar’ a comin  
For to guv to you uns fits,  
And knock you into brimstun  
And blast you all to bits”——  
Boot ere it done ids shpeakin,  
Der vas order in de band,  
Ash Breitmann, mit an awfool stim  
Out-dondered his gommand.

Und ash fisch-hawk at a mackarel  
Doth make a splurgin flung,  
Und ash eagles dab de fish-hawks  
Ash if de gods vere young,  
So from all de doors and vindows,  
Like shpiders down deir webs  
De Dootch went at deir horses,  
Und de horses at de rebs.

Crate shplendors of de treadful  
Vere in dat pattle rush,  
Crate vights mit swords und carpine,  
Py efery fence and bush.  
Ash panthers vight mit crislies  
In famished morder fits—  
For de rebs vere mad ash boison,  
Und de Dootch vere droonk ash blitz.

Yet vild ash vas dis pattle,  
So quickly vas it o’er,  
O, vhy moost I forefer  
Pestain mine page mit gore?  
Py liddle und py liddle  
Dey drawed demselfs afay,  
Oft toornin’ round to vighten  
Like boofaloes at bay.

De scatterin shots grew fewer,  
De scatterin gries more shlow,  
Und furder troo de forest  
Ve heard dem vainter grow.  
Ve gife von shout—"Victoria!"  
Und denn der Breitmann said,  
Ash he wiped his bloody sabre :  
"Now, poys, count oop your dead !"



Oh small had been our shoutin  
For shoy, if ve had known  
Dat der Stossenheim im oaken wald,  
Lay dyin all alone.  
Vhile his oldt vwhite horse mit droopin het  
Look dumbly on him down,  
Ash if he dinked, "Vy lyest dou here  
Vhile fightin's goin on?"

Und dreams coom o'er de soldier  
Slow dyin on de eart ;  
Of a schloss afar in Baden,  
Of his mutter, und nople birt !  
Of poverty and sorrow,  
Vhich drofe him like de wind,  
Und he sighed, "Ach weh for de lofed ones,  
Who wait so far pehind !

"Wohl auf, my soul o'er de moundains !  
Wohl auf—well ofer de sea !  
Dere's a frau dat sits in de Odenwald  
Und shpins, und dinks of me.  
Dere's a shild ash blays in de greenin grass,  
Und sings a liddle hymn,  
Und learns to shpeak a fader's name  
Dat she nefer will shpeak to him.

“But mordial life ends shortly  
Und Heafen’s life is long :—  
Wo bist du Breitmann?—glaub’es— \*  
Gott suffers noding wrong.  
Now I die like a Christian soldier,  
My head oopon my sword :—  
*In nomine Domini!*”—  
Vas Stossenheim his word.

O, dere vas bitter wailen  
Vhen Stossenheim vas found.  
Efen from dose dere lyin  
Fast dyin on de ground.  
Boot time vas short for vaiten,  
De shades vere gadderin dim :  
Und I nefer shall forget it,  
De hour ve puried him.

De tramp of horse und soldiers  
Vas all de funeral knell ;  
De ring of sporn und carpine  
Vas all de sacrin bell.  
Mit hoontin knife und sabre  
Dey digged de grave a span,  
From German eyes blue gleamin  
De holy water ran.

Mit moss-grown shticks und bark-thong  
De plessed cross ve made,  
Und put it vhere de soldier’s head  
Towards Germany vas laid.

---

\* Where art thou Breitmann?—Believe it.

Dat grave is lost mid dead leafs,  
De cross is gonod afay :  
Boot Gott will find der reiter  
Oopon de Youngest Day.

Und dinkin of de fightin,  
Und dinkin of de dead,  
Und dinkin of de organ,  
To Nashville, Breitmann led.  
Boot long dat rough oldt Hanserl  
Vas earnsthaf, grim und kalt,  
Shtill dinkin o'er de heart's friend,  
He'd left im gruenen wald.\*

De verses of dis boem  
In Heidelberg I write ;  
De night is dark around me,  
De shtars apove are bright.  
Studenten in den Gassen †  
Make singen many a song ;  
Ach Faderland !—wie bist du weit !  
Ach Zeit !—wie bist du lang ! ‡

---

\* In the green wood.

† Students in the streets.

‡ Oh Fatherland !—how art thou far !  
Oh Time !—how art thou long !

## BREITMANN IN KANSAS.\*

VONCE oopon a dimes, goot while afder der var  
vas ofer, der Herr Breitmann vent oud Vest,  
drafellin' apout like efery dings—" *circuivit terram et  
perambulavit eam*," ash der Teufel said ven dey ask  
him: "How vash you und how you has peen?"

Von efenings he vas drafel mit some ladies und  
shendlemans, und he shtaid *incognitus*. Und dey  
singed songs, dill py und py one of de ladies say:  
"Ish any podies here ash know de crate pallad of  
Hans Breitmann's Barty?" Den Hans say: "*Ecce  
Gallus!* I am dat rooster!" Den der Hans dook a  
trink und a let-bencil und a biece of baper, und goes  
indo himself a little dimes und den coomes out again  
mit dis boem:

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas;  
He drafel fast und far;  
He rided shoost drei dousand miles  
All in von rail-roat car.

---

\* Full details of this excursion were published in a pamphlet, entitled "Three Thousand Miles in a Railroad Car," and also in letters written by Mr. J. G. Hazzard for the *New York Tribune*.



He knowed foost rate how far he goed—  
He gounted all de vile,  
Dere vash shoost one bottle of champagne,  
Dat bopped at efery mile.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;  
I dell you vot, my poy,  
You bet dey hat a pully dimes  
In crossin' Illinoy.  
Dey speaked deir speaks to all de folk  
A shtandin' in de car ;  
Den ask dem in to dake a trink,  
Und corned em *ganz und gar*.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;  
By shings ! dey did it prown.  
When he got into Leafenvort,  
He found himself in town.  
Dey dined him at de Blanter's House,  
More goot as man could dink ;  
Mit efery dings on eart' to eat,  
Und dwice as mooch to trink.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;  
He vent it on de loud.  
At Ellsvort, in de prairie land,  
He foundt a pully crowd.  
He looked for bleedin' Kansas,  
But dat's "blayed out," dey say ;  
De vhiskey keg's de only ding  
Dat's bleedin' dere to-day.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,  
To see vot he could hear.  
He foundt soom Deutschers dat exisdt  
Py makin' lager beer.

Says he : “ *Wie gehts du Alt Gesell?* ”

But nodings could be heard ;  
Dey'd growed so fat in Kansas  
Dat dey couldn't speak a vord.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;  
Py shings ! I dell you vot,  
Von day he met a crisly bear  
Dat rooshed him down, *bei Gott !*  
Boot der Breitmann took und bind der bear  
Und bleased him fery much—  
For efery vordt der crisly growled  
Vas goot Bavarian Dutch!

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas !  
By donder dat is so !  
He ridet oout upon de blains  
To shase de boofalo.  
He fired his rifle at de bools,  
Und gallop droo de shmoke,  
Und shoomp de canyons shoost as if  
Der teufel vas a choke !

It's hey de trail to Santa Fé ;  
It's ho ! agross de plain ;  
It's lope along de Denver road,  
Until ve toorn again.  
Und de railroad drafel after us  
Apout as quick as ve ;  
Dis Kansas ish de fastest land  
Ash efer I did see.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;  
He have a pully dime ;  
But 'twas in old Missouri  
Dat dey rooshed him up sublime.

Dey took him to der Bilot Nob,  
Und all der nobs around ;  
Dey shpreed him und dey tea'd him  
Dill dey roon him to de ground.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas,  
Und made his carpine pop !  
Ven he shooted at a drifer man  
To make de wagon shdop.  
A noble *Tribune* shendleman  
Shoost dodged dat pullet's bore,  
Und de driver shwore dat soosh a crowd  
He nefer druv pefore.

Hans Breitmann vent to Kansas ;  
Droo all dis earthly land,  
A vorkin' out life's mission here  
Soobyectify und grand.  
Some beoblesh runs de beautiful,  
Some vorks philosophie ;  
Der Breitmann solfe de infinide  
Ash von eternal shpree !

## HANS BREITMANN'S CHRISTMAS.

"Hæc est illa bona dies  
Et vocata læta quies  
Vina sitientibus.

"Nullus metus, nec labores,  
Nulla cura, nec dolores,  
Sint in hoc symposio."

[*De Generibus Ebriosorum, Francoforti  
ad Mænum, A.D. 1585.*

I D vas on Weihnachtsabend—vot Ghristmas Efe dey  
call—

Der Breitmann mit his Breitmen tid rent de Musik  
Hall ;

Ash de Breitmen und die vomen who vere in de Lieder-  
kranz

Vouldt blend deir souls in harmonie to have a bleasin  
tantz.

Dey reefed de Hall 'mid pushes so nople to pe seen,  
Aroundt Beethoven's buster dey on-did a garlandt  
creen :

De laties vork like teufels dwo tays to scroob de  
vloor,

Und hanged a crate serenity mit WILLKOMM ! oop de  
toor !

Und while dere vas a Schwein-blatt whose redakteur  
tid say,  
Dat Breitmann he vas *liederlich* : ve ant-worded dis-a  
way,  
Ve maked anoder serenity mid ledders plue und red :  
“Our *Leader lick* de repels ! N.G.” (enof gesaid.)

Und anoder serene dransbarency ve make de veller  
baint,  
Boot de vay he potch und vertyfeled id, vas enof to  
shvear a saint,  
For ve wanted LA GERMANIA ;—boot der ardist mit a  
bloonder,  
Vent und vlorished LAGER agross id—und denn poot  
MANIA oonder !

“Now ve moost pe guest-freundlich,” said Breitemann,  
said he ;  
“Und shoot te toor vide oben, for beople all to see.  
Four elemends indernally unided make a punsch ;  
Boot id *dakes* a tausend fellers when you gifes dem  
freie lunsch.”

Und as Ghristmas Efe vas gekommen, de beoplesh  
weren im Hall ;  
I shvears you id vas Gott-full—dat shplendit, peglory'd  
ball ;  
Ve hat foon *wie der Teufel in Frankreich*—ve coot oop  
like der teufel in France,  
Und valk pair-wise in, while de musik blayed loudt de  
Fackel-Tanz.

Boot when de valtz shtrike oopwart ve most went out  
of fits,  
Ash der Breitmann led off on a dwister mit de lofely  
Helmene Schmitz.

He valtz yoost like he vas shtandin' shtill mit a  
 peaudiful solemn shmile,  
 Und Helmine say he nefer shtop *poussiren* alla weil.

"*Es tönt, es rauschet Saitenklang*—I hear de musik  
 call  
*Den kerzenhellen Saal entlang*—all droo de gleamin'  
 Hall.  
*O mächt ich schweben stolz und froh*—O mighdt I efer  
 pe  
*Mit dir durchs ganze Leben so!*—mine Lebenlang by  
 dee!"

Und vaster blay de musik de *Wellen und Wogen* von  
 Strauss ;  
 Und soom drop indo de tantzen, und soom of dem drop  
*aus* ;  
 Und soon like a shtorm in de Meere I veel de reelin'  
 vloor,  
 So de shpinner shtop mit de shpinsters, for dey  
 couldn't shpin no more.

Now weren ve all frolic, *und lauter guter ding*,  
 Und dirsty ash a broosh-pinder—vhen ve hear some  
 glasses ring ;  
 Foors mild und sonft in de distants—like de song of  
 a nightingall,  
 Denn a ringin' und rottlin' und clotterin'—ash de Glück  
 of Edenhall ?

Hei ! how ve roosh on de liquor !—hei : how de kellners  
 coom :  
 Hei ! how ve busted de bier-kegs und poonished de  
*Punsch a la Rhum.*

Like lonely wafes at mitternight oopon some shiant shore—

Like an awful shtorm in de Wælder—vas de dirsty  
Deuschers' roar !

I pyed some carts for a dime abiece—I pyed shoost  
fifdy-dwo,

Dey vere goot for bier, or schnapps, or wein—by  
doonder how dey flew !

I ring de deck on de waiters for liquor hot und cool,  
Und efery dime I blays a cart, py shings, I rake de  
pool ! \*

Und ash ve trinked so comforble, like boogs in any  
roog,

De trompets blowed *tan da ra dei*, und dere come in  
a *Maskenzug*,

A peaudiful brocession, soul-raisin' and sooplime,  
De marmorbilds of de heroes of de early Sharman  
dime.

Dere vent der gros Arminius, mit his frau Thusnelda,  
doo,

De vellers ash lam de Romans dill dey roon mit noses  
plue ;

Denn vollowed Quinctilius Varus who carry a Roman  
yoke,

Und arm in arm mit Gambrinus coom der Allemane  
Chroc.

---

\* In American-German festivals, cards are sometimes sold by the quantity, which are "good" for refreshments. This is done to avoid trouble in making change.

Der alte Friedrich Rothbart, und Kaiser Karl der  
crate,  
Mit Roland und Uliverus vent shveepin' on in shtate ;  
Und Conradin, whose sad-full deat' shtill makes our  
heartsen plead,  
Und all ov dem oldt vellers aus dem Nibelungen Lied.

Und as dey mofed on, der Breitmann maked a tyfeled  
shplendid witz  
In anti-word to dis quesdion from de lofely Mina  
Schmitz :

“Vhy ish id dey always makes in shtone dem vellers  
so andiquadet?”

“Vhy—dey set in de laps of Ages dill dey got lapi-  
*dated!*”

Und shoost as de last of dis hisdory hat fanished droo  
de door,  
Ve heardt a ge-screech, and Pelz Nickel coom howlin'  
on de vloor ;  
Denn de laties yell like der teufel, und vly like gulls  
mit wings,  
Und der Pelz Nickel lick em mit svitches, und ve  
laughet like eferydings.

I nefer hafe sooch laughen before dat I vas geborn ;  
Und Pelz Nickel, vhen 'tvas ober, he plow on a yæger  
horn,  
Und denounce do all de beople gesembled in de hall :  
“Dat a Ghristmas dree vas vaiten', mit bresents for  
oos all !”

So ve vollowed him into de *zimmer* so quick ash dese  
vords he said,  
To kit dem peaudiful bresents, all gratis und on de  
dead ;



Und in facdt a shplendid Weihnachtsbaum mit lighds  
ve druly vound,  
Und liddel kifts dat ge-kostet a benny abiece all round !

Dere vas Rika Stange die Dessauerinn—a maedchen  
shtraigdt und tall,  
She cot a bicture of Cupid—boot she tidn't *see* it ad all,  
Dill der Breitmann say, mit his shplendid shtyle dat  
all de laties dake :  
“Dat pend of de bow ish de Crecian pend dat you so  
ofden make !”

Anoder scharmante laity, Maria Top, did cot,  
A schwingin' mit a ribbon, a liddle benny pot ;  
Boot Breitmann hafe id de roughest of any oder mans,  
For he kit a yellow grate mit a liddle vooden Hans.

Denn next Beethoven's Sinfonie, die orkester tid blay ;  
*Adagio—allegro—andante cantabile.*  
Ve sat in shtill commotion so dat a bin mighdt drops,  
Und de deers roon town der Breitmann's sheeks,  
mitwhiles he vas trinkin' schnapps.

Next dings ve had de *Weinnachtstraum* ge-sung by  
de Liederkranz,  
Denn I trinked dwelf schoppens of glee-wine to sed  
me oop for a tantz ;  
Dis dimes I tanz wie der Teufel—we shriek de volk  
on de vloer ;  
Und boost right indo de sooper room—for ve tanzt a  
hole droo de door !

Denn 'twas rowdy tow und hop-sassa, ve hollered,  
Mann und Weib ;  
“Rip Sam und sed her oop acain !—ve're all of de  
Shackdaw tribe !”

When Pelz Nickel plow his tromp vonce more, und  
 peg oos to shtop our din,  
 Und droo de oben door dere coomed nine den-pins  
 marchin' in.

Nine vellers tressed like den-pins—dey goed to de  
 end' der hall,  
 Und dwo Hans Wurst, shack-puddin' glowns—dey  
 rolled at em mit a ball.  
 De balls vas paintet peaudiful ; dey was vifdeen feet  
 aroundt ;  
 Und de rule ov de came : “whoefer cot hidt, moost  
 doomple on de croundt.”

Sometimes dey hit de den-pins—sometimes de oder  
 volk—  
 Und pooty soon de gompany vas all laid out in shoke ;  
 Boot I dells you vot, it maked oos laugh dill we by-  
 nearly shplits,  
 Vhen der Breitmann he roll ofer, und drip oop de  
 Mina Schmitz.

Dis lets itself in Sharman pe foost-rade word-blayed  
 on,  
 Und 'mongst oos be-gifted vellers you pet dat id vas  
 tone !  
 How der Breitmann mighdt drafel ash bride-man on  
 de roadt dat ish *breit* und *krumm* :\*  
 Here de drumpets soundt, and pair-wise ve goed for  
 de sooper-room.

---

\* Breitmann and bride-man, breit and krumm (bride and groom), or broad and crooked, &c.

Ve goed for ge-roasted Welsh-hens, ve goed for ge-  
spickter hare,  
Ve goed for kartoffel salade mit butter brod,—kaviar :  
Ve roosh at de lordtly sauer-kraut und de wurst which  
lofely shine,  
Und oh, mein Gott im Kimmel ! *how* we goed for de  
Mosel-wein !

Und troonker more, und troonker yet, und troonker  
shtill cot ve,  
In rosy lighdt shtill drivin on agross a fairy sea ;  
Denn madder, vilder, frantic-er, I proked a salat dish !  
Und shoost like roarin' elefants ve tantzed aroundt de  
tish.

I'fe shvimmed in heafenly droonks pefore—boot nefer  
von like dis ;  
De morgen-het-ache only seemt a bortion of de pliss.  
De vhole in trilling peauty roundt like heafenly vind-  
harps rang  
A goosh of goldnen melodie—de Rheinweinbechers'  
Klang.

De meltin' minnesingers' song—a droonk of honey'd  
rhyme—  
De b'wildrin-dipsy Bardic shants of Teutoburgic dime ;  
Back to de runic dim Valhall und Balder's foamin'  
mead :—  
Here ents in heller glorie schein des Breitmann's  
Weihnachtslied !

## BREITMANN ABOUT TOWN.

DER SCHWACKENHAMMER coom to down,  
 Pefore de Fall vas past,  
 Und by der Breitmann drawed he in  
 Ash dreimals honored gast.  
 "Led's see de sighdts! In self und worldt,—  
 Dere's 'sighdts' for him, to see,  
 Who Selbstanschauungsvermögen hat,"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Opera Haus,  
 Und dere dey vound em blayin',  
 Of Offenbach (der *open brook*),  
 His show spiel Belle Heléne.  
 "Dere's Offenbach,—Sebastian Bach,—  
 Mit Kaulbach,—dat makes dree :  
 I always like sooch *brooks* ash dese ;"  
 Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Bibliothek,  
 Vhich Mishder Astor bilt :  
 Some pooks vere only *en brochure*,  
 Und some vere pound und gilt.  
 "Dat makes de gold—dat makes de *sinn*,  
 Mit pooks, ash men, ve see,

De pest tressed vellers guilt de most :"—  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see an edidor,  
Who'd shanged his flag und doon,  
Und crowed oopon der oder side,  
Dat very afdernoon.  
"De anciends vorshipped wettercocks,  
To wetter *fanes* pent de knee ;  
Pow down, mein Schwackenhammer, pow !"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented by a panker's hause,  
Und Schwackenhammer shvore,  
He only vant a pig red shield  
Hoong oop pefore de toor ;  
One side of red, one side of gold,  
Like de knighds in hisdorie—  
"De schildern of dat schild is rich,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent oonto a bicture sale,  
Of frames wort' many a cent,  
De broperty of a shendleman,  
Who oonto Europe vent.  
"Don't gry—he'll soon pe pack again  
Mit anoder gallerie :  
He sells dem oud dwelf dimes a year,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to dis berson's house,  
To see his furnidure,  
Sold oud at aucdion rite afay,  
Berembdory und sure.

“He geeeps six houses all at vonce,  
Each veek a sale dere pe,  
Gotts ! vot a dime his vife moost hafe !”—  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to vind a goot cigar,  
Long dimes dey roamed apout,  
Von veller had a pran new sort,  
De fery latest out  
“Mein freund—I dinks you errs yourself  
De shmell ish oldt to me ;  
De *Infamias Stinkadores* brand,”—  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de *virst* hotel,  
De prandy make dem creep,  
A trop of id’s enough to make  
A brazen monkey veep.  
“Dey say a viner house ash dis,  
Vill soon ge-bildet pe,  
Crate Gott !—vot *can* dey mean to trink ?”  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented droo de Irish shtreeds,  
Dey saw vrom haus to haus,  
Und gountet oop, ’pout more or less,  
Vive hoondred awful rows.  
“If all dese liddle vights dey waste,  
Could *von* crate pattle pe,  
Gotts ! how de Fenian funds vouldt rise !”  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to see de Ridualisds,  
Who vorship Gott mit vlowers,  
In hobes he’ll lofe dem pack again,  
In winter among de showers.

"Vhen de Pacific railroat's done,  
Dis dings imbrofed vill pe,  
De joss-sticks vill pe santal vood,"—  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to hear a breecher of  
De last sensadion shtyle,  
'Twas 'nough to make der teufel weep  
To see his "awful shmile."  
"Vot bities dat der Fechter ne'er  
Vas in Théologie,  
Dey'd make him pishop in dis shoorsch,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent into a shpordin' crib,  
De rowdies cloostered dick,  
Dey ashk him dell dem vot o'glock,  
Und dat infernal quick.  
Der Breitmann draw'd his 'volver oud,  
Ash gool ash gool couldt pe,  
"Id's shoost a goin' to shdrike six,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent polid'gal meedins next,  
Dey hear dem rant and rail,  
Der bresident vas a forger,  
Shoost bardoned oud of jail.  
He does it oud of cratitood,  
To dem who set him vree :  
"Id's Harmonie of Inderesds,"  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vent to a clairfoyand witch,  
A plack-eyed handsome maid,  
She wahrsagt all deir vortunes—denn  
"Fife dollars, gents !" she said.

“Dese vitches are nod of dis eart’,  
Und yed are *on* id, I see,  
Der Shakesbeare knew de preed right vell,”  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to a restaurand,  
Der vaiter coot a dash ;  
He garfed a shicken in a vink,  
Und serfed id at a vlash.  
“Dat shap knows vell shoost how to coot  
Und roon mit poulderie,  
He vas copitain oonder Turchin vonce,”  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented to de Voman’s Righds,  
Vhere laties all agrees,  
De gals should all pe voters,  
Und deir beaux all de votees.  
“For efery man dat nefer vorks,  
Von frau should vrankised pe :  
Dat ish de vay I solfe dis ding,”  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Dey vented oop, dey vented down,  
’Tvas like a roarin’ rifer,  
De sighds vere here—de sighds vere dere—  
Und de vorldt vent on forefer.  
“De more ve trinks, de more ve sees,  
Dis vorldt a derwisch pe ;  
Das Werden’s all von whirling droonk,”  
Said Breitemann, said he.



*BREITMANN IN POLITICS.*

## I.

## I.—THE NOMINATION.

WHEN ash de var vas ober, und Beace her shnow-  
wice vings  
Vas vafin' o'er de coondry (in shpodts) like efery  
dings ;  
Und heroes vere revardtet, de beople all pegan  
To say 'tvas shame dat nodings vas done for Breite-  
mann.

No man wised how id vas shtartet, or vhere der fore  
shlog came,  
Boot dey shveared it vas a cinder, dereto a purnin'  
shame :  
“Dere is Schnitzerl in de Custom-House—potzblitz !  
can dis dings be !—  
Und Breitmann he hafe nodings : vot sighds is dis to  
see !

“Nod de virst ret cendt for Breitmann ! ish *dis* do pe  
de gry  
On de man dat sacked de repels und trinked dem high  
und dry ?

By meine Seel' I shvears id, und vhat's more I deglares  
id's drue,

He vonce gleaned oudt a down in half an our, und  
shtripped id strumpf und shoe.

"Vhen dey ploondered de down of Huntsville, I dells  
you vot, py tam !

He burned oop four bianco-fords and a harp to roast a  
ham ;

Vhen he found de *rouge* und *émail de Paris*, which de  
laties hafe hid in a shpot,

He whited his horse all ofer—und denn pinked his  
ears, bei Gott !

"Vhen he found dat a blace was ploonder-fool, he  
always tell dem, sure :

'Men, sack und pack ! I shoots mine eyes for only  
shoost an uhr.'

Boot if de blace vas fery rich, he vouldt say mit a  
solemn mien :

'Men—I only shleep for von half uhr more—ve *moost*  
hafe tiscipline.'

"He was shoost like Kœnig Etzel, of whom de shdory  
dell,

Der Hun who go for de Romans und gife dem shinin  
hell ;

Only dis dat dey say no grass vouldt crow vhere  
Etzel's horse had trot,

Und I really peliefe vhere Breitmann go, de hops  
shpring oop, bei Gott !"

If once you tie a dog loose, dere ish more soon geds  
aroundt,

Und vhen dis vas shtartedt on Breitmann id was  
rings aroom be-foundt ;

Dough *why* he *moost* hafe somedings vas nod by no  
means glear,  
Nor tid id, like Paulus' confersion, on de snap to all  
abbear !

Und, in facdt, Balthazar Bumchen saidt he couldtent  
nicht blainly see  
Vhy a feller for gadderin' riches shood dus revartedt  
pe :  
Der Breitmann own drei Houser, mit a weinhandle in  
a stohr,  
Dazu ein Lager-Wirthschaft, und sonst was—some-  
dings more.

Dis plasted plackguard none-sense ve couldn't no  
means shtand,  
From a narrow-mineted shvine's kopf, of our nople  
captain grand :  
Soosh low, goarse, betty *bornirtheit* a shentleman  
deplores ;  
So ve called him *verfluchter Hundsfott*, und shmysed  
him out of toors.

So ve all dissolfed dat Breitmann shouldt hafe a  
nomination  
To go to de Legisladoor, to make some dings off de  
nation ;  
Mit de helb of a Connedigut man, in whom ve hafe  
great hobes,  
Who hat shange his boledics fivdeen dimes, und  
derefore knew de robes.

---

## 2.—THE COMMITTEE OF INSTRUCTION.

Denn for our Insdructions Comedy de ding vas proto-  
collirt,  
By Docktor Emsig Grubler, who in Jena vonce  
studiret ;  
Und for Breitmann his insdrugtions de comedy tid  
say  
Dat de All out-going from de Ones vash die first  
Morál Idée.

Und de segondt crate Morál Idée dat into him ve  
rings,  
Vas dat government for every man moost alfays do  
efery dings ;  
Und die next Idée do vitch his mindt esbecially ve  
gall,  
Is to do mitout a Bresident und no government ad all.

Und die fourt' Idée ve vish der Hans vouldt alfays  
keeb in fiew,  
Ish to cooldifate die Peaudifool, likewise de Goot und  
Drue ;  
Und de form of dis oopright-hood in proctise to  
present,  
He must get our liddle pills all bassed, mitout id's  
gostin' a cent.\*

---

\* This refers to the passage of bills in the Legislature of a state by means of bribery. In Pennsylvania, as in many other states, bills which have "nothing in them"—*i.e.*, no money—are rarely allowed to pass.

Und die fift' Idée—ash learnin' ish de cratest ding on  
eart',  
Und ash Shoopider der Vater to Minerfa gife ge-  
birt'—  
Ve peg dat Breitmann oonto oos all pooplic tocu-  
ments  
Which he can grap or shteal vill sendt—franked—mit  
his gompliments.

Die sechste crate Morál Idée—since id fery vell ish  
known  
Dat mind is de resooldt of food, ash der Moleschott  
has shown,  
Und ash mind ish de highest form of Gott, as in Fichte  
dot' abbear—  
He moost alfays go mit de barty dat go for lagerbier.

Now ash all dese insdrugdions vere showed to Mishder  
Twine,  
De Yangee boledician, he say dey vere fery fine :  
Dey vere pesser ash goot, und almosdt nice—a tarnal  
tall concern ;  
Boot dey hafe some liddle trawpacks, und in fagdt  
weren't worth a dern.

Boot yet, mit our bermission, if de shentlemans  
allow—  
Here all der Sharmans in de room dake off deir hats  
und pow—  
He vouldt gife our honored gandidate some nodions  
of his own,  
Hafng managed some elegdions mit sookcess, as vell  
vas known.

Let him plow id all his *own* vay, he'd pet as sure as  
 born,  
 Dat our mann vouldt not coom oud of der liddle endt  
 der horn,  
 Mit his goot *proad* Sharman shoulders—dis maket  
 oos laugh, py shink !  
 So de comedy shtart for Breitmann's—*Nota bene*—  
 after a trink !

---

3.—MR. TWINE EXPLAINS BEING “SOUND UPON  
 THE GOOSE.”

Dere in his crate corved oaken shtuhl der Breitemann  
 sot he :  
 He lookt shoost like de shiant in de Kinder hish-  
 dorie ;  
 Und pefore him, on de tische, was—vhere man alfays  
 foundt it—  
 Dwelf inches of good lager, mit a Böemisch glass  
 around it.

De foorst vordt dat der Breitmann spoke he maked  
 no sbeech or sign !  
 De nexd remark vas, “*Zapfet aus !*”—de dird vas,  
 “*Schenket ein !*”  
 Vhen in coomed liddle Gottlieb und Trina mit a  
 shtock  
 Of allerbest Markgraefer wein—dazu dwelf glaeser  
 Bock.

Denn Mishder Twine deglare dat he vas happy to  
 denounce  
 Dat as Coptain Breitmann suited oos egsockdly do an  
 ounce,

He vas ged de nomination, and need nod more ecksh-  
blain :

Der Breitmann dink in silence, and denn roar aloudt,  
CHAMPAGNE !

Denn Mishder Twine, while drinkin' wein, mitwhiles  
vent on do say,

Dat long instruckdions in dis age vere nod de dime of  
tay ;

Und de only ding der Breitmann need to pe of any  
use

Vas shoost to dell to efery man he's *soundt oopon der*  
*coose.*

Und ash dis liddle frase berhops vas nod do oos  
bekannt,

He dakes de liberdy do make dat ve shall oonder-  
shtand,

And vouldt dell a liddle shdory vitch dook blace pefore  
de wars :

Here der Breitmann nod to Trina, und she bass  
aroundt cigars.

"Id ish a longe dime, now here, in Bennisylfanien's  
Shtate,

All in der down of Horrisburg dere rosed a vierce  
depate,

'Tween vamilies mit cooses, und dose vhere none vere  
foundt—

If cooses might, by common law, go squanderin'  
aroundt?

“Dose who vere nod pe-gifted mit cooses, und vere  
 poor,  
 All shvear de law forbid dis crime, py shings und  
 cerdain sure ;  
 But de coose-holders teklare a coose greadt liberdy  
 tid need,  
 And to pen dem oop vas gruel, und a mosdt oon-  
 Christian teed.

“Und denn anoder barty idself tid soon refeal,  
 Of arisdograts who kep'd no coose, pecause 'twas nod  
 shendeel :  
 Tey tid not vish de splodderin' keese shouldt on deir  
 pafemends bass,  
 So dey shoined de anti-coosers, or de oonder lower  
 glass !”

Here Breitmann led his shdeam out : “Dis shdory  
 goes to show  
 Dat in poledicks, ash lager, *virtus in medio*.  
 De drecks ish ad de pottom—de skoom floods high  
 inteed ;  
 Boot das bier ish in de mittle, says an goot old Shar-  
 man lied.\*

“Und shoost apout elegdion-dimes de scoom und  
 drecks, ve see,  
 Have a pully Wahl-verwandtschaft, or election-sym-  
 pathie.”  
 “Dis is very vine,” says Mishder Twine, “vot here  
 you indrotuce :  
 Mit your bermission I'll grack on mit my shdory of de  
 coose.

---

\* “Die Welt gleicht einer Bierbouteille.”



"A gandertate for sheriff de coose-beholders run  
 Who shvear de coose de noblest dings vot valk peneat'  
 de sun ;  
 For de cooses safe de Capidol in Rome long dimes  
 ago,  
 Und Horrisburg need safin' mighty pad, ash all do  
 know.\*

"Acainsd dis mighdy Coose-man anoder veller rose,  
 Who keepedt himself ungommon shtill vhen oders  
 came to plows ;  
 Und if any ask how 'twas he shtoodt, his friendts  
 wouldt vink so loose,  
 Und vhisper ash dey dapped deir nose : '*He's soundt  
 oopon de coose !*

"He's O. K. oopon de soobject : † shoost pet your  
 pile on dat :  
 On dis bartik'ler quesdion he indends to coot it fat.'  
 So de veller cot elegded pefore de beople foundt  
 On *whitch* site of der coose it vas he shtick so awful  
 soundt.

"Und efer in America, hencevorwart from dat day,  
 Ash mit de Native Mericans, de fashion vas to  
 say—

---

\* Harrisburg is the capital of the state of Pennsylvania.

† In a certain edition of the Breitmann Ballads, this phrase is said to have originated in 1845. In 1835, I heard it said that General Jackson in a letter spelt all correct "*oll korrekt*," and this I believe to be the *real* origin of the expression.—C. G. L.



Likes well in de Kansas droples—de shap who tid not  
refuse

To go mit de beoples ash wanted him, vas soundt  
oopon der coose.

“Dis shdory’s all I hafe to dell,” says Mishder Hiram  
Twine ;

“Und I advise Herr Breitmann shoost to vight id on  
dis line.”

De volk who of dese boledics would oder shapders  
read,

Moost waiten for de segondt pardt of dis here Breit-  
mann’s Lied.

## II.

4.—HOW BREITMANN AND SMITH WERE REPORTED  
TO BE LOG-ROLLING.

I D hoppenet in de yar of crace, vhen all dese dings  
    pegan,  
Dat Mishder Schmit, de shap who rooned acainsd der  
    Breitemann,  
Vas a man who look like Mishder Twine so moosh dat  
    beoples say  
Dey pliefe dey moost ge-brudert pe—Gott weiss in vot  
    a vay !

Und id vas also moosh be-marked—vhitch look shoost  
    like a bruder—  
Dat vhen Twine vas vork on any side der Schmit vas  
    on der oder :  
A fery gommon dodge ish dis mit de arisdocracie ;  
So dat votefer cardt doorns op, id's game for de  
    familie !

Nun, goot ! Howefer dis might pe, 'tvas cerdain on  
    dis hit  
Der Twine vas do his tyfelest to euchre Mishder  
    Schmit ;

Und Schmit, I criefto say, exclaimed : "Gaul darn  
me for a fool,  
But I'll smash old Dutch to cholera fits and rake the  
eternal pool !"

So dey cot some liddle ledders, ash brifate ash could  
pe,  
Whitch Breitmann writed long agone to friendts in  
Germany ;  
Und dey brinted dem in efery vay to make de beoples  
laugh,  
Und comment on dem in de shtyle dat "sports" call  
"slasher-gaff."

Dere-to—as vash known py shoodshment und glearly  
ascertained,  
Dat Breitmann hafe lossed money py a valse und  
schwindlin' friendt—  
So dey roon it droo de newsbapers, und shbeech to  
make pegan,  
Dat *Breitmann* shtole de gelt himself und rop de oder  
man.\*

Boot de ding that jam de hardest on de men dat bull  
de vires,  
Und showed that Copitain Breitmann shtood pedween  
dwo heafy vires,  
Vas, pecause he vas a soldier—von could see id at a  
clanse—  
Dey had pud him in a tisdriht vhere he hadn't half a  
shanse.

---

\* This incident, and the one narrated in the preceding verse,  
are literally true.

For ash de pold solidaten ish more prafe ash oder  
mans,  
Dey moost lead de hope verloren und pattle in de  
vans ;  
Und ash defeat ish honoraple to men in honor  
shtrict,  
Dey honor dem py puttin' em vhere dey're cerdain to  
be licked.

Boot dis dimes it shlopped over. 'Tvas de dird or  
secondt heat,  
Dat a soldier in dis tisdright had been poot oop und  
beat ;  
So de Plue Goats dink it over und go quietly to  
vork :  
De bow vhen too moosh aufgespannt vlies packward  
mit a yerck.

Now Mishder Twine deglaret dat de ding seemed  
doubtenful,  
Boot mitout delay he dook de horns so poldly py de  
bull,  
Und shpread de shdory eferyvhere, dill folk to pliefe  
pecan,  
Dat Mishder Schmit had *sold de vight* unto der Breite-  
mann !

He fix de liddle tedails—how moosh der Schmit hafe  
got  
For sellin' out his barty to let Breitmann haul de  
pot ;  
Und he showed a brifate ledder from Breitemann to  
Schmit,  
Vhere he bromise him for Congress if he shoost let  
oop a bit.

Der Twine vas writet dis ledder ; for der Copitain  
 Breitemann  
 Vould nefer hafe shtood soosh hoompooogs since virst  
 his life pegan :  
 He hat tone some rough dings in de war, in de  
 ploonder-und-morder line,  
 Boot vas hoockleperry-persimmoned mit dese boledics  
 of Twine.

Howefer, dis ledder vorket foorst-rate — mit de  
 Mericans pest of all,  
 For dey mostly dinked it de naturalest ding as efer  
 couldt pefall ;  
 For to sheat von's own gonstituents ish de pest mofe  
 in de came,  
 Und dey nefer sooposed a Dootchman hafe de sense  
 to do de same.

---

#### 5.—HOW THEY HELD THE MASS MEETING.

Dere's nodings in dis vorldt so pad, ash all oov us may  
 learn,  
 Boot may shange from dark to lighthood, if loock  
 should dake a doorn ;  
 So it hoppenet mit Breitmann, who in spite of sin und  
 Schmit,  
 Gontrified ad shoost dis yooncture do make a glucky  
 hit.

Dey hat sendet out some plackarts to de Deutsche  
 burgers all  
 (N.B.—Dish ish not mean *blackguards*, boot de pills  
 dey shtick on de vall),

To say dat a Massenversammlung—or a meeding of  
all dem asses—  
Vouldt be held in de Arbeiter-Halle, to consisd of de  
Sharman classes.

Now dey gife de brinting of de pills to a new gekom-  
mene man,  
Who dinked dat Demokratisch vas de same ash  
Repooblican :  
Gott im Himmel weiss vhere he'd hid himself on dis  
free Coloompian shore  
Dat he scaped de naturalizationids, und hadn't found  
out pefore.

Boot to dis Deutsche brinter, de only tifference he  
Petween Repooplicanish and Demokratisch tid see,  
Vas dat von vash dwo ledders longer ; so he dook  
shoost vot seem pat  
To make de poster handsome—likewise a liddle fat.

How ofden in dis buzzlin' life shmall grubs grows oop  
to vings !  
How often shoost from moostard seet a virst-glass  
pusiness shprings !  
*Van't klein komt men tot't groote*, ash de Hollanders  
hafe said :  
Mit dese dwo ledders Breitemann caved in der  
Schmitsy's head.

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## 6.—BREITMANN'S GREAT SPEECH.

Dis tale dat Schmit hafe *sell de vight* cot so mooch  
 put apout,  
 Dat many of his beoples vere in fery tupious toubt ;  
 'Pove all, dose who were on de make, and easy change  
 deir lodge,  
 Und, pein awfool smart demselves, pelieve in efery  
 dodge.

When de meeding vas gesempeld, und dey found no  
 Schmit vas dere,  
 Dey looket at von anoder mit a *ganz* erstaunished  
 air ;  
 But dey *saw it* glear as taylighd, und around a vink  
 dere ran,  
 When pefore dem rose de shiant form of Copitain  
 Breitemann !

Denn Breitemann vent los at dem : " He could nichts  
 vell exbress  
 De rapdure dat besqueezed his hearts—de wonnevol  
 hoppiness—  
 To meed in friendtlich council and glasp de hand of  
 dose,  
 Who had peen mit most oonreason und unkindtly  
 galled his foes.

" Berhaps o'er all dis shmilin' eart'—he vould say it  
 dere und denn—  
 Soosh shpecdagles couldt nod pe seen of soosh im-  
 bardial men,



So tefoid of base sospicion, so apofe all betty dricks,  
Ash to gome und linden vairly to a voe in poledicks ;

“Dat ish to say, a so-galled voe—for he feeled id in  
his soul

Dat de *brinciples* vitch mofed dem vere de same oopon  
de whole ;

But he lack a vord to exbress dem in manners oppor-  
tunes ”—

Here a veller in de gallery gry oud, oonkindly,  
“Shpoons !”

Und dere der Breitmann goppled him : “If *shpoons*  
our modifies pe,

Dere’s nod a man pefore oos who lossed a shpoon by  
me :

Far rader had I gife you all a shpoons to eaten mit,  
*Und I hope to ged a ladle for mein friendt, der Mishder  
Schmit.*”

Dis fetch das Haus like doonder—it raise der tyfel’s  
dust,

Und for sefen-lefen minudes dey ooplouded on a  
bust ;

Und de chaps dat dinked of hedgin’ saw a ring as  
round as O ;

So dey boked each oder in de ribs und said, “I dold  
you so !”

For dis d’lusion to de ladle vas as glear ash city  
milk,

Und drawd it on de beoples so vine ash flossen silk,

Dat Hans und Schmit vere rollin' locks, und de locks  
vere ready cut ;  
Only Breitmann hafe de liddle end, und Schmitsy  
dake de butt !

Denn Breitmann he crack onward : " If any 'lightened  
man  
Vill seeken in his Bibel, he'll find dat a publican  
Is a barty ash sells lager ; und de ding is fery blain,  
Dat a *re*-publican ish von who sells id 'gain und  
'gain.

" Now since dat I sells lager, I gant agreën mit  
De demprance princibles I hear dishtriputet to Schmit ;  
Boot dis I dells you vairly, und no one to teseife—  
If I were Schmit, I'd pliefen shoost vot der Schmit  
peliefe.

" And to mine Sharman liperal friendts I might mention  
in dis shpot,  
Dat I hear an oonfoundet rumor dat der Schmit peliefe  
in Gott ;  
Und also dat he coes to shoorsh—mit a brayer-book—  
for salfadion :  
I vould not for die welt say dings to hoort his repuda-  
dion.

" Und noding is more likely dat it all a shlander pe,  
So also de rumor dat vhen young he shtoody divinidy :  
I myself, ash a publican, moost pe a sinner py fate,  
Und in dis sense I denounce mineself ash Republi-  
can-didate !

" Ash Deutschers say—und Yankees doo—vhen der  
wein ish in der man,  
So ish oopon de oder part, de wise-hood in de can,

Whitch brofes dat wein und wise-hood ish all de same,  
 py shinks !  
 Und de only real can-didate ish der veller ash coes  
 for trinks :

“Und dat ve may meed in gommon, I deglare here in  
 dis hall—  
 Und I shvears mineself to holt to it, votefer may  
 pefall—  
 Dat any man who gifes me his fote—votefer his bole-  
 dics pe—  
*Shall alfays pe regartet ash bolidigal friendt py me.”*

(Dis voonderfol condescension pring down drementous  
 applause,  
 Und dose who catch de nodion gife most derriple  
 hooraws ;  
 Eshbecially some Amerigans ash vas shtandin’ near  
 de door,  
 Und who in all deir leben long nefer heard so moosh  
 sense pefore.)

“Dese ish de brinciples I holts, and dose in vitch I  
 run :  
 Dey ish fixed firm und immutaple ash de course of de  
 ’ternal sun :  
 Boot if you ton’t approve of dem—blease nodice vot I  
 say—  
 I shall only pe too happy to alder dem right afay.

“Und undo my Demogratic friendts I vould fery  
 glearly shtate—  
 Since dis useless mit oop-geclearéd minds to hold a  
 long depate—

Dat dere's no man in de cidy who sells besser liquor  
ash I,  
Und I shtand de treadts *free-gradis* vhenefar mine  
friendts ish try.

"*Ad finem*—in de ende—I moost mendion do you  
all,  
Dat a dootzen parrels of lager bier ish a-gomin' to dis  
hall :  
Dere ish none of mine own barty here, bot we'll do  
mitout deir helfs ;  
Und I kess, on de whole, 'twill pe shoost so goot if ve  
trink it all ourselves."

Soosh drementous up-loudation pefore was nefer  
seen,  
Ash dey svored dat der Copitain Breitmann vas a  
brickpat, und no sardine ;\*  
Und dey trinked demselves besoffen, sayin', "Hobe you  
wird sookceed !" —  
De nexter theil will pe de ent of dis historisch lied.

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\* "No more interlect than a half-grown shad," is a phrase which occurs, if the author remembers aright, in the Charcoal Sketches, by J. C. Neal. The Western people have carried this idea a step further, and applied it to sardines, as "small fishes," all of an average size, packed closely together in tin cans and excluded from the light of day. A man who has never travelled, and has during all his life been packed tightly among those who were his equals in ignorance and inexperience, is therefore a "sardine."

## III.

## PARDT DE VIRST.

THE AUTHOR ASSERTS THE VAST INTELLECTUAL  
SUPERIORITY OF GERMANS TO AMERICANS.

DERE'S a liddle fact in hishdory vitch few hafe  
oondershtand,  
Deuschers are, *de jure*, de owners of dis land,  
Und I brides mineself oonshpeak-barly dat I foorst  
make be-knownn,  
De primordial cause dat Columbus vas derivet from  
Cologne.

For ash his name vas Colon, it fisiply does shine,  
Dat his Eldern are geboren been in Cologne on der  
Rhein,  
Und Colonia peing a colony, it sehr bemerkbar ist,  
Dat Columbus in America was der firster colonist.

Und ash Columbus ish a tove, id ish wort' de drople  
to mark,  
Dat an bidgeon foorst tiscofer land a-vlyin' from de  
ark ;

Und shtill wider—in de peginnin', mitout de leastest  
toubt,  
A tofe vas vly ofer de wassers und pring de vorldt  
herout.

Ash mein goot oldt teacher der Kreutzer to me tid  
ofden shbeak,  
De mythus of name rebeats itself—vhitch see in his  
"Symbolik,"  
So also de name America, if we a liddle look,  
Vas coom from der oldt king Emerich in de Deutsche  
Heldenbuch.

Und id vas from dat fery Heldenbuch—how voonderful  
it ron,  
Dat I shdole de Song of Hildebrand, or der Vater und  
der Sohn,  
Und dishtripude it to Breitemann for a reason vhitch  
now ish plain,  
Dat dis Sagen Cyclus full-endet, pring me round to  
der Hans again.

Dese laws of un-endly un-windoong ish so teep and  
broad and tall,  
Dat nopody boot a Deutscher hafe a het to versteh  
dem at all,  
Und should I write mine dinks all out, I tont peliefe  
inteed,  
Dat I mineself vould versteh de half of dis here Breit-  
mann's Lied.

Ash der Hegel say of his system—dat only von mans  
knew,  
Vot der tyfel id meant—und *he* couldn't tell—und der  
Jean Paul Richter, too,

Who saidt : "Gott knows I meant somedings vhen  
foorst dis buch I writ,  
Boot Gott only wise vot das buch means now—for I  
hafe fergotten it !"

Und all of dis be-wises so blain ash de face on your  
nose,  
Dat der Deutscher hafe efen more intellects dan he  
himself soopose,  
Und his tifference mit de over-again vorldt, as I really  
do soospect,  
Ish dat oder volk hafe more *soopose*—und lesser  
intellect.

Yet oop-righty I confess it—mitout ashkin' vhy or  
vhence,  
Dere ish also dimes vhen Amerigans hafe shown  
sharp-pointet sense,  
Und a fery outsigned exemple of genius in dis line,  
Vas dishblayed in dis elegdion py Mishder Hiram  
Twine.

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## PARDT DE SECONDT.

SHOWING HOW MR. HIRAM TWINE "PLAYED OFF"  
ON SMITH.\*

*Vide licet.* Dere vas a fillage whose vote alone vouldt  
pe  
Apout enof to elegdt a man und give a majority,  
So de von who couldt "scoop" dis seddlement vouldt  
make a lucky hit,  
But dough dey vere Deutschers, von und all, dey all  
go von on Schmit.

Now id hoppenet to gome to bass, dat in dis little  
town,  
De Deutsch vas all exshpegdin' dat Mishder Schmit  
coom down,  
His brinciples to foresetzen und his idées to deach—  
(*Id est*, fix oop de brifate pargains)—und telifer a  
pooplic shbeeck.

Now Twine vas a gyrotwistive cuss ash blainly ish  
peen shown,  
Und vas always an out-findin' votefer might pe  
known,  
Und mit some of his circumswindles he fix de matter so,  
Dat he'd pe himself at dis meeding, und see how  
dings vas go.

\* The incident narrated in this part, is told in Pennsylvania as having occurred to a well-known politician, who bore the sobriquet of "With all due deference," from his habit of beginning all his speeches with these words.



Oh shdrangely in dis leben de dings kits vorked  
apout,  
Oh voonderly Fortuna makes doorn us inside out.  
Oh sinkular de loock-vheel rolls—dis liddle meeding  
dere,  
Fixt Twine *ad perpendicularum* :—shoosh suit him to a  
hair.

Now it hopponet on dis efenin', de Deutschers von  
und all,  
Vere erwaitin' mit oonpatience de onfang of de Ball,  
Und de shates of nighdt vere fallin' und de shdars  
pegin to plink,  
Und dey vish dat Schmit vouldt hoory, for 'twas dime  
to dake a trink.

Dey hear some hoofs a dramplin'—und dey saw und  
dinked dey know'd,  
De bretty greature coomin' on his horse entlang de  
road,  
Und ash he ride town-invard de likeness vas so  
blain,  
Dey donnered out "Hoorra for Schmit!" enof to make  
it rain.

Der Twine vas shdart like plazes—boot oop shdardet,  
too his vit,  
Und he dinks, "Great turnips!—vhot if I couldt bass  
for Colonel Schmit!  
Gaul darn my heels I'll do it—and go the total swine,  
Oh soap balls!—*what* a chance!" said dis dissem-  
bulatin' Twine.

Denn'twas "Willkomm! willkomm! Mishder Schmit!"  
rings aroom on efery site,  
Und "First-rate—how dy do, yourself?" der Hiram  
Twine replied,  
Dey ashk him "Coom und dake a trink"—boot dey  
find id mighdy gueer,  
Vhen Twine informed em none boot hogs would  
trink dat shtinkin' bier.

Dat lager vas nodings boot boison, und as for  
Sharman wein,  
He dinks it vas erfunden exbressly for Sharman  
schwein,  
Dat he himself was a demperanceler, dat he gloria in  
de name,  
Und adfised dem all for tecence's sake to go und do  
de same.

Dese remarks, among de Deutschers, vere apout as  
vell receife,  
Ash cats in a game of den-pins—ash you may of coorse  
peliefe,  
De heats of de recebtion vent down a dootzen de-  
grees,  
Und in blace of hurraws was only heardt de roostlin'  
of de drees.

Und so in solemn stille dey scorched him to de hall,  
Vhere he maket de crate oradion vitch vas so moosh  
to blease dem all,  
Und dis vay he pegin it: "Perfore I furder go,  
I vish dat my obinions, you puddin-het Dutch, shouldt  
know.

“Und eher I norate furder, I dink it only fair,  
Ve shouldt oonderstand each oder, prezackly, chunk  
and square ;  
Dere are points on vitch ve tisagree, und I vill plank  
de facts—  
I tont go round slanganderin’ my friendts pehind deir  
packs.

“So I beg you dake it easy, if on de raw I touch,  
Vhen I say I can’t apide de sound of your groonting  
*shishing* Dootch,  
Should I in de Legislatudure as your slumgullion  
stand,  
I’ll have a bill forbidding Dutch, droo all dis ’versal  
land.

“Should a husband talk it to his frau, to deat’ he  
should pe led,  
If a mutter breat’ it to her shild, I’d bunch her in de  
head ;  
Und I’m sure dat none vill atvocate id’s use in  
pooplic schools,  
Oonless dey’re peastly, nashdy, prutal, saur-kraut  
eadin’ fools.”

Here Mishder Twine, to gadder breat’, shoost make  
a liddle pause,  
Und see sechs hundert gapin’ eyes—sechs hundert  
shdarin’ chaws !  
Dey shtanden erstarrt like frozen—von faindly dried  
to hiss :—  
Und von saidt : “Ish id shleeps I’m treamin’—  
Gottstausend !—vhot ish dis ?”

Twine keptet von eye on de vindow,—boot boldly  
vent ahét,  
“Of your oder shtinkin’ hobits no vordt needt here pe  
set ;  
Shdop goozlin’ bier—shdop shmokin’ bipes—shdop  
rootin’ in de mire,  
Und shoost un-Dutchify yourselves !—dat’s all dat I  
require.”

Und denn dere coomed a shindy ash if de shky hat  
trop :  
“Trow him mit ecks, py doonder !—go—shlog him on  
de kop !  
Hei ! shoot him mit a powie-knifes !—go for him,  
ganz and gar !  
Shoost tar him mit some fedders !—led’s fedder him  
mit tar !”

Sooch a teufel’s row of furie vas nefer oopkicket  
pefore,—  
Some roosh to on-climb de blatfom,—some hoory to  
festen de toor,—  
Von veller vired his refolfer—boot de pullet missed  
her mark,  
She coot de cort of de shandelier—it vell—und de hall  
vas tark !

Oh vell vas it for Hiram Twine dat nimply he couldt  
shoomp !  
Und vell dat he light on a mist-hauf und nefer feel de  
boomp !  
Und vell for him dat his coot cray horse shtood sottelet  
shoost oudside !  
Und vell dat in an augenblick he vas off on a teufel’s  
ride !

Bang ! bang ! de sharp pistolen shots vent pipin' py  
his ear,  
Boot he tortled oop de barrick road like any moundain  
deer,  
Dey trowed der Hiram Twine mit shteins—boot dey  
only could be-mark  
Von climpse of his vHITE ober-coat—und a clotterin'  
doo de dark.

So dey gesempeled togeder, ein ander to sprechen  
mit,  
Und allow dat soosh a Rede dey nefer exshpegt from  
Schmit !  
Dat he vas a foorst-glass plackguard, und so pig a  
lump ash ran,  
So—*nemine contradicente*—dey vented for Breite-  
mann.

Und 'twas annerthalb yar dere after before der Schmit  
vas know,  
Vhat maket dis rural fillage go pack oopon him so,  
Und he schwored at de Dutch more schlimmer ash  
Hiram Twine had done,—  
*Nota bene* : he tid it in earnest, while der Hiram's vas  
pusiness-fun.

Boot vhen Breitmann heardt de shtory how de fillage  
hat peen dricked,  
He schwore bei Leib und Leben, dat he'd rader hafe  
peen licked,  
Dan be helpet droo sooch slumgoozlin',—und 'twas  
petter to pe a schwein,  
Dan a schvindlin', honeyfooglin' shnake, like dat lyin'  
Yankee Twine.

Und pegot so heavy disgootet mit de boledics of dis  
land,  
Dat his friendts could barely keep him from trowin'  
oop his hand,  
Vhen he held shtraight-flush mit an ace in his poot—  
vitch phrase ish all de same,  
In de science of pokerology, ash if he got de game.

So Breitmann cot elegdet, py vollowin' de vay,  
Ve manage our elegdions oonto dis fery day.  
Dis shows de Deutsch Dummehrlichkeit—also de  
Yankee "wit :"—  
Das ist das abenteuer how Breitmann lick der  
Schmit.

## BREITMANN AS AN UHLAN.

“ Bjór foeri ek thér,  
 Brynthings apaldr !  
 Magni blandinn  
 Ok magentífri,  
 Fullr er hann ljoda.”

—*Sigrdrífurnál.*

“ Beer I bear to thee,  
 Battle's great apple-tree !  
 Mingled with might  
 And with bright glory,  
 All full of song.”

—*The Edda.*

## I.

## THE VISION.

“ Dere vas vonce oopon a dimes a Frantchman who asket if a Sherman could hafe *ésprit*. Allowin for his pad shbellin, de reater will find dat der Herr Breitmann was hafe a *spre* goot many dimes. You gant ged rount de Dootch.”—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

G OTTS blitz ! blau Feuer, potz bomben Tod !  
 Vot shimmers in de mitnacht roth ?  
 Like hell-shtrom boorst o'er heafen's plain,  
 Trowin dead light on eart acain :—  
 Ja !—wide im nord om Odin shtone  
 Lies a shiant form im glare alone,

Troonk py de eis-kalt roarin shdream  
Der Hans ish hafe ein wunder tream.

Troonk om haunted Odinstein  
Im Hexenlicht und Elfenschein  
Where bloody Druids omens trew  
From grin und screech of shaps dey slew ;  
Or where der Norseman long of yore  
Vas carven eagles on de shore,  
As o'er him yell de Valkyr broot  
Und crows valk round knee teep im ploom,  
While rabens schkreem o'er ruddy bay ;  
Dere—ten pottles troonk—Hans Breitmann lay.

Fast und rof der war-man shnore  
Like de hammer-shlog of Thor,  
Schnell ash Mjöllner's bang und beat  
Heaved de form from het to veet,  
While apofe him in de shkies  
Dere he saw a glorie rise,  
Und im mittle von it all  
De iron lords of crate Valhall.

Long he gaze mit wölfen glare  
At de Aesir in de air,  
Long mit schneerin bären grin  
He toorn his nase auf und hin  
(For ne'er a Sherman—tam de otts—  
Vas efer yet gife in to Gotts),  
Dill avery Aes owned oop dat he  
A gott-like man of brass moost pe.

Shtern der Breitmann raise his het,  
To his fader Gotts he set :



“ Let your worts of wischood shlip ;  
 Rush your runes, und let 'em rip !  
 For you de gotts hafe efer pe  
 Of dose who vere ash gotts to me :—  
 Alt Thor der Thören here pelow—  
 Vot hell you vants,\* I'd like to know ? ”

Antworded ash de donner clangs,  
 Der fader of de iron bangs :  
 “ De gotts will let de hell-dogs go,  
 Und raise damnation here pelow ;  
 Until de sassy Frenchmen schmell  
 De rifers ten dat roon troo hell.  
 To telle dis I comme dence,  
 Dou lord of lion impudence.

“ Drafeller ! I know dee vell !  
 Breitmann improturbable !  
 Vhen on eart I hat my shy,  
 Breitmann of dat age vas I.  
 I schwear py Thor ! so crate und gay,  
 I smashed de Jötuns in my tay,  
 Und dou shall pe ge-writ sooplime  
 Ash de crate Thor of deiner time.

“ Now ve lets de eagles vly  
 Skreemin troo de vlamín shky,  
*Our own specials* :—dare nod laugh ;  
 For in de London *Telegraph*,

---

\* “ Dese outpressions ish not to pe angeseen py anypodies ash *schvearin*, boot ash inderesdin Norse or Sherman idioms. Goot many refiewers vot refiewsed to admire soosh derms in de earlier editions ish politelich requestet to braise dem in future nodices from a transcendental philological standpoint.”—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

A voondrous poy vot make oos shdare,  
 For hop vhat may; he's *always dere* !  
 Vill dell de worlt, troo blut and flame,  
*Hans Breitmann* ist der Uhlan's name.

"Und all dou e'er on eart has done,  
 From oop gang oontil settin sun,  
 Vill pe ash nix—I schvear py Thor !  
 To vat dou'lt do in dieser war ;  
 Plazin roofs und mordered men,  
 Hell set loose on eart again ;  
 Rush und ride in shtorm und float,  
 Cannon roarin, pools of bloot ;  
 Deutschland mad in fool career,  
 Led py dy Uhlanan spear.  
 Hell's harfest—sheafs of fictorie,  
 Reaped mit deat's sword und reapt by dee !

"Ja ! On many a dorf und disch,  
 Dou shalt pring a requisish ;\*  
 Dwendy dimes de Fräntscher men  
 Hafe sporned dy land in blut acain—

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\* *Requisish*. An abbreviation of the word *requisition*, which Breitmann had heard during the War of Emancipation. I once heard this cant term used in a droll manner, about the end of the war, by a little girl, six years old, the daughter of a quartermaster. She had "confiscated," or "foraged," or "skirmished," as it was indifferently called, a toy whip belonging to her little brother of four years, who was clamorously demanding its return. "I cannot let you have the whip," said she gravely, "as I need it for military purposes ; but I can give you a requisish for it on my papa, who will give you an order on the United States Government."—C. G. L.

All dose dwenty dimes in von,  
Py Deutschland shall to France pe done,  
Und dwenty dimes in blut and wein  
Shalst dou refenge de Palatine.

“Go !—mit shpeer und fiery muth !  
Go !—mit durst for bier und blut !  
Go !—mit lofe for Vaterland,  
Into burning fury fanned :  
Towns und hen-roosts shall hafe shown  
Where der Uhlan ist peen gone,  
Und cocks vill roon und men crow tame  
To hear of der Uhlanan name.”

Der fision fadet in de shky,  
Und hours vent on und time goed py.  
Vot heardest dou, Napolium ?  
De rumpitty, rumpitty, rumpitty poom !  
Ven you hear de sound of de droom,  
Oh denn you know dat de Dootch hafe coom,  
De treadful roarin Dootch, mit de droom  
Und de roompitty, pumpitty, poompity pum !  
De wild ferocious Dootch on a bum,  
Mit cannon roar und pattle hum,  
Mit fee und faw on de foe und fum !  
Led py de awful Breitemum !  
Bitty boom !! BOOM !!

## II.

## BREITMANN IN A BALLOON.

**W**HO vas efer hear soosh voonders,  
 Holy breest or virshin nonn?  
 As pefelled de Coptain Breitmann,  
 Vhen he hoont an air-ballon.  
 Der Bizzy \* und der Dizzy,†  
 Mit Lothairingen und Lothair,  
 Vas nodings to dis Deutscher,  
 Who vent kitin troo de air.

Id was in yar Nofember,  
 In eighdeen sefendee,  
 Der Breitmann vent a prowlin,  
 By monden light vent he.  
 In fillages deserted  
 He hear de Uhu moan ;  
 For you alvays hear der Uhu ‡  
 Vhere der Uhu-lan ish gone.

\* Bismarck.

† Disraeli.

‡ Uhu. An owl—the bird of kn-owl-edge.

Alone *allonsed*\* der Uhlan,  
Boot nodings could he find  
Safe whitey clouds a drivin  
In moonshine fore de wind.  
Boot ash he see dese cloudins  
He remark dat *von* vas round,  
Und inshtead of goin oopwärts  
It kep risin towards de ground.

“Oh, vot ish dis a gomin?  
Some planet, py de Lord!  
Too boor to life in heafen,  
Coom down on eart to poard;  
Und pelow it schwing tree engels—  
Two he-vons mit a wench.  
Boot, mein Gott! vot sort of engels  
Can dose pe, dalkin Fräentsch!

“I hafe read in Eckhartshausen  
Dat oop in heafen—py tam!  
De engels dalk in Sherman,  
Und sing Mardin Luther’s psalm.  
O nein—es sind kein engeln  
Vot sail so smoo-fly on,  
Das sind verfluchte Franzosen  
In einem luft-ballon!” †

---

\* *Allons*. Uhlan slang for *go* or *went*, as in America, they use the Spanish word *vamos* to express every person in every sense of the verb *to go*. Pronounce *allon’d*.

† “O no, those are no angels  
Which sail so smoothly on.  
O no—they’re cursèd Frenchmen,  
All in an air-balloon.”

Hei ! how der Breitmann streak it  
Ven vonce he kess de trut' !  
He spurred id like de wild fire  
Of hope in early yout'.  
Troo de weingarts like der teufel  
Vhen he shase a lawyer's soul ;  
Down der moundain mit his lanze  
Und his wafin banderol.

Down de moundain, o'er de valley,  
Troo de village he ish gone ;  
Dog-barks die out pehind him,  
Oders bark ash he come on.  
Liddle heedet he deir bellin,  
Liddle mind der Hahnen crow ;  
Liddle hear der Bauern yellin,  
Clotter, clodder, on he go.

" Oh, vot ish hoontin foxen,  
Und vot ish yäger pliss,  
Und vot ish shasin bison  
On de blains, to soosh ash dis ?  
I hafe dinked dat roonin rebels  
Vas de pest of eartly fun ;  
Boot id isn't half so sholly  
Ash to go a luft-ballon."

Und ash id shdill vent onwart,  
Shdill onwarts mit der wind,  
Der coom a real madness  
To catch id, o'er his mind.  
Und had'st dou seen him vylin,  
Dat wild onfuriate brick,  
Dou'st hafe schworn dat Coptain Breitmann  
Was pecome balloonatic.

In fain dey trow deir sand-bags,  
In fain all dings let fall,  
De ballon shdill kep a sinkin,  
Und id vouldn't rise at all.  
Yet de wild wind trife id onwarts,  
Onwarts shdill der Breitmann go,  
Dill he cotch id py a rope-ent  
Vot vas hangin town pelow.

Boot vhen it risen oopwarts,  
Ash he gling to id, of corse,  
Mit de lefter hand he holtet  
To de pridle of his horse.  
Der horse valk on his hind-legs :  
Too schwer to rise vas he ;  
Mein Gott ! vot fix for Breitmann  
Of de Uhlan cavallrie !

So he go for seferal stunden  
Petween himmel und eart pelow,  
Boot der teufel und die engels  
Couldn't make der Hans let go.  
Dill all at vonce an idée  
Coom from his loocky shtar—  
He led co his horse's pridle  
Und glimb oop indo de car.

Und vot you dinks he foundet  
Vhen in dat air-ballon ?  
A nople Englisch vicomte,  
Milord de Robinson ;  
Und mit him vas a laity,  
Mit whom he'd rooned afay,  
Whom he indroduce to Breitmann  
Ash die Jungfer Salomé.

Und der dritte was a barson,  
 Whom Milord, mit prudent view,  
 Hat took als secretaire,  
 Likevise for pallast doo.  
 Dey should hafe bitched him ofer  
 Vhen de gas was out, dey say ;  
 Boot de damé vould not 'low it :—  
 She'd an arrière pensée.

Sait Milord : “ Afar we've wandered,  
 We are done completely brown ;  
 And I'll give a thousand shiners  
 If you'll take me to a town  
 Where no one will molest us  
 Till we find our way to Lon——”  
 Here der Breitmann ent de sentence  
 Ash he gry out, shortly, “ *done.*”

“ And as for this fair lady  
 To whom I would be bound,”  
 Sait Milord, “ we'll have a wedding  
 Before we reach the ground.  
 To escape her father's anger  
 We fled to live in peace,  
 But she's relatives in London,  
 And *they* have—the police.”

O vas not dis a voonders  
 To make de Captain shdare ?—  
 A tausend pounds in bocket  
 Und a veddin in de air ?  
 He gafe away de laity,  
 Und als sie wieder kam



---

Zur festen Erde wieder,  
Ward sie Robinson Madame.\*

“O go mit me,” said Breitmann,  
“O go in mein Quartier !  
Don’t mind dem gommon soldiers,  
For I’m an officier.”  
He guide dem troo de coountry  
Till dey reach de ocean strand ;  
Now dey sit und pless Hans Breitmann,  
In de far-off English land.

Dis ish Breitmann’s last adfenture  
How troo Himmel air flew he :  
Und it’s dime, oh nople reader !  
For a dime to part from dee.  
Dou may’sd dake it all in earnest  
Or pelieve id’s only fon ;  
Boot dere’s woonder dings has hoppent  
Fery oft in Luft-ballon.

---

\* “And when she came adown  
Unto the earth’s firm surface,  
She was Mrs. Robinson.”

## III.

## BREITMANN AND BOUILLI.

“Très estimé ami,—Ick seyn nock nit verdorb,  
 Vielleicht Sie denck wohl kar, das ick sey tod gestorb,  
 Ock ne Kott loben Danck, ick leb nock kanss wohl auf.

Natürlich wie Kespenst die off die Kasse keh.”

—*Deutsch-Franzos, Leipzig, 1736.*

VOT roombles down de Bergstrass?  
 Vot a grash ish in de air!  
 Mit a desberate gonfusion,  
 Und a gry of wild tespair,  
 Das sind gethräsht Franzosen,\*  
 Und dose who after flee  
 Are de terror of Champagner,  
 Die Uhlan cavallrie.

So liddle say die hoonted,  
 De hoonsters lesser shdill;  
 Der Frank is ride for's leben,  
 Der Deutscher rides to kill.

---

\* Those are thrashed Frenchmen.

Ofer dickly-doosty faces  
Deir eyes like wild-katzs glare ;  
De blut und iron ridin  
Of furie und despair.

Boot of all de wild Uhlanen,  
Der Breitmann ride de pest ;  
For he mark de Fräntsch gommanter  
Ish most elegandtly tresst.  
Und ash he coom down on him,  
Dere's a deat' look in his eye :  
"Gotts ! if I carfe dat toorkey,  
How I'll make de stoofin vly !"

Mit a clotter und a flotter,  
Like a hell-sturm dey are on :  
Mit a rottle to de pattle  
Coom de Deuschers, knockin' down,  
Down de moundain to a brucké—  
Vhy die Fräntschmen toorn ad bay ?  
Oder Deutsch were dere pefore dem,  
Und die pridge ish coot away !

Von second der Franzose  
Look down mit blitzen eye ;  
Von second at de brucké,  
Den toorn him round to die.  
Vhile mit out-ge-poke-te lanze,  
Like ter teufel shot from hell,  
Rode der ploonder-shtarvin Breitmann  
On der grau-bart Colonel.

Vot for der Coptain Breitmann  
Ish shdop in his career ?

Vot for he pool his pridle?  
 Vot for let down his speer?  
 Vot for his eyes like saucers  
 Grow pigger, rimmed mit staub?  
 Vot for his hair, a pristlin,  
 Lift oop his pickel-haub? \*

So awfool—so oneart'ly,  
 So treadful was his glare,  
 So unbeschreiblich gastly,  
 Dat der Colonel self was shkare.  
 Oop come der Breitmann ridin,  
 Und mit gratin foice he said :  
 “Bist—du—wirkelich—lebendig? †  
 Can de grafe gife oop its tead?

“Dou livest yet—dou breaf'st yet,  
 Dough oldter now you pe  
 Since I mordered you in Strasburg,  
 Mein freund—mon Jean Bouilli.  
 We lofed de selfe maiden  
 Wohl forty years agone :—  
 She died to hear I kilt you :—  
 Jean—how weiss your beard ish grown !

“I would gife my Hab' und Güter, ‡  
 Dereto mein bit of life,  
 Couldt I pring dat shild to leben,  
 Und make her, Jean, dy wife !”

---

\* “Der Uhlan was not shenerally wear pickelhäube, but dis tay der Herr Breitmann gehappenet to hafe von on.”—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

† “And art thou truly living?”

‡ “All my property.”

Here der Breitmann boorst out gryin,  
Like a liddle prook vept he ;  
Und dey hugged and gissed einander,  
Der Breitmann und Bouilli.

“Ach, de efls dat from efil  
Troo a life ish efer grow !  
Had I nefer dink I killed you,  
Many a man were livin now—  
Many a man dat shleeps in cane-brakes,  
Many a man py pillow-shore ;  
For dy morder mate me reckelos,  
Und *von* tead man gries for more !

“O Mädchen ! schön im Himmel ! \*  
(Warst schon on eart' difine)—  
Can'st dink among de Engeln  
Of soosh as me und mine ?  
Den look on soosh a Reue,  
Ash eart' has nefer known :—  
Whereto hast dou a sabre ?  
Wherefore not kill me, Jean ?”

“O, ne pleurez pas, mon Breitmann !  
Je trouve cela trop fort,”  
Gry der Colonel sehr politely ;  
“*How !*—you crois dat I was *mort !*  
Mon Dieu ! 'Tis but one minute,  
As we galloped to this plain,  
I thought your spear, mon gaillard,  
Would kill me o'er again.

---

\* “O maiden fair in Heaven !”

“Je vous fais mon compliment,  
Your tendresse becomes you well ;  
Et ne pleurez pas, mon brave,  
Pour la petite demoiselle.  
I have had a thousand since ;  
One can always find such game ;  
Et pour dire la vérité,  
I have quite forgot her name.”

Der Breitmann look so earnest,  
Long and earnest at his foe,  
Ash if seein troo his augen  
To de forty years ago.  
Mit *vot* a shmile der Breitmann  
Toorned roundt und rode away :  
Dat was all his parting greetin  
To der Cólónél Français.

## IV.

BREITMANN TAKES THE TOWN OF  
NANCY.

O HEAR a wondrous shdory  
Vot soundet like romance,  
How Breitmann mit four Uhlans  
Vas dake de town of Nantz.  
De Fräntschmen call it Nancy,\*  
Und dey say its fery hard  
Dat Nancy mit her soldiers  
Vas getook py gorpral's guard.

Dey dink id vas King Wilhelm  
Ash Hans ride in de down,  
Und like Odin in his glorie  
Gazed derryple aroun'.  
Denn mit awfool condesenchen  
He at de Fräntschmen shtare,  
Und say, "Ye wretsched shildren?  
*Abbattez mir vodre mère!*"

Hans mean de city Syndic,  
Whom *maire* de Fräntschmen call;

---

\* Nancy, the "light of love" of Lorraine.—*London Times*,  
Dec. 6, 1870.

So mit a tousand soldiers  
 Dey 'scort him to de Hall ;  
 In de shair of shtade dey sot him,  
 Der maire coom to pe heard,  
 Und Hans glare at him fife minutes  
 Pefore he shbeak a word.

Den in iron dones he ooterred :  
 " Ich temand que rentez fous :  
 Shai dreisig mille soldaten  
 Bas loin l'ici, barploo !  
 Aber tonnez-moi Champagner ;  
 Shai an soif exdrortinaire—  
 Apout one douzaine cart-loads ;  
 Und dann je fous laisse faire." \*

Denn he say to Schwackenhammer,  
 His segretairé—" Read  
 A liddle exdra listé  
 Of dings de army need,  
 Und dell dem in Französisch  
 Dey moost shell de neetfool down  
 In less dan dwendy minudes,  
 Or, py Gott, I'll purn de town."

"*Item*—one tousand vatches  
 Of purest gold so fair ;

\* " I require you to surrender :  
 I have thirty thousand men  
 Not far from here, parbleu !  
 But give me first champagne ;  
 I've a wondrous thirst, you know—  
 About a dozen cart-loads ;  
 And then I'll let you go."



Dazu fünf tousand silbern,  
For de gommon soldiers' wear ;  
Und tree dousand diamant ringé  
Dey moost make tirectly come,  
We need dem for our schweethearts  
Ven we write to em at home !

“ Von million cigarren  
Ve'll accept ash extra boons  
For not squeezin dem seferely,  
Dazu dwelf tousand shboons.”  
Here der maire fell down in schwoonin,  
Denn all dat he could say  
Vas, “ O mon dieu, de dieu, dieu !  
Nous voilà ruinées ! ” \*

No wort der Breitmann ootered,  
He only make a sgratch,  
Calm and silend, on de daple,  
Mit a liddle friction match.  
De maire versteh de motion,  
So went him to de task  
Of raisin mong de peoples  
Vot it vas der Breitmann ask.

So kam he mit de ringé,  
Dey vind dem pooty soon ;  
So kam he mit de vatches,  
Und avery silber spoon.  
Boot ash for de champagner,  
He wept and loudly call  
Dat *par dieu* ! he hadn't any,  
For de Deutsch hafe troonk it all.

---

\* “ O Lord, Lord, Lord !  
We are ruined ! ”

Ja !—de gorporal's guart have trinket  
 Efery pottle in de down,  
 While dese negotiations  
 Oop-stairs vere written down.  
 Boot der Breitmann sooplimely,  
 Like von who nodings felt,  
 Said, "Instet of le champagner  
 Nous brentirons du gelt." \*

Ja wohl ! Donnes cent mille franken,  
 C'est mir égal, you know ; †  
 Pid dem pring id in a horry,  
 For 'tis dime for oos to go."  
 Der maire he pring de money,  
 Und der Breitmann squeeze his hand,—  
 "Leb wohl, dou nople brickbat,  
 Herzbruder in Frankenland !

"Boot it griefes my soul to larmen,  
 Und I sympatize mit dein,  
 To *pense* of you, mon ami,  
 Sans le champagner wein.  
 Dere will oder Deutsch pe gomin,  
 Und it preak mine heart to dink  
 De vay dey'll bang and slang you  
 If dere's no champagne to trink !

"Cela fous fera miséré  
 Que she ne feux bas see ;  
 So, vollow mes gonseillés,  
 Et brenez mon afis.

---

\* "We will take the ready *gelt*."

† "Yes, give a hundred thousand francs  
 'Tis all one to me, you know."

---

Shai, moi, deux mille bouteilles,  
De meilleur dat man can ashk,\*  
Vich I will gladly sell—  
Sheap as dirt—ten franks a flask.”

De maire look oop to heafen,  
Wohl nodings could he say,  
Vhile oud indo de mitnight  
Der Breitmann rode afay.  
Away—atown de falley,  
Till noding more abbears  
Boot de glitter of de moonlight,  
De moonlight on deir spears.

---

- \* “ Ah, that will make you trouble,  
Which I would not gladly see ;  
So, follow all my counsels,  
And take advice from me.  
I have two thousand bottles,  
The best ”—

## V.

## BREITMANN IN BIVOUAC.

HE sits in bivouacke,  
By fire, peneat' de drees ;  
A pottle of champagner  
Held shently on his knees ;  
His lange Uhlan lanze  
Stuck py him in de sand ;  
Vhile a goot peas-poodin' sausage  
Adorn his oder hand.

Und jungere Uhlanen  
Sit round mit oben mout'  
To hear der Breitmann's shdories  
Of fitin in de Sout'.  
Und he gife dem moral lessons,  
How pefore de battle pops :  
"Take a liddle brayer to Himmel,  
Und a goot long trink of schnapps."

Denn his leutenant bemarket :  
"How voonder shdrange it peen  
Dat so very many wild pigs  
Ish dis year in de Ardennes.

Ash I scout dere—donner'r 'wetter !—  
I sah dem coom heraus,  
Shoost here und dere an Eber  
Mit a hoondert tousand sows.

“ Shoost dink of all dese she-picks  
Vot flet to neutral land ! ”  
Said Breitmann : “ Fery easy  
Ish dis to oonderstand :  
Dese schwein-picks mit de sauen  
Vot you saw a-roonin rond,  
Ish a crate medempsygosis  
Of the Fräntsché demi-monde.

“ I hafe readet in de Bible  
How soosh a coterie  
Vas ge-toornet indo swine-picks,  
Und roon down indo de see ;  
Boot since de see aint handy,  
Or de picks vere all too dumm,  
Dey hafe coot agross de porder  
Und vly to Belgium.”

Now ash dey boorst oud laughin,  
Und got more liquor out,  
Dey hearnden from de sendry  
A shot und denn a shout.  
Und Breitmann crasp his sabre  
Quick ash de bullet hiss,  
Und leapin out, demantet,  
“ Herr'r'r Gott ! vat row ish dis ? ”

Und bold der Schwabian answert :  
“ Dis minute on de ground  
Dere comed a Fräntschman greepin,  
On all-fours a-prowlin round.

I ask him vat he vanted ;  
    *Werda!* I gry ; boot he  
Say nodings to my shallenge,  
    Und only answer ‘ *Oui.*’

“ So I shoot him like der teufels,  
    Und I rader dink our friend,  
Dis sneakin Frank-tiroir,  
    Ish a-drawin to his end.”  
So dey hoonted in de pushes,  
    Und in avery gorner dig,  
Boot, mein Gott ! how dey vas laughin,  
    Ven dey found a—mordered pig.

Next week dey hear from Paris,  
    Und reat in de *Gaulois*  
Of de most adrocious action  
    De vorlt vas efer saw.  
How de Uhlan cannibalen,  
    Dis vile und awful prood,  
Hafe killt a nople Fräntschman,  
    Und cut him oop for food.

“ Ja—shop him indo sausage,  
    Und coot him indo ham ;  
Und swear dey’ll serfe all oders  
    Exacdly so—py tam !  
Sons of France, awake to glory,  
    Let your anciend valor shine !  
Und shweep dis Prussian vermin  
    Het und dails indo de Rhine !”

## VI.

## BREITMANN'S LAST PARTY.

For fear of some missed onder standings, I vould shtate, dat dis is only mean de last Barty dat der Herr Coptain Breitmann has ge given—*as yed*. Pimepy I kess he gife anoder von, und if I kits an in-leading, or indrotuckshun, I kess I'll go. I am von of de vellers dat vas ad de virst Barty, vhere mine swister-in-law de Madilda Yane vas tantz mit Herr Breitmann.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER,  
*Olim Studiosus Theologiæ*, now Uhlan free-lancer,  
und Segretarius of Coptain Breitmann.

VOT gollops at mitnight,  
Mit *h'roolah* and yell,  
Like der teufel's wild yäger  
Boorst loose out of hell?  
Vot cleams in the sonrise  
Bright vlashin in gold?  
Das sind die Uhlancers  
Of Breitmann der bold.

Dey frighten de coountry,  
Dey ploonder de town ;  
And when dey are oop  
Die Franzosen co down :

For pefore de wild Norsemen  
De Southron must flee ;  
Ab ira Normannorum  
Libera nos Domine ! \*

How dey sweep de chateaux !  
How dey grab oop de hens !  
Und gobble de toorkeys  
Shoot oop in de pens  
Like de Angel of Deat'  
Dey are ragin abroad :  
You may track dem py fedders  
Knee-deep in de road.

O der Breitmann ish on,  
Und der Breitmann is on,  
Und mit him de Uhlans  
Are ploonderin gone.  
De demon of fengeance  
His wings o'er em vave,  
Mit deir fingers like hooks,  
Und mit maws like de grafe.

Dey coom to a castel,  
So shplendid, of bricks ;  
Französen defend it,  
Das help em gar nichts.  
For de Uhlans hafe take it,  
Dey smash in de gate,  
Und inshpired by Gott's fury,  
Dey shdole all de plate.

---

\* " From the wrath of the Northmen, deliver us, Lord ! "



From shamber to shamber  
Dey fighted deir way,  
Till dead in de hall  
De Franzosen all lay ;  
Und dere shtood a mädchen,  
So lieblich und hold,  
Who laugh at de dead  
Troo her ringlocks of gold.



Denn der Breitmann, all plooty,  
To'm mädel so lind,  
Spoke courtly und tender :  
"Vy laughst dou, mein kind ?"  
Denn de plue-eyed young peaudy,  
Mit lippe so red,  
Said, "Vy *not* shall I laughen ?  
Vhen Frenchmen are dead.

"I coom here from Deutschland,  
De shildren to teach ;  
Dey mock me for Deutsch,  
Und dey sneer at mein sbeech ;  
Und since de war komm,  
I vas nearly gone mad,  
You wouldn't peliefe  
How dey dreet me so pad."

Mit a tear Breitmann bend  
To de peaudifool miss ;  
"Crate Gott ! cans't dou suffer  
Soosh horrors ash dis ?"  
His arm round de maiden  
Der hero has bound,  
Und it shtaid dere goot vhile,  
Fore dey got it unwound.

“Ho ! fetch me de diamonds !  
Ho ! shell out de rings !  
Mit all in de castle  
Of dat sort of dings.”  
Twas brought to de Captain—  
A donderin load :  
At de veet of de mädchen  
Dat ploonder he trowed.

“Ho ! pring oos champagner !  
Und light oop de hall !  
Dis night der Herr Breitmann  
Will gife you a ball.  
Dat pile of dead vellers,  
Vot died for La France,  
May see, if dey like,  
How de Shermans can tance.”

Dey find laties' garments,  
Und—troot to confess—  
Likewise som Fräntsch maidens,  
Who help dem to tress.  
De rest of de Uhlans  
Who hadn't soosh loves,  
Fixed oop in black clothes  
Mit white chokers und gloves.

Now hei ! for de fittles !  
Und hei ! for clavier !  
For de tantz of de Uhlans—  
De men of de speer !  
How de shendlemen ashk  
If dey'd blease introduce ;  
How de ladies mit beards  
Were called Espionnes Prusses !

Hei, ho ! how dey tanzét !  
Hei, ho ! how dey sang !  
How mit klingen of glasses  
De braun arches rang.  
How dey trill from deir hearts  
Ash dey pour out der wein,  
De songs of de Oberland,—  
Songs of der Rhein.

Und madder und wilder,  
All whirlin around,  
Vent Hans mit de maiden  
In Bacchanal bound.  
She helt to his peard,  
Und dey gissed as if mad ;  
I tont dink dat efer  
Vas dimes like dey had.

Boot calm in de hall,  
Ever calm on de floor,  
Was a row of still guests  
Dat wouldt tantz nefermore.  
Mit plood shtreams black winding,  
Der lord mit his men,  
When der Youngest Day cooms  
Hans may meet dem acain.

Hoorah for der Uhlan,  
So rash und so wild !  
Hoorah for der Uhlan,  
Der teufel's own child !—  
Dis ish "Breitmann's Last Barty,"  
Dey'll sing it for years ;  
De lords of de lanzes,  
De sons of de speers.

For dey frighten de coountry,  
Dey ploonder de town ;  
Und when dey are oop  
De Franzosen go down ;  
For pefore de wild Norsemen  
Weak Southrons moost flee,  
*Ab ira Normannorum*  
*Libera nos Domine !*

## Europe.



### BREITMANN IN PARIS.

(1869.)

“ Recessit in Franciam.”

“ Et affectu pectoris,  
Et toto gestu corporis,  
Et scholares maxime,  
Qui festa colunt optime.”

—*Carmina Burana*, 13th century.

DER teufel's los in Bal Mabile,  
Dere's hell-fire in de air,  
De fiddlers can't blay noding else  
Boot Orphée aux Enfers :  
Vot makes de beoples howl mit shoy ?  
Da capo—bravo !—bis !!  
It's a Deutscher aus Amerikà :  
Hans Breitmann in Paris.

Dere's silber thoughts vot might hafe peen,  
Dere's golden deeds vot *must* :  
Der Hans ish come to Frankenland  
On one eternal bust.

Der same old rowdy Argonaut  
Vot hoont de same oldt vleece,  
A hafin all de foon dere ish—  
Der Breitmann in Paris.

Mit a gal on eider shoulder  
A holdin py his beard,  
He tantz de Cancan, sacrament !  
Dill all das Volk vas skeered.  
Like a roarin hippopotamos,  
Mit a kangarunic shoomp,  
Dey feared he'd smash de Catacombs,  
Each dime der Breitmann bump.

De pretty liddle cocodettes  
Lofe efery dings ish new,  
“D'ou vient il donc ce grand M'sieu ?  
O sacré nom de Dieu !”  
In fain dey kicks deir veet on high,  
And sky like vlyin geese,  
Dey can not kick de hat afay  
From Breitmann in Paris.

O vhere vas id der Breitmann life ?  
Oopon de Rond Point gay,  
Vot shdreet lie shoost pehind his house ?  
La rue de Rabelais.  
Aroundt de corner Harper's shtands  
Vhere Yankee drinks dey mill,  
Vhile shdraight aheth, agross de shdrect,  
Dere lies de Bal Mabille.

Id's all along de Elysées,  
Id's oop de Boulevarce,  
He's sampled all de weinshops,  
Und he's vinked at efery garçe.

Dou schveet plack-silken Gabrielle,  
O let me learn from dee,  
If 'tis in lofe—or absinthe drunks,  
Dat dis wild ghost may pe?

Und dou may'st kneel in Notre Dame,  
Und veep away dy sin,  
Vhile I go vight at Barriere balls,  
Oontil mine poots cave in ;  
Boot if ve pray, or if ve sin—  
Vhile nodings ish refuse,  
'Tis all de same in Paris here,  
So long ash *l'on s'amuse*.

O life, mein dear, at pest or vorst,  
Ish boot a vancy ball,  
Its cratest shoy a vild *gallop*,  
Vhere madness goferns all.  
Und should dey toorn ids gas-light off,  
Und nefer leafe a shbark,  
Sdill I'd find my vay to Heafen—or—  
Dy lips, lofe, in de dark.

O crown your het mit roses, lofe !  
O keep a liddel sprung !  
Oonendless wisdom ish but dis :  
To go it vwhile you're yung !  
Und Age vas nefer coom to him,  
To him Spring ploods afresh,  
Who finds a livin' spirit in  
Der Teufel und der Flesh.

*BREITMANN IN LA SORBONNE.*

DER Breitmann sits in La Sorbonne,  
 A note-pook in his hand,  
 'Tvas dere he vent to lectures,  
 Und in oldt Louis le Grand.  
 Id's more ash two und dwendy years  
 Since here I used mein pen ;  
 Oh, where ish all de characders,  
 Dat I hafe known since denn ?

Der cratest boet efer vas,  
 Der pest I efer known,  
 Vent lecdures here, too, shoost like me,  
 Le Sieur François Villon.  
 He raise de teufel all aroud,  
 He hear de Sorbonne chime ;  
 Crate shpirid ender in mein heart,  
 Und mofe mein soul to rhyme.

## BALADE.

*Dictes moy*—in what shpirit land  
 Ish Clara Lafontaine ?  
 Or Pomaré, or La Frisette,  
 Who blazed on soosh a train ?



Shveet Echo flings de quesdion pack,  
O'er lake or shdreamlet lone ;  
All eartly peauty fades afay,  
Where ish dem lofed ones gone ?

Oh, where ish Lola Montez now,  
So loved in efery land ?  
How oft I shmoked dose cigarettes  
She rollt mit vairy hand !  
Dat mighdy soul, dat shplendit brick,  
A saint's pecome to be,  
For mit soosh saints der Breitmann make  
His Hagiologie.

Und where ish La Pochardinette ?  
Ish she too mit de dead ?  
She loafed de Latin Quarter mit  
A hat und fedder on her het.  
Lebe wohl petite Pochardinette !  
Qui ne safait refuser,  
Ni la ponche à la bleine ferre,  
Ni sa pouche à un paizer.

O Prince ! dese quesdions all are nix,  
I sit here all alone,  
Mit von refrain to end de shdrain,  
Where ish mein lofed vons gone ?  
Vhen Marcovitch has cut und run,  
Und Schneider's off de ving,  
Some cray old reprobate like me  
Vill of dese lofed vons sing.

*BREITMANN IN FORTY-EIGHT.*

DERE woned once a studente,  
All in der Stadt Paris,\*  
Whom jeder der ihn kennte,  
Der rowdy Breitmann hiess.  
He roosted in de rue La Harpe,  
Im Luxembourg Hotel,  
'Twas shoost in anno '48,  
Dat all dese dings pefel.

Boot he who vouldt go hoontin now  
To find dat rue La Harpe,  
Moost hafe oongommon shpecdagles,  
Und look darnation sharp.  
For der Kaiser und his Hausmann  
Mit hauses made so vree,  
Dere roon shoost now a Bouleverse  
Where dis shdreet used to pe.

In dis Hotel de Luxembourg,  
A vild oldt shdory say,  
A shtudent vonce pring home a dame,  
Und on de nexter day,

---

\* There is a German student's song which begins with this couplet.

He pooled a ribbon from her neck—  
Off fell de lady's het ;  
She'd trafelled from de guillotine,  
Und valked de city—deadt.

Boot Breitmann nefer cared himself  
If dis vas falsch or drue,  
I kess he hat mit lifin gals  
Pout quite enough to do.  
Und Februar vas gomin,  
Ganz revolutionnaire,  
Und vhere der Teufel had vork on hand,  
Der Hans vas always dere.

Und darker grew de beople's brows,  
No Banquet could dey raise,  
So dey shtood und shvore at gorners,  
Or dey singed de Marseillaise.  
Und here und dere a crashin sound  
Like forcin shutters ran,  
Und boorstin gun-schmidts' vindows in  
Hard vorked der Breitemann.

He helped to howl Les Girondins,  
To cheer de beople's hearts ;  
He maket dem bild parricades  
Mit garriages und garts.  
Vhen a bretty maiden sendinel  
Vonce ask de countersign,  
He gafe das kind a rousin giss,  
Gott hute dir und dein !

Und wilder vent de pattle,  
France spread her oriflamme,  
Und deeper roared de sturm bell,  
De bell of Notre Dame ;

Und he who nefer heard it,  
O'er shots und cries of fear,  
Loud booming like a dragon's roar,  
Has someding yet to hear.

Und in de Faubourg Sainte Antoine  
Dere comed a fusillade,  
Und dyin groans und fallin dead  
Vere roundt dat parricade.  
But der song of Revolution  
From a tousand voices round,  
Made a fearful opera gorus  
To de deat' gries on de ground.

Und all around dose parricades  
Dey raise der teufel dere ;  
Somedimes dey vork mit pig-axes,  
Und somedimes mit gewehr.  
Dey maket prifate houses  
Gife all deir arms afay,  
Und denn oopon de panels  
Dey writet *Armes données*.

Und ve saw mid roarin vollies,  
Shtreaked like banded settin suns,  
Two regiments coome ofer,  
Und telifer oop deir guns.  
Hei !—how de deers vere roonin :  
Hei !—how dey gryed hurrahs !  
For dey saw de vight vas ofer,  
Und dey know dey gained deir cause.

Dus spoke deir hearts outboorstin,  
In battle by de blade,  
From sun to sun mit roarin gun  
Und donnerin parricade.

In vain pefore de depudies  
De princes tremblin stood,  
Vot cooms in France too late a day  
Cooms shoost in dime for blood.

Vhen de Tuileries vas daken,  
Amid de scotterin shot,  
Und vlyin stones, und howlin,  
Und curses vild und hot,  
'Tvas dere Hans clobbered his musket,  
Und dere de man vas first  
To roosh into de palace,  
Ven de toors vere in-geburst.

Some vellers burn de guart-haus,  
Some trink des Königs wein ;  
Some fill deir hats mit rasbry sham,  
Und prandy beeches fein.  
Hans Breitmann in de gitchen  
Vas shdare like avery ding,  
To see vot lots of victual-de-dees  
Id dakes to feed a king.

Und oder volk, like plackguarts,  
Vent dook de goaches out ;  
Und burnin dem, dey rolled dem  
Afay mit yell und shout.  
Der Breitmann in der barlor,  
Help writen rapidly,  
*La liberté pour la Pologne !*  
Likevise—*pour l'Italie !*

Den in der Tuileries courtyard  
Ten tousand volk come on ;  
Dey vas gissin und hurrahin  
For to dink der king vas gone.

Some vas hollerin und tantzin  
Round de blazin oldt caboose ;  
Vhen Fräntschmen kits a goin,  
Den dey lets der teufel loose.

Boot von veller set me laughin,  
Who roosh madly roun de field ;  
He hat rop de Cluny Museum,  
Und gestohlen speer und schild.  
Mit a sblentit royal charger,  
Vitch he hat somevhere found,  
Like a trunken wild Don Quixote,  
He vent tearin oop und round.

Doun vent de line of Bourbons,  
Doun vent de vork of years,  
Ash de pillars of deir temple  
Ge-crashed like splintered speers ;  
Und o'er dem rosed a phantom,  
Wild, beautiful, und weak,  
Vhile millions gry arount her—  
Vive ! vive la Republique !

Tree days mid shdiflin powder shmoke,  
Tree days mid cheers und groans,  
Ve fought to guard de parricades,  
Or pile dem oop mit shtones.  
De hand vitch held de bistol denn,  
Or made de crowbar bite,  
Das war de same Hans Breitmann's hand  
Vitch now dese verses write.

## Breitmann in Belgium.



“Vlaenderen, dag en nacht  
 Denk ik aen u.  
 Waer ik ook ben en vaer,  
 Gy zyt my altyd naer.  
 Vlaenderen, dag en nacht  
 Denk ik aen u.

Overal vrolykheid,  
 Overal lust.  
 Maegden van fier gelaet,  
 Knapen zoo vroom en draet.  
 Overal vrolykheid,  
 Overal lust.”

—*Hoffmann von Fallersleben.*

## SPA.

WHEN sommer drees shake fort deir leafs,  
 Ash maids shake out deir locks,  
 Und singen mit de rifulets,  
 Vitch ripplen round de rocks,  
 Und beople swarm land-outwards,  
 Und cities weary men,  
 Hans Breitmann rode de Belgier mark  
 For Spa in Les Ardennes.

Und vhen he came to Spadenland,  
 He found it fein und fair,

For dey pour him out de péké schnapps,  
Dazu elixir rare ;  
Und mit a soldier's inshdink  
To find a shanse to shoot,  
Mitout delay he fire afay  
Right in de Grande Redoute.\*

De virst shot dat der Breitmann fired  
He pring de peaches down,  
For he hit de double zéro mit  
A gold Napoleon.  
Und ash he raked de shiners in,  
He hummed a liddle doon :  
"I kess I tont try dat again,"  
Said he, dis afdernoon.

Boot vhen he coom to *rouge et noir*,  
A tear fell tripplin denn,  
Id look so moosh like goot old dimes,  
To come dose games again.  
Yet vhen he lossed a hundred francs,  
He sadly toorned afay,  
"I'd rader *keep* de tiger here,  
Dan vight him, any day."

Und shtanding py de daple,  
He saw a French lorette  
Vat porrowed shpecie all around,  
Und lossed at efery bet.  
"Id's all de same mit dis or dat,  
Or any kind of sin,  
De lorette or de rolette—bot'  
Will make de money shpin."

---

\* La Redoute—the gambling-room at Spa.



He trinket of Le Pouhon well,  
Und from La Sauvenière ;  
He tried it ad de Barisart,  
Und auch de Géronstère.  
“Dey say dat Troot’ lie in a well,  
So trink from all we can,  
Und here we’ll prove dat Troot is Health,”  
Dat’s so, says Breitemann.

So long in ruined Franchimont  
He sat on hollowed ground,  
Und dinked of Wilhelm de la Marck,  
Who’d raked dat coountry round.  
“Mein Gott ! how id vas mofe mine heart  
To read in hishdory,  
Und find de scattered shinin lights  
Of vellers shoost like *me* !

“Dis nople boar-pig of Ardennes,  
Dis shtately Wallowin lord,  
Vas make him vamous py de pen,  
Und glorious py de swordt.  
Und showed his hero-scholarship,  
Vhen he wrote to de pishop, ‘Satis,  
Brulabo monasterium  
Vestrum, si non payatis.’

“Dey say dat in de keller here  
Dere lifes a coblin briest,  
Dereto a teufelsjägersmann  
Vot guard a specie chest.  
O if I vonce could find de vay,  
Und spot dat box of checks,  
I voonder shoost how long ’twould pe  
Pefore I’d twis deir necks.”



Und in de Walk of Meyerbeer,  
Vhere plashin brooklets ring,  
He see vhere in de water wild  
De wood-birds flip deir wing.  
“Ash de prooklet’s lost in de rifer,  
Und de rifer’s lost in de sea,  
Mine soul kits lost on water ‘plain,’”  
Says Breitemann, says he.

Und ash he walked de Meyerbeer  
He marcked, peside de way,  
A rock shoost like a wild boar’s head,  
Vraie tête du sanglier.  
Der Breitmann heafe a shiant sigh,  
Und say mit ’motion grand :  
Von crate idée ish über all  
In dis der Schweinpig’s land.

He drafel troo de Val d’Ambléve,  
He lounge de schweet Sept Heures,  
He shdare indo de window-shops,  
Und see de painted ware.\*  
He looket at de fans und dings,  
Denn said, “To tell de trut’,  
Dere’s painted vares more dear ash dis  
Oop shdairs in La Redoute.”

Und sittin in de Champignon,  
Vitch rose ’neat Lofe’s schweet hand,  
He read in books of Marmontel,  
Of Jeannette et Lubin.

---

\* Spa is famous for painted ornamental wooden ware, such as fans and boxes.

Id's nice to see Simplicitas  
Rococoed oop mit vlowers,  
Und dink *soosh* virtue shdill may life  
In dis base vorltdt of ours.

'Tvas here, oopon de Spadoumont  
Deir gottashe used to set ;  
'Tvas here they keeped von simple cow  
Likevise an lettuce-bett.  
Berhaps I hafe crown vorldly since,  
Yet shdill may druly say,  
Dat in mine poyhood's tays I vas  
Apout so good ash dey.

But he vot vant to see dis land,  
Und has nod time for all :  
Eash woodland nook und shady brook ;  
On Herr Marcette shouldt call.  
For he has baintet all to live  
Vhen de drees demselfs are gone ;  
Und shoost so goot as artist, auch,  
Ish he bon compagnon.

Farevell, schveet Spa—dou home of vlowers,  
Of ruin and of rock,  
Where vild pirds sing und de band ish blay  
Eash tay at sefen o'clock.  
If all de shbrees dat Spa has seen  
Vere melted into von,  
De soul vouldt reach Nirwana—lost  
In transcendental fun.

## OSTENDE.

“ Hupsa ! jonker Jan,  
Die wel ruiter worden kan.”

BOON tidings to der Breitmann came  
Ash he sat at table end,  
Dere's right goot fisch at Blankenberghe,  
Und oysters in Ostend.  
Denn to Ostland ve will reiten gaen,  
To Ostland o'er de sand,  
Dou und I mit pridle drawn  
For dere ish de oyster land.

Und vhen dey shtood bei Ostersee,  
Vhere de waters roar like sin,  
Dere coom five hundred fischer volk  
To dake der Breitmann in.  
“Gotts doonder ! Should ve doomple down  
Amoong de waters plue,  
I kess you'd vant more help from me  
Dan I should vant from you !

“ If you hat peen vhere I hafe peen  
Und see vot I hafe see,  
Vhere de surf rise oop nine tausend feet,  
In de land of Nieuw Jarsie •

Und schwimmed dat surf ash I hafe schwimmed,  
Peside de Jersey stran'——  
From dat day fort' de Ostland men  
Shdeered glear of der Breitemann.

Boot von ding set him shvearin so,  
I dinked he'd nefer cease,  
De Ostend oysters kostet more  
In Ostend als Paris.  
Hans asked an anciendt fisherman,  
To 'splain dis if he may,  
Und says he, "Mijn Heer—dey're beter hier  
Als ein hundert leagues afay.

"Und as de oysters beter hier  
Of course dey kostet more"——  
Der Breitmann dook his bilcrim shdaff,  
Und toorned him to de toor.  
Says Hans, "De Vlaemsche fischermen  
Can sheat de vorldt I pet,  
Dey sheaten von anoder too,  
All's fisch to a Dutchman's net.

"Der king peginned a palace hier,  
De palace hat to shtop,  
He foundt de beoples sheaten so  
He gife de bildin oop.  
Although das Leben hier ish goot,  
Ad least Ostend-sibly"——  
So shpoke der Breitemann und cut  
Dat city py de sea.

## GENT.

“Wie kennt die stad waer alles nog  
 Van Vlaenderens grootheid spreekt?  
 Waer ontrouw, valscheit en bedrog  
 Van schæmte nog verbleekt?”

—*Ledeganck.*

I F I hat gold, as I hafe time,  
 I tells you how 'tvere shpent,  
 On efery year I'd shtay a week  
 In Vlanderen's hoofstad, Gent.  
 For, oh ! de sveet wild veelins,  
 In dat stad do mofe me so,  
 Vhen I'd dink of all de clorious men  
 Vot life dere long aco.

If efer man hat manly heart,  
 He'd veel dat heart to beat,  
 Vhen mit de oldten dime of Ghent  
 He valks troo efery shdreet.  
 Und ach ! de volk are yet so goot,  
 It gave me soosh a pliss,  
 Vhen I hear a bier-hous spielman sing  
 A melodie like dis :—

“Het was op eenen Monday,  
 All on a Monday free,  
 Dat mijnheere Jacob Van Artevelde  
 Unto his men said he :

---

He seide—‘ Mijn lief gesellen,  
Ve all moost ride out land,  
And trive our way to Bruges town,  
Or Brussel in Braband.’

“ Und as he oonto Brussel cam,  
De meisjes sprong from bed,  
Und found Mynheere Van Artevelde  
Mit a cross-bolt troo his head.”  
Und shoost pecause dis bier-hous song  
Recht troo my heartsen vent,  
I feel dat I could life und die  
All in de down of Gent.

## Breitmann in Holland.



## 'S GRAVENHAGE—THE HAGUE.

I N dis boem, mein freund der Herr Breitmann hafe his fiews on art pefore-geset mit a deepness und shorthood vich is brovably oonliked in Aesthetik. Ve hafe here, within de circumcomprehensifeness of dirty-two lines, a théorie vitch—shortsomely exbressed—sends to der teufel efery dings ash vas efer gescribed pefore on kunst or art, und maket efery podies from Baumgartner doun to Fischer und Taine, look shoost like puddin-headet old gasbalgs. Boot to de boem. For de informadion of dem ash ish not gestudied art, I would shtate dat Adriaan Brauwer (who ish as regards an unvollkomene technik de first of all Holland malers), vas nefer paint nodings boot droonken plackguards und liederlich dings, und Van Ostade und Jan Steen vas in most deir bilds a goot deal like him.

—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.

Hans reitet troo de Nederland,  
 From Rotterdam below,  
 To Gravenhaag und Leyden  
 Und Haarlem—all a row ;



He shtoodit in de galleries  
A tausend works of art ;  
Boot ach—der Adriaan Brauwer,  
Vent most teepest to his heart.

Und dus exclaim der Breitmann  
In woonder-solemn shdrain,  
“De cratest men vere Brauwer,  
Van Ostadé, und Jan Steen.  
Der Raffael vas vel enof ;  
Dat ish in his shmall vay ;  
Boot—Gott im Himmel !—vot vas he  
Coompared mit soosh as dey ?

“Shoost see dat vight of troonken boors—  
Von tears de oder’s goat :  
Vhile de oder mit a pointet knife  
Ish goin for his troat.  
Und a mädchen mit a tree-leg shtuhl  
Ish clip him on de het,  
In dese higher human passion valks,  
Der Raffael’s coldt und deadt.

“De more ve digs into de eart’—  
Or less ve seeks a star,—  
De nearer ve to *Natur* coom,  
More panthéistisch far ;  
To him who reads dis myst’ry right,  
Mit insbiration gifen,  
Der Raffael’s rollen in de dirt,  
Vhile Brauwer soars to Heafen.”

## LEYDEN.

THIS shveet to valk in Holland towns  
    Apout de twilight tide,  
When all ish shdill on proad canals,  
    Safe vhere a poat may clide.  
Shdrange light on darkenin vater falls,  
    In long soft lines afar,  
Der abenddroth on dunkelheit,  
    Vitch shows—or hides—a star.

De pridges risen all aroundt  
    So quaindly, left und right,  
Pedween each pridge und shattow, lies,  
    A lemon of yellow light,  
Und das volk a-goin ober,  
    So darklin onwarts pass,  
Dey look like Chinese shattows—shown  
    Apofe a lookin-glass.

All shdiller grows, und shdiller,  
    Sogar die efenin preeze,  
Ish only heardt far ober het  
    In dese long lines of drees ;  
A real oldt Holland feelin  
    Cooms gadderin ober all,  
You'd nefer dink a sturm hat peen  
    Opon dis Grand Canawl.

De nople houses !—how dey'd mofe  
An old New Yorker's heart,  
Time vas—twix dese und dose at home  
You couldn't tell 'em part,  
Mit crate brass knockers on de toors,  
Und parlors town so low  
You see de crates a glowin prite  
O'er carbets ash you go.

Dere's comfort-full of avery dings,  
You veel it ash you look,  
You knows de volks ish opulend,  
Und keep a bully cook ;  
Und oopon de high camine,  
Or here und dere on shelf,  
Dere's Japanesisch dings in rows,  
Pe mingled oop mit delf.

Dere's noding in dis Holland life,  
Vitch seems of present day,  
De fery shildren in de shdreeds  
Look quaintlich as dey blay ;  
De liddle rosy housemaids,  
In bictures vell I know,  
De dames und heers hafe all an air  
Of sixty years ago.

They may dalk of anciendt hishdory  
Und for romantisch seek,  
De ding dat mofes most teeply ish  
Old-vashioned—not antique.  
O if you live in Leyden town  
You'll meet, if troot' pe told,  
De forms of all de freunds who tied  
Vhen du werst six years old.

## SCHEVENINGEN,

OR DE MAIDEN'S COORSE.

*Oldt Flämisch.*

HET vas Mijn Heer van Torenborg,  
Ride oud oopon de sand,  
Und vait to hear a paardeken ;  
Coom tromplin from de land.  
He vaited vhen de boeren volk  
Vent oud oopon de plain,  
He vaited dill de veary crows  
Flew nestwarts home acain.

He vaited ash de wild fox vaits  
In long-some hoonger noth,  
He vaited dill de flitterin bats  
Vere plack on Abendroth.  
Id's woe to watch for taily bread  
Or bide forgotten call,  
Boot oh, to vait for heartsen lofe  
Ish veariest of dem all.

"O dat ish not mine laity's prooch  
Shoost now so star-like shined,  
O dat ish not mine laity's haar  
Soft floatin on de wind.

Her goot crayhound mit soosh a step  
Vas nefer vont to go,  
Und dat is niet her paardeken  
Whose shtep so vell I know.

“Dat light ish speer light from a lanz  
Vitch'll part mine pody und soul,  
De floatin haar is a pennon gay  
Or wafin banderol.  
De crayhound ish a plood-hound wild  
Vitch long has dracked me here,  
Und het paardeken ish a var-horse  
Vot has hoonted me like deer.”

Well shpoke Mijn Heer van Torenborg  
All drue vas afery wordt,  
For dey bored him troo mit lanzen,  
Und dey hewed him mit de swordt.  
Dey killt him armloss, harmlos ;  
De plooty reiver band ;  
Und puried him so careloosly  
Dat his vace shtick out de sand.

Boot e'er night's plack hat toorned to red  
Or e'er de stars vere gone,  
Dere came de shtep of a paardeken  
Soft tromplin, tromplin on.  
A laity fair climped off on him  
Und trip mit dainty toes :—  
Boot oh, mijn Gott !—how she vas shkreem  
Ven she trot on her drue lofe's nose !

“Oh vot ish dis I trots opon ?  
Id's shape fool well I know,  
Dere nefer yet vas flower like dis,  
Dat in de garten crow.

Dere nefer yet vas fruit like dis  
 Ash ripen on a dree ;  
 Het is Mijn Heer van Torenborg  
 Dat kan ik blainly see.

“Dat heerlijk nose, van Torenborg,  
 Ish known of anciend dime,  
 'Tis writ in olten chronikel  
 Und sung in minsdrel rhyme.  
 Und dis, de noblest of de race  
 Since hishdory pegans,  
 Ish shtickin here—shdraighdt out de dirt,  
 Shoost like some boer manns.

“Oh cuss de man dat mordered him !  
 Ach, cuss him oop and down,  
 Ja—cuss him troo de forest roads,  
 Und tamn him in de toun !  
 Und burn his vater und moder,  
 Where'er deir vootshteps vall,  
 Mit his schwesters und his broders,  
 De teufel rake dem all !

“May afery cuss dat e'er vas cusst,  
 Since cussin foorst pegan ;  
 Pe hoorled in von drementous cuss,  
 Acainsdt dat nasdy man !  
 From de foorst crate cuss on Adam,  
 To de smalles' of de crop”—  
 Here de tead man gafe a shifer,  
 Und gry oud—“For Gott's sake—*shdop* !

“Dere's a cerdain lot of shwearin,  
 Vitch anger always crafes ;  
 Boot spite like dat's enof to pring  
 De tead men from deir craves.

I can't lie here no longer,  
Und hear soosh pizen pain ;  
Und since you've shtirred me out, I kess  
I'll coom to life acain."

Mit von drementous shkreem of pliss,  
His drue lofe shtood de shock,  
Den catcht him wildly py de nose,  
"Ach Torenborg—lev'st du nock !  
Ach ja—du aint'st nod tead yet !  
Dere's life shdill lef' pehind,  
Gott pless de chance dat lef' dy nose,  
Shdill wafin in de wind."

Mit hands all ofer diamonds,  
She loosed de sand apout,  
Mit an oyster-shell so wildly  
She digged her lofer out.  
"Und now dou'rt in free air, lofe !  
Who warst shoost now in sand !  
Dere vasn't ish a nicer man,  
In all de Nederland !"

Vhere vas dit liedeken written,  
Vhere vas dit liedeken sing,  
Dat had gedone Hans Breitmann,  
In de town of Schevening !  
'Tvas written ober Rheinwein,  
'Tvas written ober bier—  
Und wer das lied gesungen hat,  
Gott geb ihm ein glucklich's jahr.\*

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\* " And to him who sung this song,  
God give a happy year ! "

## AMSTERDAM.

TO Amsterd—m came Breitmann  
All in de Kermes tide ;  
Yonge Maegden allegader  
Filled de straat on afery side.  
De meisjes in de straaten  
Vere tantzin alle nacht long ;  
Dere vas kissen, dere vas trinken,  
Mit a roar of Holland song.

Who went into de straaten  
Ven de sonn had gone his day,  
De Dootch gals quickly grapped him  
Und tantzed him wild away.  
Dere was der Prinz von Capua,  
Who fell among dese wags ;  
Dey tantzed him off in a carmagnole,  
Und sent him home in rags.

Und den at afery gorner,  
So peaudifool to see,  
De volk was bilin dough-nuts,  
Or else was fryin tea.  
Und Kermes cakes mit boetry,  
Vitch land-volk dinks a dreat,  
Mit all of Barnum's blayed out shows  
In dents along de shdreet.

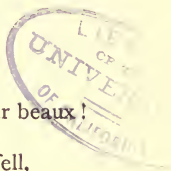


Id pring de tears to Breitmann's eyes,  
To find in many a shtand  
Vot oft he'd baid a quarder for  
To see in a distand land.  
De Aztec dwins und de Siamese  
(Dough soom vere a wachsen sham);  
Mit de Beardet Frau und de Bear Woman—  
All here in Amsterdam

De fashion here in Nederland  
Ish not vot you'd soopose,  
Mit oos, men bays de vomens,  
Boot de Dootch gals hires deir beaux!  
Dey hire dem for de season,  
Und pecause moosh rain ish fell,  
Dey alvays bays a higher brice,  
For a man mit an umberell.

Und dere was Nord Hollander maids,  
So woonderfool to see,  
Mit caps of gold und goldne pins,  
Und quaint orféverie.  
Likewise de Zeeland boersmen,  
Mit silber bootons gay;  
Und silber belts, und silber knives,  
Mijn Gott!—how sdrange vere dey!

But dough de men wore silber gear,  
Und de vrouws in gold were tall,  
De gals vere gabblin all de dimes,  
Und de men said noding at all.  
“Dey say dat sbeech is silbern,  
Boot silence golden pe,  
Dat aint de vay dey vork id here,”  
Said Breitemann, said he.



Goot Gott ! how Breitmann vent it,  
 In moonlighdt or in rain ;  
 Den vakened to Schied—m it,  
 Ven de mornin peamed again.  
 For to solfe von awfool broplem,  
 He vas efer shdill incline ;  
 If—den wijn is beter als de min,\*  
 Or—de min doet veel meer als de wijn.

Dwo weeks der Breitmann studiet,  
 Vile he vent it on de howl.  
 He shpree so moosh to find de troot,  
 Dat he lookt like a bi-led owl.  
 Den he say, “ Ik wil honor Bacchus,  
 So long as ik leven shall ;  
 Boot not so moosh verciereren  
 As to blace him ofer all.

De rose of lofe is lofely  
 In zomer ven it plow ;  
 De bush shdill gifes a bromise,  
 In winter mid de shnow ;  
 Ja, als de bloeme is geplukt,  
 En van den steel genomen,†  
 Ve know de peautiful vill life,  
 Till zomer is gekomen.

Boot oh dose vas arch-heafeny dimes,  
 Ven by mine lofe I sat ;  
 Und see de maedchen pring de grapes,  
 Und crash dem in a vat.

\* “ If wine is better than loving,  
 Or if love doth much more than wine.”

† “ Yes, when the flower is plucked,  
 And taken from the stem.”

Und ven her glances unto mine  
In plessfool ropture toorn ;  
I dink dere ne'er vas no two crapes  
Like dem plue eyes of hern.

Wat is soeter als de trinken,\*  
Ja—niet kan beter zyn.  
Niet is soeter as de minne,  
It smackt nog beter als wijn.  
Es giebt nichts wie die Mädchen,  
Es gibt nichts wie das Bier,  
Wer liebt nicht alle beide,  
Wird gar kein Cavalier.

O vot ve vant to quickest come,  
Ish dat vot's soonest gone.  
Dis life ish boot a passin from  
De efer-gomin-on.  
De gloser dat ve looks ad id,  
De shmaller it ish grow ;  
Who goats und spurs mit lofe und wein,  
He makes it fastest go.

---

\* " What is sweeter than this drinking ?  
Yes—naught can better be.  
Naught is sweeter, though, than loving ;  
It tastes better than wine to me.  
There's nothing like the maidens,  
There's nothing like good beer,  
And he who does not love them both  
Can be no cavalier."

## Germany.

*BREITMANN AM RHEIN—COLOGNE.*

HOW wunderschön das Vaterland  
In audumn-life abbears ;  
Vot rainpows gild ids vallies crand,  
Ven seen troo vallin tears.  
Und VON I'll creet mit sang und klang,  
Und drown in goldnen wein ;  
Old Deutschland's cot her sohn again :  
Hans Breitmann's on der Rhein.

Und doughts ish schwell dat mighdy heart,  
Too awfool for make known ;  
Ven dey shunt him from de railroat car  
Und tropped him in Cologne.  
De holy towers of de dome  
Cleam, twilight-veiled, afar ;  
Und like some lonely bilgrim's pipe,  
Dim shines de efenin star.

Hans look to find his baggage check,  
Und see dat all ish shdraighdts,  
Denn toorn him to de city toors,  
"Mein nadife land—wie gehts?"

Boot *dat's* vot all who read may run—  
Fool blainly armies write ;  
Id's ofer all half Shermany,  
Set down in Black and White.

Oh, Black and White ! O Weiss and Schwarz !  
Vot dings ish dis to see ?  
I vonder vot in future years  
Your mission ish to pe ?  
Also in crate America  
We had soosh colors too !  
Die Färb' sind mir nicht unbekannt \*—  
Id's shoost *tout comme chez nous*.

Next tay to de Cathedral  
He vent de dings to view,  
Und found it shoost drei thaler cost  
To see de sighds all troo.  
"Id's tear," said Hans ; "boot go aheth,  
I'fe cot de cash all right ;  
Boot id's queer dat's only Protestands  
Vot mosdly see de sighdt !

"Im Mittelalter I hafe read  
De shoorsh vas always sure—  
An open biculture gallerie,  
Und book for all de poor.  
Boot now de dings is so arrange  
No poor volk can get in ;  
We Yankees und de Englisch are  
Pout all ash shbends de tin.

---

\* "The colours are not unknown to me."

" I shmiles like Mephistopheles  
 In shoorshes ven I see  
 Poor Catholics vollerin round apout  
 To shdeal a sighdt—troo ME !  
 Dey peep und creep roundt chapel gates,  
 Boot soon kits trofe afay,  
 Dey gross demselves, und make a brayer—  
 Boot den dey cannot bay !

" Dese Deutsche sacrisdans might learn  
 More goot in Italy,  
 Where beoples bays shoost half de brice,  
 For ten dimes more to see,  
 De volk vot dink I shbeak sefere  
 Apout dese Küster vays,  
 May read vot Mr. Bädeker  
 In his Belgine Hand Buch says."

Und valkin oop und town de down  
 Von ding vas shdill de same :  
 Shoost ash of oldt he saw de shpread  
 Of Jean Farina's name.  
 He find it nort', he find it sout',  
 He find it eferywhere ;  
 Dere vas no house in all Cologne  
 Boot J. M. F. vas dere.\*

De best Cologne in all Cologne  
 I'll shwear for cerdain sure,

\* " Ils etaient deux alors ; ils sont mille aujourd'hui.  
 Sur ces temps primitifs le doux progrès a lui,  
 Et chaque jour le Rhin vers Cologne charrie  
 De nombreux Farinas, tous 'seul,' tous 'Jean Marie.'"  
 —Le Maout, "*Le Parfumeur*," cited by Eugene Rimmel  
 in *Le Livre des Parfums*, Paris, 1870.

Ish maket in de Jülichsplatz  
Und dat at Numero Four.  
Boot of dis Cologne in Jülichsplatz  
Let dis pe undershtood,  
Dat some of id ish foorst-rate pad,  
Vhile some is foorst-rate good.

Boot von ding drafellers moost opserve,  
Dis treadful trut I dells,  
Fast ash dis Farinaceous crowd  
So vast hafe grown the schmells—  
Dose awfool schmells in gass' und strass'  
Vitch mofe crate Coleridge squalm :  
If *so* he wrote, vot vouldt he write  
Apout dem now, py tam ?

Of all de schmells I efer schmelt,  
Py gutter, sink, or well,  
At efery gorner of Cologne  
Dere's von can peat dat schmell.  
Vhen dere you go you'll find it so,  
Don't dake de ding on troost ;  
De meanest skunk in Yankee land  
Vould die dere of disgoost.

Boot noding dinked der Breitmann  
Of schmutz or idle schein,  
Vhen he sat in Abendämmerung  
Und looket owd on der Rhein  
Im goldnen gleam—vhile pealin far  
Rang shlow, shveet kloster bells,  
Und in de dim, plue peaudiful,  
Rose distant Drachenfels.

Dey trinket lieb Liebfrauenmilch  
So pure ash voman's trut' ;  
De singed de songs of Shermamy,  
De songs of Breitmann's yout'.  
De songs mit tears of vanished years,  
Made peaudiful in wein.  
Dus endet out de firster tay  
Of Breitmann on der Rhein.



## AM RHEIN.—No. II.

IM KAHN.

“ Were diu werlt alle min,  
Von deme mere unze an den Rin,  
Des wolt ih mih darben,  
Daz diu dame von Engellant  
Lege an minen armen.”

—*Carmina Burana.*

AM Rhein ! Acain am Rheine !  
In boat oopon der Rhein !  
De castle-bergs soft goldnen  
Im Abendsonnenschein,  
Mit lots of Rudesheimer,  
Und saitenklang und sang,  
Und laties singin lieder,  
Ash ve go sailin 'long.

Und von fair Englisch dame  
Vas dere, so wunderscheen ;  
Vene'er der Breitmann saw her,  
Id made his heartsen pain.  
Oh, dose long-tailed veilchen Augen,  
Vitch voke soosh hopes und fears,  
Deir shape vas nod like almonds,  
Boot more like fallin tears.

Und shpecdagles were o'er dem,  
De glass of pince-nez kind,  
In mercy to de beoples,  
Less dey pe shdrucken blind.  
Und gazin in dem glasses,  
Reflected he pehold  
De Rhine, mit all de shdeam-poats,  
Und crags in Sonnengold.

De signs upon de bier-haus ;  
De gals a-washin close ;  
De wein-garts on de moundain,  
Like heafenly shdairs in rows :  
De banks, basaltic-paven,  
Like bee-hife cells to view ;  
A donkey shtandin on dem,  
Likevise her lofer too.

All dis oopon dos glasses  
Vas blainly to pe seen ;  
One saw whate'er vas nodiced,  
Py de schöne Engländerinn.  
Boot oh ! de fery lofe-most  
Of all dat lofe-most pe  
Her own plue veilchen Augen—  
Herself she couldt not see.

So ist es in dis Leben ;  
For beaudy oft we spied,  
Nor know de cratest peaudy  
Ish in our soul inside.  
Mein Gott ! Vot himmlisch shplendor  
Vas seen mitout an toubt,  
If some crate bower supernal  
Vas toorn oos insite out !

Und gazin long on Natur,  
Und gazin long on Man,  
Shdill all dings glite vorüber,  
Ash since de vorldt pegan :  
Ash in dat laity's glasses,  
Ve see dem bassin py ;  
Yet veel a soul beneat' dem,  
A schweet eternal eye.

O schöne Englisch maiden  
Mit honey-colored hair,  
Dat flows ash if a bienen korb  
Had got oopsettet dere—  
Und all de schweetness of your soul  
Vas dripplin from your brain !  
Oh shall I efer meet mit dir  
Oopon dis eart' acain ?

O Englisch engel maiden !  
O schveet betaubend dofe !  
O Rheinwein und cigarren !  
O luncheon, mixed mit lofe !  
O Drachenfels und Nonnenwerth !  
O Liebeslust und pein !  
Dus ents de second chapterlet  
Of Breitmann on der Rhein.

## AM RHEIN.—No. III.

NONNENWERTH.

*(Alt Deutsch.)*

HE shtood peside de Kloster-place,  
Oopon de Rheinisch shore,  
Und dere he saw a lofely face,  
He'd seen in treams pefore.

“Feinslieb, und will'st dou go mit me ?  
Feinslieb, make no delay ;  
For rocks ish shdeep und vales ish teep,  
Und dings ish in de way.”

“Und oh ! how can I go mit dir,  
Or flyen out of land ?  
Der bischof holts me py de law,  
Der Rheingraf by der hand.

“Liebsherz, if dou could'st landwarts gehn,  
I'd follow willingly ;  
Boot we are leafs, und shdrong's de shdem  
Vitch pinds oos to de dree.”

“Der briest who helt dee py de law  
Ish now a broken man ;  
Der Rheingraf who vouldt marry dee  
Ish in der Kaisar's ban.

“Und if de Kloster-beoples here  
Vill shdop your goin to town,  
Bei Gott ! I’ll burn von half of dem,  
De oder half I’ll trown !

“Denn linger not to back dy drunk,  
Boot led our lofe hafe vings ;  
Dere’s milliners in fair Cologne,  
Vill make you avery dings.”

She toorn her eyes im mondenschein,  
She schmile so heafenly :  
“Dear lofe, so shendle und so goot !  
I’ll cut away mit dee.

“Und do not kill de Kloster-volk,  
’Tvouldt only bring tiscrace !  
Dough if I had de abbess here,  
Lort ! how I’d slap her vace !”

De moonlighdt blayed oopon de drees,  
It shined oopon de blain,  
Two forms rode in de midnight woods,  
Und nefer coomed again.

## M U N I C H.

## GAMBRINUS.

"Vot ish Art? Id ish *somedings to drink*, objectively fore-ge-brought in de Beaudiful. Doubtest dou?—denn read, ash *I* hafe read, de Dyonisiacs of Nonnus, und learn dat de oop-boorstin of infinite worlds into edernal Light und mad goldnen Lofeliness—yea of *dein own soul*—is typifide only py de CUP. Vot!—shdill skebdigal? Tell me denn, O dou of liddle fait, vere on eart ish de kunst obtain ids highest form if not in a BIERSTADT?\* Ha! ha! I poke you *dere!*"

—*Caupo Recauponatus*, MS. by Fritz Schwackenhammer, *olim candidatus theologiæ* at Tübingen, shoost now lagerbierwirth in St. Louis. (Dec. 1869.)

"Cerevisia bibunt homines  
Animalia ceteræ fontes."

## I.

I N a field of goldnen parley  
Goot King Gambrinus shlept,  
Und treamin' pout de dursty volk,  
Dey say he gried und vept.

\* *Bierstadt*—Herr Schwackenhammer had evidently here in view, not only the American artist BIERSTADT, but also the great city of Munich, specially famous for its manufacture of beer.

“ In all mine land of Nederland,  
Dere crows no mead or wein,  
Und wasser I couldt nefer get  
Indo dis troat of mein.

“ Now hear me on, ye headen gotts !  
Und all de Christian too ;  
Der Bacchus und der Shoopider,  
Und Màrie tressed in plue !  
Und mighdy Thor, der donner gott,  
Und any else dat be !  
Der von as helps me in dis Noth,  
His serfant I will pe.”

Und ash dis sinfull headen  
All in de parley lay,  
Dere coom in tream an angel  
Who soft dese worts tid say :  
“ Stay oop, dou boor Gambrinus !  
For efen all aroundt  
Im parley vhere dou shleepest,  
Some dings goot to trink ish found.

“ Im parley vhere dou shleepest  
Dere hïdes a trink so clear,  
Dat men will know zukunftig—  
Ash porter—ale—or bier.”  
Und denn in Nederlandisch  
He put de könig troo,  
Und gafe him—allwhile treaming—  
De recipé to prew.

Oop rose der goot Gambrinus,  
Und shook him in de sun :

“Go vay, ye sinfool headen gotts !  
Mit you its out und done !  
Ye’fe left me mit mine beoples  
In error und in durst,  
Till in our treadful tryness,  
Ve tont know vitch is wurst.”

Dat vas der goot Gambrinus  
Oonto his palac’t vent,  
Und loafers troo de Nederland  
To all his lordts he sent.  
“Leave Odin—or you lose your hets !”  
De order vas sefere,  
Yet tinged mit mildness, for he sent  
De recipé for bier.

O den a merry sound vas heardt  
Of bildin troo de land,  
Und de kirchen und de braweries  
Vent oop on efery hand ;  
For de masons dey vere hart at vork,  
Und trinkin hart at dat,  
Und some hat bricks mitin de hods,  
Und some mitin deir hat.

Dey prew it in de Nederland,  
Dey prew it on de Rhine ;  
Boot in de oldt Bavarian land,  
Dey make it shdrong und fein.  
Und he dat trinks in Munich,  
Ash all goot vellers know,  
Has got somedings to dink apout,  
Vwherefer he may go.



## II.

Hafe you heardt of Kōng Gambrinus?

    If you hafent id vas gueer,  
For he vas de first erfinder  
    Und de holy saint of bier.  
Und his bortrait, mit a sceptre,  
    Fery peaudifool to see,  
Hangs on afery lager-bier house,  
    In de land of Germanie.

Efery vhere de whole world ofer,  
    Deutschers paint him on de sign,  
As a broof dat dey are dealin  
    In de Bok und Lager line.  
Crown und bier-mug, robe und ermine ;  
    German signs of empire, dese,  
Mit a long white beard a fallin'  
    Fery nearly to his knees.

Vonce dis bier-saint, pright und early,  
    Rose from bett und vent his vay,  
To a dark mysderious gastle,  
    Vhere his lager-donjon lay.  
Vhile de lark's first song vas ringin',  
    Und die roses shone in dew,  
Den his soul vas shoost in order  
    To enshoy de early brew.

Deeply, awfooly he schwilled it,  
    Till de vaults seem toornin round ;  
Und vwhile tipsy—*over* tips he—  
    In he falls—und dere is trowned.

Yet vwhile goorglin in de bier-fass,  
    Biously he gafe his soul :  
“Gott verdammich ! Donnerwetter !  
    Himmels sacrament-a-mol !”

Dere dey found der köng “departed,”  
    Not mitout his stir-up cup :  
Moosh dey woonderd dat he berishet  
    Vhen he might hafe troonk it oop ;  
Or dat his long peard vitch floatet  
    Fool a yard on efery side,  
Hadn’t buoyed him from destrugdion :—  
    Dus der beer-dead monarch died.

## FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAIN.

‘Sankt Martin war ein frommer Mann  
 Trank gerne *Cerevisiam*,  
 Und hatt er kein *Pecuniam*  
 So liess er seinen *Tunicam*.’

(COMMENT BY HERR SCHWACKENHAMMER.)

VONCE oopon a dimes in Frankfort der Herr Breitemann exsberientcet an interfal pedween de periot ven he hat gespent de last remiddance he hat become from home, und de arrifal of de succeedin wechsel, or bill of exghange—und, in blain derms, was hard up. Derefore he vent to dat goot relation who may pe foundt at den or fifdeen per cent. all de worlt ofer,—“mine Onkel,”—und poot his tress-goat oop de shpout for den florins. No sooner vas dis done, dan dere coomed an infitation from de English laity in whom he vas so moosh mit lofe in betaken, to geh mit her to a ball-barty. Awful bad vas he veel, und sot apout tree hours mitout sayin nodings, und denn wafin his hand, boorst out mit de vollowin version of dat peaudiful lied by Wilhelm Caspary :—

“*Mein Frack ist im Pfand-haus.*”

Mine tress-goat is shpouted, mine tress-goat aint  
 hier,  
 While you in your ball-ropes go splurgin, mein tear !

To barties mit you I'm infitet you know,  
 Boot my pest coat ish shpouted—mine poots are no  
 go.

To hell mit mine Onkel—dat rasgally knafe !  
 Dis pledgin und pawnin has mate me his slafe !  
 Ven I dink of his sign-bost, den dree dimes I bawl,  
 While mine plack pants hang lonèly und dark on de  
 wall.

Goot night to dee fine lofe—so lofely und rich,  
 Mein tress-goat ish shpouted—gon-fount efery stitch !  
 I dinks dat olt Satan troo all mine affairs,  
 Lofe, business, und fun, has been sewin his tares.  
 My tress-goat ish shpouted—mine tress-goat aint  
 here,

While you in your glorie go shinin, mein tear,  
 Und de luck of der teufel ish loose ofer all,  
 While my black pants hang lonely und dark on de  
 wall.

Dis *four-goin* song vas over-set by der Hans Breitmann from de German of Wilhelm Caspary, whose lyric vas a barody on a dranslation made indo Deutsch by Freiligrath from anoder boem py Sir Waldherr Scott, vitch Sir Waldherr vas kit de idée of from an oldt Scottish ballad vitch pegin mit de vorts—

“My hearts in de Hielands, mein hearts ish nae hier,  
 Mein hearts in de Hielands, in wilden revier ;  
 It hoonts for de shtag, und id hunts for de reh,  
 Mein hearts ist im Hochland wo immer ich geh.”

Dis is de original Scotch, as goot as I can mineself rememper it. Ven I vas dell der Herr Karl Blind pout dis intercommixture of perplexified dransitions

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from Scotch to English, and dence into German, and dereafter into a barody, vitch vas be done ofer again indo Herr Breitmann's own slanguage, he sait it vas a Rattenkönig—a phrase too familiar to mine readers to require any wider complication.\*

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\* Rattenkönig, or Rat-king, is a term applied in German to a droll mixture of incidents or details. It is derived from an extraordinary story of twelve rats, with one (their king) in the centre, which were found in a nest with their tails grown together, firmly as the ligament which connects the Siamese Twins.

## Italy.



## BREITMANN IN ROME.

DERE'S lighds oopon de Appian,  
     Dey shine de road entlang ;  
 Und from ein hundert tombs dere brumms  
     A wild Lateinisch song ;  
 It rings from Nero's goldnen haus ;  
     Evoe !—here he coom !  
 Fly oud, ye mœnads, from your craves !—  
     Hans Breitmann's got to Rome !

For vwhile de lamp holts oud to purn,  
     Or von goot shpark ish dere,  
 Dere's hope for all of dem whose lives  
     Ish down in Lemprière.  
 Von real, *shenuine* heathen  
     Is coom at last to home ;  
 Ye shleepin gotts, lift oop your hets—  
     Hans Breitmann lifes in Rome !

Silenus mit der Hercules,  
     Dere-to der Maia's sohn,  
 Ish all unite in Breitmann  
     To make a stunnin one.

Frau Venus mit de Bacchanals  
Ist shmile to see him come ;  
De Vesta only toorn her pack  
Vhen Breitmann kit to Rome.

He vented to de Vacuum,  
Vhere de Bope ish keep his bulls ;  
Boot couldn't vind dem, dough he heardt  
Dat all de blace vas fools.  
Dere ish here and dere some *ochsen*,  
Right manivest I see ;  
Boot de bools all comes from Irish priests,  
Said Breitemann, said he.

Und goin' py de Vacuum,  
Und passin' troo de yard ;  
Mein Gott ! how vas he stoomple, vhen  
He see de Schweitzer guard,  
Mit efery kinds of colors tressst,  
Like shtreamers in de van.  
"Hans Wurst ist stets ein Deutscher g'west,"  
Das marked der Breitemann.

Und dus replied an guartsmann :—  
"I shoys to see you here :  
Ich bin dem Bapst sei Laibgaertner.  
Dazu a halberthier.  
Dis purpur kleid of yellow-plue  
Vas made, ash I hafe heard,  
Py von Hans Michel Angelo,  
Der tailor of our guard.

"Ve're shoost von hoondert dirty strong,  
Ve list for twenty year ;  
De serfice ist not pad, boot dis—  
Verdamm das Römisch bier !

For ven mit *birra gazzosa*  
A maiden fills my glass,  
She might ash vell gife gift ash say—  
‘Feinslieb, ich schenk dir dass!’”

Und dus rebly der Breitmann :—  
“Un Tedesco Italianazato,  
Ein Deutscher toorned Italian, ish  
Il diavolo in carnato.  
Your clothes are like infernal flames,  
Dey burn my fery soul ;  
Boot to-night we’ll trink togedder—nun  
Lieb’ landsmann lebe wohl !”

At de Sherman artisds’ festa,  
Where all vas pright und fair,  
’Tvas fairer und more prighterfull  
When Breitmann enter dere.  
Und der waiters in de Greco  
(So long he trinked und sot)  
Vas called him L’Ubbriacone—  
’Tvas de name der Breitmann got.

He saw a veller in de shstreet,  
Vot sell some friction-matches ;  
De kind dey call Infallible,  
For dey *blazes* ven you *scratches*.  
Dey dragged him off to brison,  
Und tied him mit a rope ;  
For in Rome dere’s nix Infallible,  
Dey said, excebt de Bope.

Hans see de crate Prometheus,  
In Corsini’s gallery hang ;  
He tought apout de matches,  
Und it made his heart go bang.



It's risk to carry light apout,  
Too cheap for efery man ;  
How de Lucifers is fallen ! \*  
*Ita dixit* Breitemann.

He got among de Bope's Zouaves,  
Dey trinked from morn to night ;  
Den frolicked *colle belle*  
Ontil de shky crew pright.  
It blease der Breitmann vonderfool,  
And dus he often say :  
“*Zouaviter in modo* ish  
Der real Roman way.”

Boot oh, his heart burned vild mit fire,  
His eyes gefilled mit tears,  
At de gotts in efery bilder saal,  
Mit goats' legs, tails, und ears.  
Und he sopped—“Ach liebes Deutschland,  
Bist here on every hand ?  
Was machst du Mephistophelés  
So weit im Wälschen Land ?”

Boot de wood-nymphs boorst out laughin,  
Der Garten-gott dere to,  
Und sait—“Oldt Hans ! vile you're apout  
Ve nefer can look blue.”  
Den Pan blay on his Syrinx,  
To de tune of Mary Blane,  
“Don't gry pecause ve're out of town,  
Ve're coming pack again.

---

\* “Lucifers.” The first name applied in America to friction matches, and one still used by many people.

“ Von day you got de yolk und white,  
De next day only shells ;  
Von day dey holts a council,  
Und de next day—‘someding else !’  
Id’s bopes und kings, und gotts and dings,  
Oopon dis eartly ball ;  
Boot for *me* id’s all von frolic,  
Und a high oldt carnival !

“ Rise oop, dou Odin-trafeler,  
Und toorn dee to de Nort,  
Wherefrom, as Bible dells dee,  
Crate efil shall come fort.  
Dere is mutterins in Ravenna,  
Und ere long dere’ll come a turn,  
A real hell-bender from de land  
Of Dieterich von Bern.

“ Und ven der Breitmann’s prototype,  
Der Fictoor Manuel,  
Cooms tromplin, tromplin troo de fern,  
To give dis coountry hell.  
Und ven in La Comarca,  
Der is shtorm in all de air,  
Dy Gotts vill gife dee vork, mein Sohn,  
Hans Breitmann shall be dere !”

For a yar will nod be ofer  
Pefore de Fräntsch will run,  
Und de game at last be ented,  
Und Italy pe *won*.  
Und denn in roarin battle,  
For hishtory so grand,

---

Dy banner'll lead de Uhlan spears,  
All in de Frankenland.

---

*Nota bene.*—Dis boem was all written in 1869, pefore de wars ; und all de dings prophezeit in it coomed to bass. Herein der Herr Breitmann abbears ash a Seher or Prophet so crate as de cratest ash nefer vas. Der crate ardist, Mishter W. W. Story, for whom dis lied vas written, can proof all dis.

FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER.  
[Redaktör.]

## LA SCALA SANTA.

“Robusti sono i fatti.”  
 —*Discorso del Terremoto*, del S. Alessandro  
 Sardo. Venetia, A.D. 1586.

IN San Gianni Lateran,  
 Dey've cot a flight of shdairs,  
 More woonderful ash nefer vas,  
 As Latin pooks declares.  
 For you kits your sins forgifen,  
 If you glimes dem knee py knee ;  
 It's such a gitten up a stairs,  
 I nefer yet did see.

Now as Breitmann vas a vaitin  
 Among some demi reps,  
*Ascensionem expectans*,  
 To see dem glime de steps,  
 Dere came a sinful scoffer,  
 Who his mind had firmly set  
 To go dem holy sdairs afoot,  
 Und do it on a bet !

Boot shoost as he vas startet,  
 To make dis sassy go,  
 Der Breitmann caught him py de neck,  
 Und tripped him off his toe !

---

Und den dere come de skience,  
    *A la prenez gardez vous;*  
For he bung his eye and bust his shell,  
    Und shplit his noshe in dwo.

De briests vere so astonish,  
    To see him lam de man,  
Dat dey shvore a holy miracle  
    Vas vork by Breitemann.  
Says Breitmann, "I'm a heretic,  
    But dis you may pe bound,  
No chap shall mock relishious dings  
    While I'm a bummin round.

"Und you owes me really noding,  
    For as I'll plainly show,  
At last I've found out someding  
    Vot I alfays vant to know.  
Und now dat I have found it,  
    In de newspapers I'll brag :  
*Evviva! Ho trovato,*  
    Vot means a Scala-Wag."\*

---

\* *Scalawag*—an American word, of very doubtful origin, signifying a low, worthless fellow.

## BREITMANN INTERVIEWS THE POPE.

“Altri beva il Falerno, altri la Tolfa.

Toscana re, dite

Pria ch'io parli dite.”

—*Bacco in Toscana*, di Francesco Redi.

“Si regressum feci metro

Retro ante, ante retro—

Quid si graves sunt acuti?

Si accentus fiant muti?

Quid si placide, plene, plane

Fregi frontem Prisciani?—

Sat est Verbum declinavi

Titubo-titubas-titubavi.”

—*Barnabæ Itinerarium*. London, 1716.

VON efenin ash der Breitmann vent from his wein-  
haus vinkin,

So peepy mit Falernian vitch he vas starkly trinkin,  
He found his hut and goat was gone,—dey'd dook em  
oud for dryin,—

Und in deir blace a priester hut und priester mantel  
lyin.

Der Breitmann poot de triangel oopon his het, and  
whistled,

Den rop de cloak around his form, and down de Corso  
mizzled.

De beoples gazed mit staunischment as bey dem he  
go vheelin,  
He look ganz *oltra tramontane*, so twisty vas his  
reelin.

Next tay in *Vaticano*, while he shtared at frescoes  
o'er him,  
Hans toorned und mit amazemend saw der Pabst vas  
shoost pefore him !  
Down on his knees der Breitmann vent—for so de law  
it teaches ;  
He proke two holes in de bavement—und likewise  
shblit his preeches.

“Ego video,” says de Bope—“tu es antistes ex  
Almania,  
Est una mala gente et corrupta con insania,  
Un fons hereticorum et malorum tut terribile,  
Perche non vultis che ego—il Papa—sei infallibile.”

“Sit verbo venia,” said Hans, “permittle, Sancte  
Pater,  
Num verum est ut noster *rum* gemixta est mit water?  
In coelis wo die götter live, non semper est sereno,  
Nor de wein ash goot ash decet in each *spaccio di*  
*vino*.

“Sunt mihi multi fratres qui si denkunt ut dicisti,  
Ego kickerem illos, validê, per sanguine de Christi !  
In nostro monasterio si habemus nostrum rentum  
Contra infallibilità non curamus rubrum centum.\*

---

\* “If we can in our monastery collect our rents, we do not  
care a red cent for infallibility.”

“Viginti nostrorum nuper convenere,  
In quodam capitulo, simul et dixere ;  
Papa vult Concilium in Romam tenere,  
Quid debemus super hoc ipsi respondere ?” \*

Et dixit noster presul, “Es ist mir omnis unus,  
Si Papa est infallibilis, tanquam non sum jejunos,  
Si Nonus est Pius aut Pius est Nonus—  
Diabolus curat. Non accipio dieser onus.

“Si possum me jacere circum vitrum Rhenovini †  
Es ist mir wurst si Papa est originis divini :  
Deus se fecit olim homo, et nahm das irds'che  
Leben, ‡  
Et nunc Papa noster will sich selbst zum Gott  
erheben.

---

\* This verse is parodied from the lines of a ribald old Latin song, “Viginti Jesuiti nuper convenère.”

† “If I could throw myself outside of, or around, a glass of Rhenish wine.” “If I could see a glass of whisky,” said an American, “I’d throw myself outside of it mighty quick.” Since writing the above, I have seen the expression thus given in a copy of *La Belle Sauvage*.—*Bill of the Play, London, June 27, 1870.*

“Nay these natives—simple creatures—  
Had resolved that for the future  
Each his own canoe would paddle,  
Each his own hoe-cake would gobble,  
And get outside his own whisky.”

‡ “Deus se fecit olim homo,” &c. A very curious epigram to this effect was placed upon “Pasquin” while the writer was in Rome, during a past winter. It was as follows:—

“Perchè Eva mangio il pomo  
Iddio per riscattarci si fece uomo,  
Ed ora il Nono Pio  
Per mantenerci schiavi, si fa Dio.”



“Ita dixit Breitmann et sanctus Pater respondit :  
Me piace semper intendere tutto cio che l'on dit,  
Sed tu dic mihi la sua ragione :  
Tu non homo natus es, solus mangiar maccheroni.

“Tonitrus et cespes !” dixit Johanes Breitmann.  
“Si veritatem cupies, tunc ego sum der right man ;  
Percute semper ferrum dum caldum est et *malle-*  
*able*,  
Nunc est tuum tempus te facere *infallible*.

“In nostra America quum Præses decet abire,  
Die ultimo fecit omne quod posset imaginire.  
Appointet ambasciatores et post-magistros,  
Consules et alios, per dextros et sinistros.

“Quum Rex Bomba ista Neapolit—anus,  
Compulsus fuit to shin it—ut dixit Africanus—  
Fecit ultimo die ducos et countos, vanus.  
(Inter alios M'Closkey, tuus Hibernicus chamber-  
lanus.)\*

“Et quia tu es ; ut credo ; ultimus Poporum,  
Facis bene devenire, quod dicitur High Cocka-  
lorum—  
Sei magnissimus *toad in the puddle*, ite caput, magna-  
mente ;  
Et ERITIS SICUT DEUS, nemine contradicente !

“Unus error solus, Sancte Pater commisisti.  
Quia primus *infallible* non te proclamavisti,

---

\* M'Closky. An Irish adventurer, admirably depicted by Mr. Charles Lever.

Nam nemo audet dicere : Papa fecit quod non est bonus.

Decet semper jactare super *alios* probandi onus.

‘Conceptio Immaculata, hoc modo fixisti,  
Et nemo audet dicere unum verbum, de isti :  
Non vides si infallibilis es, et vultis es exdare,\*  
Non alius sed *tu* solus hanc debet proclamare.”

“Figlio mio,” dixit Papa ; “Tu es homo mirabilis,  
Tua verba sunt mi dulcior quam ostriche cum Chablis  
In tutta Roma, de Alemania gente,  
Non ho visto uno con si grande mente.

“Vero benedetto es—eris benedictus,  
Tibi mitterem photographiam in quo sum depictus.  
Tu comprendes situatio—il punto et gravamen.  
Sunt pauci clerici ut te. Nunc dico tibi.—Amen !”

---

\* “Do you not see that if you are infallible, and wish to give it out.”

## THE FIRST EDITION OF BREITMANN.

SHOWING HOW AND WHY IT WAS THAT  
IT NEVER APPEARED.

“ Uns ist in alten Maeren  
wunders viel geseit  
Von Helden lobebaeren,  
von grosser Arebeit.  
Von Festen und Hochzeiten,  
von Weinen und Klagen,  
Von kuehnen Recken Streiten,  
möht Ihr nun Wunder hören sagen.”  
—*Der Nibelungen Lied.*

D<sup>O</sup> oos, in anciend shdory,  
Crate voonders ish peen told  
Of lapors fool of glory,  
Of heroes bluff und bold ;  
Of high oldt times a-kitin,  
Of howlin und of tears,  
Of kissin and of vightin,  
All dis we likes to hears.

Dere growed once dimes in Schwaben,  
Since fifty years pegan,  
An shild of decend elders,  
His name Hans Breitemann.

De gross adfentures dat he had,  
If you will only look,  
Ish all bescribed so truly  
In dis fore-lyin book.

Und allaweil dese lieder  
Vere goin troo his het,  
De writer lay von Sonntay  
A-shleepin in his bett ;  
Vhen, lo ! a yellow bigeon  
Coom to him in a dream,  
De same dat Mr. Barnum  
Vonce had in his Muséum.

Und dus out-shprach de bigeon :  
“ If you should brint de songs  
Or oder dings of Breitmann  
Which to dem on-belongs,  
Dey will tread de road of Sturm and Drang,  
Die wile es möhte leben,\*  
Und be mis-geborn in pattle—  
To dis fate ish it ergeben.”

Und dus rebly de dreamer :  
“ If on de ice it shlip,  
Denn led id dake ids shanses,  
Rip Sam, und let 'er rip !  
Dou say'st id vill pe sturmy :  
Vot sturmy ish, ish crand,  
Crates heroes ish de beoples  
In Uncle Samuel's land.

---

\* “ During its life.”

“ Du bist ein rechter Gelbschnabel,\*  
O golden bigeon mine,  
Und I'll fighdt id on dis summer,  
If id dakes me all dis line.  
Full liddle ish de discount,  
Oopon de Yankee peeps.”  
“Go to hell !” exclaim de bigeon ;  
Foreby vas all mine shleeps.

Dere vent to Sout Carolina  
A shentleman who dinked, †  
Dat te pallads of der Breitmann  
Should papered pe und inked.  
Und dat he vouldt fixed de brintin  
Before de writer know :  
Dis make to many a brinter,  
Fool many a bitter woe.

All in de down of Charleston,  
A druckerei he found,  
Where dey cut de copy into *takes*  
Und sorted it around.  
Und all vas goot peginnen,  
For no man heeded mooch.  
Dat half de jours vas Mericans  
Und half of dem vas Dutch.

Und vorser shtill, anoder half  
Had vorn de Federal plue,

---

\* “Thou art a very puppy.”

† This was the late Charles Astor Bristed of New York, to whom many of these ballads were addressed in letters.

Vhile de anti-half in Davis grey  
Had peen Confederates true.  
Great Himmel ! vot a shindy  
Vas shdarterd in de crowd,  
Vhen some von read Hans Breitmann,  
His Barty all aloud !

Und von goot-nadured Yankee,  
He swear id vos a shame,  
To dell soosh lies on Dutchmen,  
Und make of dem a game.  
Boot dis make mad Fritz Luder,  
Und he swear dis treat of Hans,  
Vos shoost so goot a barty  
Ash any oder man's.

Und dat nodings vas so looscious  
In all dis earthly shpeer,  
Ash a quart mug fool of sauer-kraut,  
Mit a plate of lager-bier.  
Dat de Yankee might pe tam mit himself,  
For he, der Fritz, hafe peen,  
In many soosh a barty  
Und all dose dings hafe seen.

All mad oopsproong de Yankee,  
Mit all his passion ripe ;  
Und vired at Fritz mit de shootin-shtick,  
Vheremit he vas fixin type.  
It hit him on de occiput,  
Und laid him on de floor ;  
For many a long day afder  
I ween his het was sore.

Dis roused Piet Weiser der Pfaelzer,  
Who vas quick to act und dink ;  
He helt in hand a roller  
Vheremit he vas rollin ink.  
Und he dake his broof py shtrikin  
Der Merican top of his het,  
Und make soosh a vine impression,  
Dat he left de veller for deat.

Allaweil dese dings oonfolded,  
Dere vas rows of anoder kind,  
Und drople in de wigwam  
Enough to trife dem plind.  
Und a crate six-vooted Soudern man  
Vot hafe vorked on a Refiew,  
Shvear he hope to Gott he mighd pie de forms  
If de Breitmann's book warn't true.

For de Sout' vas plounded derriple,  
Und in dat darksome hour  
He hafe lossed a yallow-pine maiden,  
Of all de land de vlower.  
Bright gold doublones a hoondered  
For her he'd gladly bay  
Ash soon ash a thrip for a ginger-cake,  
Und deem it cheap dat day.

To him antworded a Yorker  
Who shoomp den dimes de *boun-ti-ee* :  
(De only dings *he* lossed in de war  
Was a sense of broperty.)  
Says he, "Votefer you hafe dropped  
Some oder shap hafe get,  
Und de yallow-pine liked him petter ash you,  
On dat it is safe to bet !"

Dead pale pecame dat Soudern brave,  
 He tidn't so moosh as yell,  
 Boot he drop right on to de Yorker,  
 Und mit von lick bust his shell.  
 Denn out he flashed his pig-sticker,  
 Und mit looks of drementous gloom,  
 Rooshed vildly in de pattle  
 Dat vas ragin round de room.

Boot *in angulo*, in de corner—  
 Anoder quarrel vas grow  
 'Twix a Boston shap mit a Londoner ;  
 Und de row ish gekommen so :  
 De Yankee say dat de H-*u*-mor  
 Of soosh writin vas less dan small,  
 Dough it maket de beoples laughen,  
 Boot dat vas only all.

Denn a Deutscher say, by Donner !  
 Dat soosh a baradox  
 Vould leafe no hope for writers  
 In all Pandora's bænder box.  
 'Twas like de sayin dat Heine  
 Hafe no witz in him goot or bad,  
 Boot he only *kept sayin* witty dings  
 To make beoples pelieve he had.

Denn de oder veller be-headed  
 Dat dere vas not a shbark of foon  
 In de pad spelt lieds when you lead dem  
 Into Englisch correctly done :—  
 Den a Proof Sheet veller respondered,  
 For he dink de dings vas hard,  
 "Dat ish shoost like de goot oldt lady  
 Ash vent to hear Artemus Ward.



“Und say it vas shames de beoples  
Vas laugh demselfs most tead  
At de boor young veller lecturin,  
Vhen he tidn’t know vot he said.”  
Hereauf de Yankee answered,  
“Gaul dern it :—Shtop your fuss !”  
And all de crowd togeder  
Go slap in a grand plug-muss.

De Yankee shlog de Proof Sheet  
Soosh an awfool smock on de face,  
Dat he shvell rite oop like a poonkin  
Mit a sense of his tisgrace ;  
Boot der Deutscher boosted an ink-keg  
On dop of de oder’s hair :  
It vly troo de air like a boomshell—denn—  
Mine Gotts !—Vot a sighdt vas dere !

Denn ofer all de shapel  
Vierce war vas ragin loose ;  
Fool many a vigheten brinter  
Got well ge-gooked his goose.  
Fool many a nose mit fisten,  
I ween was padly scrouged ;  
Fool many an eye pright gleamin  
Vas ploody out-gegouged.

*Dô wart úfgehouden,\**  
Dere vas hewin off of pones ;  
*Dô hôte man darinne\**  
Man heardt soosh treadful croans.

---

\* Lines from Gudrun, each of which is freely translated by the line following it.

*Jach waren dâ die Geste,\**

De row vas rough and tough,  
*Genuoge sluogen wunden—\**  
Dere vas plooty wounds enough.

De souls of anciend brinters  
From Himmel look down oopon,  
Und allowed dat in a *chapel*  
Dere was nefer soosh carryins on.  
Dere was Lorenz Coster mit Gutemberg,  
Und Scheffer mit der Fust,  
Und Sweynheim mit Pannartz trop deers,  
Oopon dis teufel's dust.

Dere vas Yankee jours extincted  
Who lay upon de vloor,  
Dere vas Soudern rebs destructed,  
Who vouldt nefer Jeff no more.  
Ash deir souls rise oop to Heafen,  
Dey heardt de oldt brinters' calls,  
Und Gutemberg gifed dem all a kick  
Ash he histed dem ofer de walls.

Dat ish de vay dese Ballads  
Foorst vere crooshed in plood and shdorm,  
Fool many a day moost bass afay  
Pefore dey dook dis form.  
De copy flootered o'er de preasts  
Of heroes lyin todt,  
Dis vas de dire peginnin—  
Das war des Breitmann's Noth.

---

\* Lines from Gudrun, each of which is freely translated by the line following it.

Dis song in Philadelphia  
Long dimes ago pegun,  
In Paris vas gondinued, und  
In Dresden ist full-done.  
If any toubt apout de *facts*,  
In nople minds ish grew,  
Let dem ashk Carl Benson Bristed,  
*He* knows id all ish drue.

Und now, dese Breitmann shdories  
Is gebrindt in many a lant,  
Sogar in far Australia  
Dey're gestohlen und bekannt :—  
*“Geh hin mein Puch in alle VVelt  
Steh auss was dir kompt zu !  
Man beysse Dich, man reysse Dich  
Nur dass man mir nichts thu !” \**

---

\* “ Go forth, my book, through all the world,  
Bear what thy fate may be !  
They may bite thee, they may tear thee,  
So they do no harm to me ! ”



BREITMANN'S LAST BALLADS.



*BREITMANN IN TURKEY.*

**D**ER BREITMANN hear im Turkenreich  
Vas fighten high und low,  
"Steh auf, oh Schwackenhammer mein !  
It's dime for us to go.  
Zieh dein Kanonenstiefel an,  
Und schleife Dir das Schwert,  
Schon lang her han mer nichts gethan,  
Der Weg ist reitenswerth." \*

"Oopon vitch side? I hartly know  
Boot von side in dis war :  
Dere ist de holy Russ-land  
All mit a holy Tsar ;  
But I pe not a holy-er,  
Nor you von Saint, I fear ;  
Our line is holy ploonder,  
Mit sacred Lager-bier.

"Dere's von Constantinoble-man  
Vot write to me, und say

---

\* " Pull on your boots so rough and tough,  
And whet your sword beside,  
We have been lazy long enough,  
The road is worth the ride."

He kits me an commission  
To make me Breitmann Bey,  
Und if I mounts de turpan  
Und keeps de Muslin law,  
Und bribes ein wenig, den I rise  
To Breitemann Pasha.

“Dis much is drue, dat Toorkey is  
A real Powder land,  
Und if dey’re goin’ to touch it off,  
Vy, ve moost pe on hand.  
Und if ve shpring into de airs  
While meddlin’ in de fuss,  
I rader dink some Russian bears  
Vill shpring along mit us.”

Und ven he kit to Turkreich  
Der Breitmann work like mad,  
Und kit ein corps togeder,—  
Mein Gott ! vat men he had !  
Mit Polers und mit Shipsies,  
Ungaren, Turks, und such,  
Und allerlei Gesindel. “Hei !”  
Says Hans : “dis beats de Dutch !”

Den onwards to his Schicksal\*  
Und forvarts troo de night,  
Und oopwarts to his mission,  
Und downvarts in de vight.  
Until in de Bulgáren  
Von night his horse he strode,  
Und meet a tausand Kossacks  
Pefore him on de road.

---

\* Schicksal, Destiny.



Slap forward rode der Breitmann  
Right on de Kossack spears,  
But forvarts coom deir leader  
And halted his careers,  
Und gry, "O Turkisch Ritter,  
I am de Capitán,  
And if you want a shindy,  
Step up, and I'm your man."

Dey fightet like der teufel,  
Dey fightet mit deir swords,  
Und Breitmann vould hafe kilt him,  
But 'twas not on de cards,  
For de Kossack fire a bistol  
As his retreadt pegan,—  
Down from his horse all senseless  
Flop ! went der Breitemann.

Vhen he hafe kit his senses,  
Der Breitmann find he lay  
Insite a nople castell,  
Upon a canapé ;  
Und py his side a lady  
So wunderschön to see,  
Vas shlisin oop a lemon  
Indo a cop of thée.

Den to himself say Breitmann,  
Aldough he hold his jaw,  
"Dis is de vinest womans,  
Py Gott ! I efer saw.  
Vot lofeliness ! vot muscle !  
Mit efery himmlisch charm !  
She measures twenty inches,  
Bei Donner ! roundt de arm."



De lady see his glances  
So noble und so game,  
Und yust as *he* reflected  
She dink of him de same,  
Und she say, "Wie gehts?" in English,  
"Du galiant cavalier,  
Who art pecome de captive  
All of my bow und spear.

"I am a gal dis mornin',  
Yestreen I vas a knight,  
Old hoss—you nearly smashed me,  
I guess, in that small fight ;  
And if I hadn't shot you  
I think I should have ran."  
"Gottshimmel mit Potzbomben !  
Egsclaim der Breitemann.

"But say, O nople lady,  
Vot got you in dot set  
Of plackgards—vilt dou dell me?"  
De dame rebly : "You bet !  
My father came from Boston,  
And when this war began  
He got a splendid contract,  
All with the Russi-án,

"To sell the army shoe-strings ;  
But I have read of fights,  
And I dream of war and glory,  
For I go for women's rights ;  
Then I read a book of poems  
Which fairly turned my head,  
The ballads of Hans Breitmann"—  
"Oh——ho !" Hans Breitmann said.

“And as I think the Breitmann  
Must be the greatest man  
Who ever went a-fighting  
Since History began,  
I dressed me like a soldier,  
For I am stark of limb ;  
With Breitmann for a model,  
And try to act like him.

“Oh, tell me, noble captive,  
While rolling in this storm  
Which men call life, hast ever  
Beheld Hans Breitmann’s form?  
Oh, could I once embrace him,  
And gaze into his eye,  
And feel his arms around me,  
Then I would gladly die.

“He is the man of mortals,  
The Odin of them all,  
A higher Incarnation,  
The ‘*Menschheitsidéal*,’\*  
A being made to worship,  
To me an earthly Gott”——  
“Py shings !” exclaim Hans Breitmann,  
“Dis ding is gettin hot !

“O laity !—noble gountess !  
Dis man of whom you dink  
Ish lyin’ here pefore you,  
Half tead for want of trink,

---

\* *Menschheitsidéal*, Human Ideal.

Likewise for lofe of you, too,  
Done up mit lofe and durst,  
Und mit de two togeder,  
I don't know vitch is vorst.

“And dou canst safe dy hero  
From bitter Todespein,  
If dou hast in de Keller  
Only one *Fass* of wein.  
Nay, doubt not—in my pocket  
Is dot vitch brofes de man,  
My bassport, und drei tavern bills  
Against der Breitemann.”

De laity she emprace him  
Oontil he nearly bust.  
“Potz-blitz !” gasp out der Breitmann,  
“She *is* a squeezer—*yust* !”  
De damé she vas vealty,  
Likewise an orphan too,  
Mit a castel und a titel,  
So Breitmann put it troo.

So soon the paar vere marrit,—  
Hei ! vot a dimes dey had !  
Hei ! how dey life togeder  
So clorious und clad !  
Now he has cot a titel  
Dot was a Capitán ;  
Hier hat de tale ein Ende  
Of Herr Count Breitemann.

*COBUS HAGELSTEIN.*

I CH bin ein Deutscher, und mein name is Cobus  
Hagelstein,\*  
I coom from Cincinnàti, and I life peyond der Rhein ;  
Und I dells you all a shdory dot makes me mad ash  
blitz,  
Pout how a Yankee gompany vas shvindle me to fits.

I heardt apout dis gompany, und vished to see dot  
same,  
Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft vos ids  
name ;  
Dot is de name in Sherman—in English it will  
say  
Dot it insures your life mit fire, ven you de money  
pay.

Now, I hod a liddle house-line vhere I life so shtill  
ash mice,  
Und yoost drei tausand dollar vos dot little pilding's  
brice ;

---

\* A little stream in Cincinnati, beyond which lies the German quarter, is known as the Rhine.

I vos always yoost so happy ash ein Kaiser in de  
land  
Dill at last I kit in drople, for mein haus vos  
abgebrannt.

Den I goes undo dot gompany und dells em right  
afay  
(Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft), und I  
say,  
"At last de youngest day ist coom for you to plank de  
cash,  
And you moost bay me monies, for mine haus is  
purned to ash."

Den de segredary answered, "All dis is fery drue,  
Boot you know ve have de option to pild your house  
anew ;  
Dere ist a lot of beoples vot burns deir hauser doun,  
Den coom to kit de money pack all over in de  
toun."

I look indoo de bapers und I find it ash he say,  
Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft need not  
bay ;  
So I dells em all to go aheth und pild anoder shdore,  
Und dey make me von in Yankee shdyle more petter  
ash pefore.

Den I met der segredary dereafter on a day,  
Of Das Lebensfeuerversicherungsgesellschaft, und he  
say,  
"You've found oos vellers honoraple und honest in  
our line,  
Vy tont you go insure de life of Madame Hagel-  
stein?"

♦

I poots mine dum oopon mine nose, and vinks him  
mit mine eye,  
Und says I cooms to do it ven de océan runs dry,  
Ven geeses turn to ganders, und de bigs kits shanged  
to shvine ;  
Oh, den I makes insure de life of Madame Hagel-  
stein.

“I haf dried you on insurance, ash you know, yust  
vonce pefore,  
Und ven mein haus vas abgebrannt you pild anoder  
shdore ;  
Id’s drue you pild it goot enough, boot I dell you  
allaweil,  
I vas liket id moosh petter if it vas in Sharman  
shdyle.

“Now, if I goes insure my wife anoder dime mit you  
Das Lebensfeuerversicherung, I knows vot it would  
do,—  
If from dis vorldt Frau Hagelstein should rise to  
Himmel life,  
Inshtead of paying gelt you’d kit for me a Yankee  
wife !”

I poots mine dum pelow mine eye, und vinks him  
merrily,  
Und say, “Go find soom Deutscherman dot is more  
creen ash me.  
Dere’s blendy of dem creen enough, I know, peyond  
der Rhein,  
But none among dem wears de name of Cobus  
Hagelstein.”

## FRITZERL SCHNALL.

## A BALLAD.

ASH on de Alapama biz,  
     Deep sinnin long I sat,  
 I dinks von ding for dinkin  
     Py afery Diplomat ;  
 Und dat ist : dat voll many a ding  
     Vot ist *de facto* done,  
 May pe *de jure* unbossible,  
     Und *officiél* unknown.

Von dimes in San Franciscus,  
     Im Californian land,  
 Among de Californaments  
     Dere woned a Deutscher band ;  
 Und shief among dese heroes  
     Dere shone Herr Fritzerl Schnall,  
 Who nefer vouldt pelief in nichts  
     Dat vos not lōgicál.

Vell den : von tay, as Fritzerl  
     Vas valk Dolores Shtreet,  
 Mein Gott ! how he vas over-rush  
     Ein gut oldt friendt to meet ;



Hans Liederschnitz aus Augsburg,  
Vot professed in Bayrisch bier—  
“Gottskreuz ! du alter Schlingel !”  
Cried Fritz : “Was mochst du hier?”

Now in des dimes I scribe of,  
Dree ways der vere bakannt,  
*Und only dree*, to get to  
Das Californigen Landt.  
De virst de Plains coom ofer ;  
De next, de Istmoos troo ;  
De dird aroundt Cape Horné,  
All ofer de ocean plue.

But de first lot of surveyors  
For de railroad overland,  
Vas seek a new vay northwarts,  
All for de Eisenbahn,  
Und mit dem, der professor  
Of Lager vent along ;  
So he kommed to San Franciscus,  
Und den into dis song.

But ash unto Herr Fritzerl  
Dis news vas unerheard,  
He couldt not know de tidings  
Wherevon he had no vord ;  
Und derefore dis here quesdion  
He makes to Hans : “Old hoss,  
I kess de vay you kit hier,  
You kommed de Blains agross?”

“Nein, nein,” sayt Liederschnitzerl ;  
“I komm not ash you say.”  
“Vell, den,” antworded Fritzerl,  
“It pe’s anoder vay.

If you komm de Blains not über,  
I see vot you hafe do :  
You make an longer um-way  
Und gross de Istmoos troo."

"Nein, nein," acain saidt Schnitzerl,  
"Dat road I nefer know,  
Und vas not ride de Istmoose !"  
Cried Fritz, erstaunished, "SO  
You komm de Blains not über,  
Nor gross de Istmoose troo ?  
Vell, den—to make de Horn aroundt  
Vas all dat you could do !"

"I shvears py Gott !" says Schnitzerl,  
"So sure as you vas porn,  
Exshept oopon some ochsen  
I nefer saw a horn.  
Dat ish—mitwiles, too—while-en—  
I hafe von in mine hand,  
Und trink to dy Gesundheit,  
Im lieben Vaterland."

Erstaunished stoot der Fritzerl :  
No wort herout brought he :  
Und sinned, und sinned—den sighftserd.  
"Potz blitz ! how vash dis pe ?"  
Ontill a light from Himmel  
Vlash down into him shtraight,  
Ash Heafen in Yacob Böhme  
Vlash from a bewter blate.

Den laut he cry, eye-shbarklin,  
Ash droonk mit Truth tifine,

---

Like der Wahrheitseher Novalis :  
" Herr Gott ! es leuch't mir ein !  
If you komm de Blains not over,  
Nor py Horn, nor py canál,  
Den I shwears you dis, Hans Schnitzerl,  
*Du bist not here at all !*"

MORAL. Go in for Wahrheit,  
Und for Pure Reason seek ;  
If it land you in a pog-hole,  
Den die dere —like a brick !  
Gott brosher all logĭkers,  
Und pless deir nople breed ;  
Und so ist komm zu ende  
Dis Breitmanns letzte Lied.

*THE GYPSY LOVER.*

**D**OT vos a schwartz Zigeuner \*  
Dot on a viddle played,  
Und oonderneat' a fenster  
He mak't a serenade.

Dot vos a lofely gountess  
Who heardt de gypsy blay'n.  
Said she, "Who make dot musik  
Vot sound so wunderscheen?"

Dot vos de schwartz Zigainer  
Who vos fery quick to twig ;  
Und he song a mournvoll pallad  
How his hearts vos proken—big !

Dot vos de lofely gountess  
Said, "Dell me who you are?"  
He saidt, "Mein name is Janosch,  
De Lord of Temesvar."

Dot vos de lofely gountess  
Said, "Come more near to me,  
I wants to dalk on piz'ness :  
I'll trow you down de key."

---

\* That was a dark young gypsy.

---

Dot vos de moon kept lightin'  
De gountess in her room,  
Boot somedings moost have vrighten  
De minstrel tid not coom.

Dot vos a treadfool oudgry  
Ven early in de morn  
Dey foundt de hens vos missin,  
Und all de wash vos gone !

Dot vos a schwartz Zigeuner  
Vot sot oopon de dirt  
A-eatin roasted schickens  
All in a new glean shirt.

*DORNENLIEDER.*

## I.

**F**OR efery Rose dot ploome in spring,  
 Dey say an maid is porn ;  
 For efery pain dot Rose vill make  
 Dey say dere comes a dorn.  
 Boot let dem say yoost vot dey will,  
 Dis ding I will soopose,  
 I'll immer prick mein finger still,  
 If I may pfluck die Ros'.  
 Ach, Rosalein, du schöne mein,\*  
 Dot man vas nefer born  
 Vot did deserfe to win de Rose,  
 Vot couldt not stand de Dorn.

Blutfärbig ist die schöne Ros',†  
 Und dot ist yoost a sign  
 Dot I moost lose a liddle Blut  
 To make de Rosé mein.  
 Wer Rosen bricht die Finger sticht ;  
 Das ist mir ganz égal,  
 Der bricht sie auch in Winter nicht,  
 Und kits no Rose at all.

\* Ah, Rosalie, my lovely one !

† Blood-coloured is the lovely rose.

Was wir hier treiben und kosen, love,  
 De joy or misery,  
 Soll bleiben unter der Rosen, love !  
 Und our own secret pe ! \*

## II.

Von Dorn ride out in hoonting gear,  
 Mit his horse und his Hundé too,  
 Und his mutter she say,  
 "Bring home a deer,  
 Mein Sohn, votefer you do !"  
 "You know, gewiss, dot I nefer miss,  
 Und ven you hear mine horn,  
 Pe sure dot a deer is comin' here,"  
 Said der Ritter Veit von Dorn,  
     Mit his deer so fein, tra la la la !  
     Mit his deer so fine, tra lé !  
     Tra la la—tra la la la !  
     Tra la la—la la lé !

Von Dorn he ridet im greenen wood  
 Till dere, peneat' a dree,  
 He sah a maid wie Milch und Blut,  
 As fair ash a maid could pe.  
 Und der Ritter he spies her great plack eyes,  
 "Id's petter, I'll pe shwore,

---

\* Who roses picks his finger pricks  
 No matter what befall ;  
 In winter-time he finds them gone  
 And gets no rose at all.  
 Our petting and caressing here,  
 Our joy or misery  
 It all shall rest *sub rosa*, love,  
 And our own secret be !

To hafe a dear oopon two feet  
 Dan von dot roons on four.  
 Mit a dear so fein, tra la la la !  
 Mit a dear so fein, tra lé !  
 Tra la la—tra la la la !  
 Tra la la—la de lé !”

Der Ritter ridet pack to home :  
 “Ach, mutter—all ist goot ;  
 I prings you here de finest dear  
 In all de greené woot.”  
 De mutter she looks, mit joy surprise,  
 “Hast Recht, mein lieber Sohn ; \*  
 Dere vas nefer a deer vot hafe soosh eyes  
 Ash de dear vot you hafe won !”  
 Mit her eyes so plack, tra la, la la !  
 Mit her eyes so plack, tra lé !  
 Tra, la, la—tra la, la, la !  
 Tra la la—la de lé !

*Nota bene.*—Dis song moost pe sung mit exbression.

—FRITZ SCHWACKENHAMMER  
 [Redaktör].

\* “Thou’rt right, my darling son.”



## BREITMANN'S SLEIGH-RIDE.

VEN de winter make oos shifer  
Und de bonds is froze mit ice,  
To shlide und shkate on de rifer,  
Mit de poys und gals is nice.  
Ven de horses hafe deir bits on,  
Und de roats pe vite mit shnow,  
To vly in a sleigh like blitzen  
Is de yolliest dings I know.

"Und its high, hooray !" saidt Breitmann,  
"For de gals on de Dutchtown-side ;  
Und it's *lebe hoch* ! fer de yunglins,  
Vot'll go mit de gals to ride ;  
Und it's hip, herjé ! for de drifers  
Vot nefer dake no odds !  
Und it's *vivat* ! for de vellers,  
Vot'll shtand de apple-tods !"

Der Breitmann pooled his mits on,  
Der Breitmann crocked his vip,  
"Now its fly like dunner blitzen,  
Mein shildren, let 'er rip !  
Like de eagles on de shtorm-cloudt  
A-vlyin' to deir nest ;

Dere is opple-yack a-vaitin  
For de von dot times de rest.

“Oh mein Rapp, du bist de pestest  
Of horses in de land !  
Dou canst trafel on de grafel,  
Und canst shell it on de sand !  
Oh Rapp !—dere’s money on id,  
Ton’t let de Gelt go blue !  
I wants you show de beoples  
Dis tay vot you can do !”

Der Breitmann mit his mädchen  
Vas in a shblentit shleigh,  
Fritz Laufer mit his Mina,  
Vas yoosht agross de vay ;  
Mit pop-slets und mit yoompers,  
Mit horses and mit mules,  
Dere vas more ash vifty fellers  
Come mit deir ve-hi-cules.

Id’s “*Ein—Zwei—Drei !*” togedder,  
Dey hollered klein und gross,  
Like de wind in shtormy wetter,  
Stracks vent de Deutschers los !  
Dey crock de vips like mooskets,  
Dey ring from berg to berg,  
“Hooray !” exsglaim Hans Breitmann :  
“Dot sounds like Gettysburg !”

Der Breitmann und der Laufer  
Vere half a mile aheth,  
For ven id coom to driven,  
De oder Dootch vere deadt.

Dey vly like teufel's arrows,  
Mit imps oopon em gay,  
Dey killt five hoondred shbarrows  
Vot kit indo de vay.

Dey vly like rats und blitzen,  
De fery gals vos doomb,  
Und Breitmann kept his wits on,  
To see vot shanse vouldt coom ;  
He know'd de pace dey clipped it  
Moost enden in a shquall  
By de vay der Laufer ripped it,  
Und de shteeds vere ganz egál.

Der Laufer he vos leadin'  
Hans Breitmann ash he goed,  
Boot he tidn't see a soplin'  
Dot vos lyin' in de road.  
Id yank dem out like marples,  
Mitout a will or shall ;  
Hets downvarts in a shnow-pank,  
Vent Laufer mit his gal.

Und ash Breitmann comed oonto it  
Id kit indo his vay,  
Und tossed him mit his mädchen  
Right indo Laufer's shleigh ;  
Hans crab de reins like blitze',  
Und go aheth like sin :  
"Adjé, mein lieber Fritze ! \*  
Dis dimes I scoop you in !"

---

\* " Good-bye, my friend, my Frederick ! "

He vly away like shvallows  
To vhere a davern lay,  
Vhere de opple-tod vos ploomin'  
Among de Deutschers gay.  
Der Breitmann as he vonisht  
Yoost cast von look pehind,  
At de lecks of Fritz—und Mina—  
A-vafin in de wind.

*Homburg vor der Höhe, Hesse-Nassau,  
September 1, 1888.*

*THE MAGIC SHOES.*

**I**T was stiller, dimmer twilight—amber toornin' into  
gold,  
Like young maidens' hairs get yellow und more dark  
as dey crow old ;  
Und dere shtood a high ruine vhere de Donau rooshed  
along,  
All lofely, yet neclected—like an oldt und silent song.

Out shpoke der Ritter Breitmann, "Ven I hafe not  
forgot,  
Ich kenn an anciendt shtory of dis inderesdin shpot,  
Of the Deutscher Middleolter vot de Minnesingers  
sung,  
Ven dot olt ruine oben vas a-bloomin, fair, und yung.

"Vonce dere lifed a noble fraülein—fery peautiful vas  
she,  
More ash twendy dimes goot lookin—it is in de  
historie ;  
Und mit more ash forty quarters on her woppenshield,\*  
dot men  
Might beholdt mitout a discount she vas of de upper  
ten.

---

\* Woppenshield, coat-of-arms.

“But dough lofely as an angel, mit eyes of turkos  
plue,  
She vas cruel ash a teufel, und de vorst man efer  
knew.  
Vonce ven a nople young one kneeled down to her  
mit lofe,  
She kicket him mit her slipper und oopset him on de  
shtove.

“Und said, ‘I do refuse you, as you may plainly  
see;  
Und from dis day henseforvart mine *refuse* you  
shall pe,  
Und when I do run afder you like dogs run afder  
men,  
Den I vil pe your vife, yung man—boot keep away  
dill denn!’

“He lishten to her crimly, and no single vort he  
said,  
Boot de bitter dings she spoken poot der teufel in his  
head;  
For she hafe not learned de visdom, vich is always  
safe and sound,  
‘Don’t go to pourin’ water on a mouse ven id ist  
trowned.’

“Vonce, at de end of autoom, ven de vind vos bitter  
cold,  
Dis maiden out a-ridin’ met a voman poor and old;  
Her feets vere bare and pleedin’, and she said, ‘Ah!  
ton’t refuse  
To gife me, nople lady, yoosht de vorst of your oldt  
shoes!’

“De lady boorst out laughin’, ‘Fool here, or fool me  
dere,  
You give to me a couple, I gives to you a pair.’  
Denn she rode away a-laughin’; de old voman says  
‘I wete,  
I’ll give you shoes, my lady, dot vill fit your soul and  
feet!’

“Dis voman vas a vitchè, an bitter one dere to,  
All dot vot she had shpoken she light enough could  
do;  
De Ritter did not know it, but he told her of his  
love,  
And how dot shkornful lady hat oopset him mit de  
shtove.

“Out spoke de grimme witchè, ‘She shall pay dee  
well to boot,  
If you pring to me de measure of dat lady’s liddle  
foot.’  
He got it from her shoemaker, and gafe id to de  
vitch,  
Denn she gafe it to de damsel pooty soon as hot as  
pitch.

“Von morn de lofely lady, on openin’ her toor,  
Found de nicest pair of gaiter boots she efer saw  
pefore;  
Dey vitted her exoctly—mitouten any doubt—  
Boot, mein Gott! how she vas schrocken *ven dey ’gun  
to valk apout!*

“Und ash de poots go valkin’, like de buds go mit de  
stem,  
It vollowed dot de lady had to valk apout in dem.

Dey took her out into de street—dey run her on de  
road,  
Bym-by she saw a man ahead vot led her vhere she  
goed.

“Vhen she vent valkin’ longsime denn longsime vas  
her pace,  
Vhen he roon like a greyhound she skompered in  
a race ;  
He led her o’er de moundains und cross de lonely  
plain,  
Until de evenin’ shadows, ven he took her home  
again.

“Denn she dink mit hate and fury of dis man she  
used to skoff,  
Und den go at de gaiters—boot she couldn’t pull  
dem off,  
She vork mit all de servants, boot ’tvasent any use,  
Und so she hafe to go to bett—a-shleepin’ in her  
shoes.

“Next mornin’ off dey shtarted, apout de broke of  
day,  
Den he led her to a castle in de woods and far  
away,  
And shpeak to her, ‘My lady—I dink at last you  
see  
Dat de dime has come in earnesdt vhen you’ve cot to  
vollow me !’

“Oh vat ish female nature? oh vat ish mortal pride?  
How all dot shtands de firmest most quickly shlips  
aside.



De cloudts dot o'er de moundains look shkornful  
at de plain,  
Ere long mit shtormy wetter come toomble down in  
rain.

“So de storm-cloud of Superbia vlich shweep her  
soul above,  
Vas meltet mit his shternness und be-turnèd into  
love,  
As his words like donner wetter crosched ven de  
lightnin' flies,  
So downward coom de torrents of dear tropes from  
her eyes.

“Und she gry, ‘Mit shame I own it, to say de fery  
least,  
I gonfess dat in dis matter I hafe acted like a peast ;  
Ven I made of you my refuse, I dinked it no account,  
But now de pack is on my back it seems a big  
amount.

“‘But if you vish to ved me, I vill do vat you  
require.  
He answered, ‘*Now* you're talkin'—dot is yoost vot  
I tesire,  
For I am very willin', and you do not refuse,  
Boot remember vot you bromised—send de vitch a  
pair of shoes !’

“She answered, ‘I vill follow verever you may go,  
All ofer hills and falleys, in sunshine, rain, or schnow,  
All over in der Welt, dear, I'll vander on vith thee,  
I do not care how rough de road or dark de path  
may be !’

“‘Or in de bloomin’ meadows, vhere de grass is soft  
and sweet,  
Or in de rocky passes, vhere de stones are under  
veet,  
Or if I veare de shoes, love, vitch you hafe given me,  
Or if I moost go barefoot, is all de same to me.’

“He drew away de gaiters. She said, ‘As I’m  
rich  
I vill fill dem both mit money, and take dem to de  
vitch.’  
*Ja wohl*, she saw *die Hexe*, and takin’ her aside,  
She danked her for de lesson vot hat dook away her  
pride.

“On de vay vhen dey vere married, how vere dey  
all *erstaun*  
To see a lofely lady come in mit golden crown,  
All in a rosy-silken dress vot shined as pright as  
glass,  
Said, ‘My dears, I am de vitch dot fetch dis ding  
to pass.

“‘You know I look so ogly vonce, und now am  
peautiful,  
Dot ist de vay dot all dings vork ven folks pe  
dutiful.  
Ash de lily toorns to whitey vot once vas dirty  
green,  
So all ist fair ven virdue ist runnin’ de machine.’”

Dis is de vondrous shtory vot de Ritter Breitmann  
told  
Besides the rooshin’ Danube of de schloss so grey  
und old,

While a shmokin' of his meerschaum ; und till all time  
pe gone

The rustlin' of de vasser tells de tale for ever on.

Dat is an alt legende, und yet 'tis efer new,  
Und to efery von dot hears it it fits yoost like a  
shoe.

Und dis de shinin' moral dot in de oyster lies—  
Some day you may roon after de dings you vonce  
despise !

*Vienna, 1888.*



# GLOSSARY.



THIS Glossary was prepared entirely by Mr. NICHOLAS TRÜBNER. I am not aware that he had any assistance in writing it. I mention this because I have never met with any person who was so equally familiar with obscure and obsolete old German facetious literature (as the text indicates), and at the same time with Americanisms. I should add that in all of the later ballads, or at least in fully one half of all in the book, the author was indebted to him for ideas, suggestions, and emendations, and that the work would never have been what it is—*sit verbo venia*—but for him. Mr. Trübner was a poet, even in English, as his translation from Scheffel's poems indicates. A very few words have been added to explain the poems in the ballads which appear for the first time in this edition.

CHARLES G. LELAND.





## GLOSSARY.



- Abenddämmerung*, (Ger.)—Evening dim light ; twilight.  
*Abendgold*, (Ger.)—Evening gold.  
*Abendroth*, (Ger.)—Evening red.  
*Abendsonnenschein*, (Ger.)—Evening sunshine.  
*Abbordez-moi votre mère*, (German-French)—Bring me your mayor.  
*Ach weh*, (Ger.)—Oh, woe.  
*Allatag*, (Ger. dial.)—Every day.  
*Alla weil*—All the while ; always.  
*Allegader*—All together.  
*Alles wird ewig zu eins*, (Ger.)—And all for ever becomes one.  
*Alter Schwed'*, (old Swede)—A familiar phrase like "old fellow."  
*Anamile*, (Amer.)—Animal.  
*Annerthalb Yar, Anderthalb Jahr*, (Ger.)—Year and a half.  
*Anti Word : Antwort*—Answer.  
*Antworted*, (Ger.)—Answered.  
*Apple-tod*, (Amer.)—Apple-toddy. Spirit distilled from cider.  
*Arbeiterhalle*—Working-man's hall.  
*Arminius*, (Herman.)—The Duke of the Cheruskans, and destroyer of the Roman legions under Varus, in the Teutoburg Forest.  
*Armlos*—Unarmed.  
*Aroom, Herum*—Around.  
*Arrière pensée*, (Fr.)—A reserved thought or intention.  
*Aufgespannt*, (Ger.)—Stretched, bent.  
*Augen*, (Ger.)—Eyes.  
*Augenblick*, (Ger.)—Twinkling of an eye.  
*Aus*, (Ger.)—Out.  
  
*Bach*, (Ger.)—Brook.  
*Baender-box*—Band-box.

- Baldface corn*, (Amer.)—Plain maize whisky.
- Barell-hell pars*—Parallel-bars ; a part of the gymnastic apparatus.
- Barrick*, (Pennsylvania Ger. for *Berg*)—Mountain.
- Bauern*, (Ger.)—Peasants.
- Be-ghostet*, (Ger. *Begeistert*)—Inspired.
- Begifted*,—*Beschenkt*—Gifted.
- Begreifen*, (Ger.)—Understand.
- Beheaded*, *Behauptet*, (Ger.)—Asserted.
- Bei Leib und Leben*, (Ger.)—By my body and soul.
- Bekannt*, *Beknown*—Known.
- Bellin*, (Ger. *Bellen*)—To bark.
- Bemarket*, (Ger.-Eng.)—Remarked.
- Be-mark*, (Ger. *Bemarken*)—Observe.
- Bemarks*, (Ger. *Bemerkungen*)—Remarks.
- Bemerkbår*, (Ger.)—Observable. Should be noticed.
- Bemoost*, (Ger.)—Mossgrown, in student's language, *ein bemoostes Haupt*, an old student.
- Bender*, (Amer.)—A spree ; a frolic. To "go on a *bender*"—to go on a spree.
- Be-raised*—Raised, with the augment, literal for Ger. *erhoben*.
- Berauscht*, (Ger.)—Intoxicated.
- Besoffen*, (Ger.)—Drunk.
- Bestimmung des Menschen*—Vocation of Man, title of one of Fichte's works.
- Betaubend*, (Ger.)—Enchanting.
- Bewises*, (Ger. *Beweist*, from *Beweisen*)—Proves.
- Bibliothek*—Library.
- Bienenkorb*, (Ger.)—Beehive.
- Birra gazzosa*, (Italian)—Aerated, gaseous beer.
- Bischof*, (Ger.)—Bishop.
- Bix Büchse*, (box)—Rifle. Bess in Brown Bess is the equivalent of the German *Büchse*, (Brown being merely an alliterative epithet ;) French, *buse tube* ; Flemish, *buis*. (Still found in blunderbuss, arquebuss.) See Blackley's "Word Gossip."
- Blaetter*, (Ger.)—Leaves.
- Blei*—Lead.
- Blitz*, (Ger.)—Lightning.
- Blitzen*, (Ger.)—Lightning.
- Blokes*, (English)—Men.
- Bock*—A strong kind of German beer.
- Boemisch*—Bohemian.
- Boerenvolk*, (Flem.)—Peasants.
- Bole Jack road*—Near Murfreesboro, Tennessee.
- Bool*—Bull.

*Bornirtheit*—Limitedness of capacity.

*Bouleverse*—Boulevard.

*Bountice*, (Amer.)—Bounty-money paid during the war as a premium to soldiers. To jump the bounty, was to secure the premium and then run away.

“ This is the song of Billy Jones,  
Who jumped the boun-ti-ee.”

—*American Ballad of 1846.*

*Bowery*—A street at New York, inhabited principally by Germans.

*Branntewein*, (Ger.)—Spirits.

*Brandy smash*, (Amer.)—A plain half-glass mint julep of only sugar, ice, spirits, and mint. A regular julep is larger, and contains more ingredients.

*Brav*, (Ger.)—Good.

*Breit*, (Ger.)—Broad.

*Bring it down to dots*—Reduce it to figures.

*Brisner*—Prisoner.

*Broosh-pinder*—Brushbinder, (Ger. *Buerstenbinder*.)—Brushmaker.

The brushmakers are supposed, probably on account of their throat-parching business, to be always thirsty.

*Brummed*—growled—(Ger. *Brummen*).

*Brücke*, (Ger.)—Bridge.

*Bugs*—In America all insects, especially Coleoptera.

*Bummer*, (Amer.)—A fellow haunting low taverns; applied during the late civil war in the United States to hangers-on of the army. Probably a corruption of the German *bummler* (loafer).

*Bumming*—From Bummer.

*Bushwhackers*—Guerillas.

*Bust his shell*—Broke his head.

*Butterbrod*, (Ger.)—Buttered bread.

*By*—nearly; *Beinahe*—Almost, nearly.

*Came*—Game.

*Camine*—Chimney-piece.

*Canyon*, (Span. *Cañon*)—A narrow passage between high and precipitous banks, formed by mountains or tablelands, often with a river running beneath. These occur in the great Western prairies, New Mexico, and California.

*Carmagnole*—A wild street dance.

*Carmosine*, (Ger.)—Crimson. French, *cramoisi*.

*Carnadine*—Incarnadine.

*Change their lodge*—Shift from one “society” to another.

*Chroc*, *Chrocus*, *Crocus*—An Alemannic leader, who overran Gaul, according to Gregory of Tours.

*Chunk*—A short thick piece of wood, or of anything else; a chump.  
The word is provincial in England, and colloquial in the United States.

*Cinder*—Suende; sin.

*Clam*—The popular name of a bivalvular shell-fish, the *Venus*.

*Clavier*, (Ger.)—Piano.

*Colle belle*, (Ital.)—With the beauties.

*Comedy*—Committee.

*Conradin*—The last of the imperial house of the Hohenstaufen—beheaded at Naples in 1268.

*Coot*—(To cut) a dash, (to come out a "swell,") to dress extravagantly.

*Corned*, (Amer.)—Made drunk.

*Coster*—The inventor of the art of printing, according to the Dutch.

*Crate*—Great.

*Crecian pend*—When Breitmann says "Dat pend of the bow ish the Crecian pend," it is a rather equivocal compliment. "Grecian bend" has lately become a common newspaper expression. Smuggling done by women is called a "Case of Grecian bend." The present style of skirt, full at the back, is favourable to it.

*Crislies*—Grisly, (bear.)

*Da ist er! Schau!*—There he is! look!

*Damit*, (Ger.)—Therewith.

*Dampfschiff*—Steamboat.

*Deck*—A pack of cards, piled one upon another.

*Demperancer, Temperenzler*—Temperance man.

*Dessauerinn*—A woman from Dessau.

*Deutschland*—Germany.

*Die Hexe*—The witch.

*Die wile es möhte leben*—During all its life.

Daz wolde er immer dienen

Die wile es möhte leben.

—*Kutrun. XV. Aventure, 756th verse.*

*Dink*—he, they think; *my dinks*—my thoughts.

*Dinked*—he, they thought.

*Dishtriputet*—Instead of *attributed*.

*Dissembulatin'*—Dissembling.

*Dissolfed*—Instead of *resolved*.

*D'lusion*—Instead of *allusion*.

*Donnered*, (Ger.)—Thundered.

*Donnerwetter*, (Ger.)—Thunder and lightning.

*Dooks*—Ducks.

*Doon*—Tune.

- Doonderblix*—Thunder and lightning.  
*Dorn*—A thorn. *Dorn lieder*—Thorn-songs.  
*Drawed he in*—(literal rendering of the German *Zog er ein*,) *Einziehen*, to take up one's abode with.  
*Dreimal*, (Ger.)—Three times  
*Drocks*—Drakes, dragons; (Ger. *Drachen*.)  
*Druckerei*—Printing-office.  
*Dummehrllichkeit*, (Ger.)—Honest simplicity.  
*Dunkelheit*—Darkness.  
*Dursty*, (Ger. *Durstig*)—Thirsty.
- Earnsthaf, ernsthaft*—Serious.  
*Eber*, (Ger.)—Wild boar.  
*Eberschwein*, (Ger.)—Wild boar.  
*Eckhartshausen*—A German supernaturalist.  
*Eher*, (Ger.)—Sooner. In the dialect it has the meaning of "before."  
*Einander to sprechen mit*, (Ger.)—To speak together.  
*Eins, zwei, drei*—One, two, three.  
*Eldern*, (Ger. *Eltern*)—Parents.  
*Elfenbein*, (Ger.)—Ivory.  
*Emerich*—King Emerich, hero of a German legend.  
*Emsig Gruebler*, (Ger.)—Assiduous inquirer.  
*Engel*, (Ger.)—Angel.  
*Engländerinn*, (Ger.)—English woman.  
*Entlang*, (Ger.)—Along.  
*Erfinder*, (Ger.)—Inventor.  
*Erfunden*, (Ger. *Erfunden*)—Invented.  
*Ergeben*, (Ger.)—Resigned.  
*Error-dom, Irrthum*—Error.  
*Erstaun, Erstaunished, erstaunt*—Astonished.  
*Erstarrt*, (Ger.)—Aghast.  
*Erwaitin'*, (Ger. *Erwartend*)—Awaiting, expecting.  
*Euchre, Eucre*—Sort of game played with cards, very much in vogue in the West.  
*Euchred*—From Euchre, the game of cards.
- Fackeltantz*, (Ger.)—Torch dance.  
*Fancy craps or crabs*—Fast horses.  
*Fanes, Wetterfahnen*—Weathercocks.  
*Fass*, (Ger.)—Barrel.  
*Fat*—Printer's term.  
*Feldwebel*, (Ger.)—A sergeant.  
*Feinslieb*, (Ger.)—Fair or fine love.

*Fenster*—A window.

*Fichte*—A German philosopher.

*Finster*, (Ger.)—Dark, dismal.

*Foal*—Full.

*Foll*—To fall.

*Foon*—Fun.

*Foors*—First.

*Fore-by*—Literal translation of the German *Vorbei*.

*Fore-lying*—Literal translation of *Vorliegend*.

*Foreschlag*, (Ger. *Vorschlag*)—Proposal.

*Foresetzen*—To set, put (lay) before an audience.

*Foxen*, (Ger. *Fuchsen*)—Foxes.

*Frank-tiroir*—Franc-tireur.

*François Villon*—An old French humorous poet, whom Boileau speaks of as the first who began to write truly modern French.

*Frau*, (Ger.)—Woman.

*Freie*, (Ger.)—Free.

*Freischarlinger*, (Ger. *Freischaerler*)—A member of a Free Corps; especially applied to those who belonged to the Free Corps formed in Southern Germany during the Revolution in 1848.

*Freischuetz*, (Ger.)—Free shot, one who shoots with charmed bullets, the name of Karl Maria Von Weber's celebrated opera.

*Friederich Rothbart*—Frederic Barbarossa, the great Emperor of Germany, and one of the German legendary heroes. He is supposed to sleep in the Kyffhauser in Thuringia, and to awaken one day, when he will bring great glory over Germany.

*Frolic*—Frohlich, merry.

*Froze to de ready*—Held fast to the money.

*Fullenden*—Vollenden—To complete, perfect.

*Fuss*, (Ger.)—Foot.

*Fust* or *Faust*—The partner of Gutemberg, the inventor of the art of printing.

*Gambrinus*—A mythical King of Brabant, supposed to have been the inventor of beer.

*Gandertate*—Candidate.

*Ganz*, (Ger.)—Ganz.

*Ganz égal*—Quite the same.

*Ganz und gar*, (Ger.)—Altogether, all over.

*Garce*, (French)—Wench.

*Gass und Strass*, (Ger.)—Lane and street.

*Gast*, (Ger.)—Guest.

*Gasbalgs*—Bladder of gas.

*Gauer*—Valleys.

- Gaul darn*—G———n.  
*Gaul dern*—A Yankee oath.  
*Gauner-sprache*, (Ger.)—Thieves' language.  
*Ge-bildet*—Built, with the German augment.  
*Ge-birt'*, (Ger. *Geburt*)—Birth.  
*Geborn*—Born, with the augment.  
*Ge-brudert*, (formed like *ge-schwister*,)—Brothers.  
*Geh hin mein Puch*, (German of 16th century).  
*Gehst nit mit rechten Dingen zu*—Dost not do it by any natural means ; there is witchcraft in it.  
*Gekommene*—Arrived (newly arrived).  
*Gekommen so*, (Ger.)—Come thus.  
*Ge-kostet*—Cost, with the German augment.  
*Gelt*, (Ger. *Geld*)—Money.  
*Gemüthlichkeit*, (Ger.)—Kindly disposition, good nature.  
*Gensy broost*, (Ger. *Gänsebrust*)—Goose-breast.  
*Ge-roasted*—Roasted, (with German augment.)  
*Gesangverein*, (Ger.)—Singing-society.  
*Ge-screech*, *Geschrei*—Bawling, clamour.  
*Gesembled*—Assembled, with the augment of the German preterite.  
*Geshmasht*—Smashed, with German augment.  
*Gespickt*, (Ger.)—Larded.  
*Gestohlen*—Stolen.  
*Gestohlen und bekannt*, (Ger.)—Stolen, and known.  
*Gesundheit*, (Ger.)—Health.  
*Gewehr*, (Ger.)—Musket.  
*Gewiss*—Certainly.  
*Gift*, (Ger.)—Poison.  
*Gilt*—In the ordinary sense, and also in the same verse, "*gilt*," implying the meaning of the German verb "*gelten*," to be worth something, and also *guilt*.  
*Glamour*—Ocular deception by magic.  
*Glee-wine*, *Glueh-wein*—Hot-spiced wine.  
*Glucky*, (Ger. *Gluecklich*)—Lucky.  
*Glueck*, (Ger.)—Luck.  
*Goblum*—For goblin.  
*Gool*—Cool.  
*Gottallmachty*, (Ger. *Gottallmächtig*)—God Almighty.  
*Gottashe*—Cottage.  
*Gotteshaus*, (Ger.)—House of God.  
*Gott-full*, *gottvoll*—Glorious, divine.  
*Gottsdonnerkreuzschockschwerenoth*, (Ger.)—Another variety of big swearing.  
*Gott's-doonder*, (Ger. *Gott's donner*)—God's thunder. See also *Gott's*

*tausend*, a thundering sort of oath, but never preceded by lightning, for it is only used as a kind of expletive to express great surprise, or to give great emphasis to words which, without it, would seem to be capable of none.

*Gottsausend*, (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Gott's tausend donnerwetter* (God's thousand thunders), and therefore the comparative of *Gott's doonder*; with most of those who use it a meaningless phrase.

*Gott weiss*, (Ger.)—God knows!

*Go von*—Go one, bet on him.

*Grillers*—Guerillas.

*Grod, gerad*—Straight.

*Gros*, (Ger.)—Great.

*Guestfreundlich, gastfreundlich*—Hospitable.

*Gummi lasticum*—Indiarubber.

*Gutenberg*—The inventor of the art of printing.

*Guve*—Southern slang for give. *Guv*, for give, is also English slang as well as American.

*Gyrotwistive*—Snaky.

*Hab' und Güter*, (Ger.)—Property.

*Hagel! Blitz! Kreuz Sakrament!* (Ger.)—Another variety of swearing.

*Halberthier*, for *Halberdier*—Halberthier means half an animal.

*Hand-shoe*, (Ger. *Handschuh*)—Glove.

*Hans Michel*—A popular but not complimentary name for Germany.

*Hans Wurst*—Merry Andrew; Zani; Jack Pudding—the latter word being a literal translation of the German Hans Wurst; the pudding in either case referring to the sausages, or the pretended sausages, which the Merry Andrew always appeared to be swallowing by the yard or fathom. See Blackley's "Word Gossip."

*Harmlos*, (Ger.)—Harmless.

*Haul de pot*—Take the stakes.

*Hause*—House.

*Hegel*—Name of the German philosopher.

*Heine, Heinrich*—German poet.

*Heini von Steier*—Heinrich von Ofterdingen.

*Heldenbuch*—Is the title of a collection of epic poems, belonging to the cycle of the German Saga.

*Heller Glorie schein*—Bright gloriole.

*Hereauf, hierauf*—Thereupon.

*Herout*, (Ger. *Heraus*)—Out.

*Herr Je*, (Ger.)—An abbreviation of *Herr Jesus* (O Lord!); generally only used by those who are fond of meaningless exclamations.

*Her-re-liche, herrliche*—Superb, grand, noble.

*Hertsen*—Herzen; hearts.



- Hertzhog, Herzog*, (Ger.)—Duke.  
*Herzlich*, (Ger.)—Hearty.  
*Herzbruder*, (Ger.)—Heart's brother.  
*Hexerei*—Witchery, sorcery.  
*Himmel*, (Ger.)—Heaven.  
*Himmels-Potz-Pumpen-Herrgott*—A mild sort of a German imprecation, untranslatable.  
*Himmlisch' hoellisch' qual*, (Ger.)—Heavenly-hellish pain.  
*Hip Herjé!*—A common interjection.  
*Hobbiness*—Happiness.  
*Hoellisch*, (Ger.)—Hellish.  
*Honey fooglin', Honeyfuggle*—Is believed to be English slang. In America it means blarneying, deceiving.  
*Hoockle perry, persimmoned*—"A huckle-berry over my persimmon." Surpassed, out-done.  
*Hoof-irons*, (*Huf-eisen* in Ger.)—Horse-shoe.  
*Hoofstad*, (Flem.)—Capital.  
*Hop-sosa*, (Ger.) int.—Hop; heyday!  
*Hundé*—Dog.  
*Hundsfoft*, (Ger. *Vulg.*)—Mean scoundrel, hound.  
*Hunk*, (Amer.)—Stout, solid, profitable. "To be all hunk" means to come out of a speculation with advantage. To be well off.  
*Hut*, (Ger.)—Hat.
- I Gili romaneskro*—This song is written in the German gipsy dialect. *Eh!* in third line of second verse, is the German word *ehe*, "ere," or before. *Kuribente* ("in war," ) is in the Slavonic and gipsy *local* case, or as Pott calls it (*Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien*) the Second Dative.  
*Ik leven*, (Flem.)—I live.  
*Il diavolo in carnato*, (Ital.)—The devil incarnate, or in carnation.  
*Immer*—Ever.  
*In geburst*—Burst.  
*In Sang und Klang dein Leben lang*, (Ger.)—In music and song all thy life long.  
*Ita dixit*, (Latin)—So said.
- Jeff*—A game played by throwing up types, generally for "refreshments."  
*Joss-stick*—A name given to small reeds, covered with the dust of odoriferous woods, which the Chinese burn before their idols.  
*Jungfernkranz*, (Ger.)—Bridal garland.
- Kaiser Karl*—Charlemagne.  
*Kalt*, (Ger.)—Cold.

*Kanaster*, (Ger.)—Canaster tobacco.

*Kan ik. Ik kan*, (Flem.)—I can.

*Karfunkelstein*, (Ger.)—Carbuncle.

*Kartoffel*, (Ger.)—Potato.

*Kauder-Waelsch*, (Ger.)—Gibberish.

*Kellner*, (Ger.)—Waiter.

*Kermes*—Annual Fair.

*Kinder*, (Ger.)—Children.

*Kitin, a kitin*—Flying or running rapidly.

*Klein und gross*—Small and great.

*Kloster*, (Ger.)—Cloister.

*Knasterbart*, (Ger.)—Literally, tobacco-beard ; perhaps denoting a good old fellow, fond of his pipe.

*Kneiperei*, (Ger.)—Revel.

*Knock dem out de shpots*—Knock the spots out of them ; astonish them.

*König Etzel*—King Attila.

*Komm maidelein ! Rothe waengelein*, (Ger.)—Come maiden, red cheeks.

*König*, (Ger. *König*)—Old Norse for king.

*Kooken*—Cake.

*Kopf*, (Ger. *Kopf*)—Head.

*Kopf*, (Ger.)—Head.

*Kreutzer*—Frederick Creutzer, distinguished professor in the University of Heidelberg, author of a great work on "Symbolik."

*Krumm*, (Ger.)—Crooked.

*Kümmel*, (Ger.)—Cumin brandy.

*Kummel, kimmel*, (Ger.)—Schnapps, dram. Hans, in his tipsy enthusiasm, ejaculates, "Oh, mein Gott in *Kimmel!*" instead of "im Himmel" (heaven), becoming guilty of an unconscious alliteration, and confessing, according to the proverb *in vino veritas*, where his God really abides ; "whose God is their belly."

*Küster*, (Ger.)—Sacristan.

*Lanze*, (Ger.)—Lance.

*Lager, Lagerbeer*, (Ger. *Lagerbier*, i.e., *Stockbeer*)—Sometimes in these poems abbreviated into *Lager*. A kind of beer introduced into the American cities by the Germans, and now much in vogue among all classes.

*Lager Wirthschaft*, (Ger.)—Beerhouse.

*Laibgartner*, (Ger.)—Leibgard ; bodyguard. The Swiss in blundering makes it "body-gardener."

*Lam*—To drub, beat soundly.

*Larmen*—The French word *larmes*, tears, made into a German verb.

*Lateinisch*—Latin.

*Laughen, lachen*—Laughing.

*Lavergne*—A place between Nashville and Murfreesboro', in the state of Tennessee.

*Lebe hoch!*—Hurrah!

*Leben*—Life; living.

*Lebendig*, (Ger.)—Living.

*Lebenlang*, (Ger.)—Life-long.

*Lev'st du nock?*—Liv'st thou yet?

*Libby*—The notorious Confederate prison at Richmond, Va.

*Little Pills*—Little bills, Legislative enactments.

*Lieblich*, (Ger.)—Charming.

*Liedeken*, (Flem.)—Song.

*Lieder, Lieds*, (Ger.)—Songs.

*Liederkrantz*, (Ger.)—Glee-union.

*Liederlich*, (Ger.)—Loose, reckless, dissolute.

*Lighthood*, (Ger. *Lichtheit*)—Light.

*Like spiders down their webs*—Breitmann's soldiers are supposed to have been expert turners or gymnasts.

*Loafer*, (Amer.)—A term which, considered as the German pronunciation of *lover*, is a close translation of *rom*, since this latter means both a gipsy and a husband.

*Los, los gehen*, (Ger.)—To go at a thing, at somebody.

*Loosty*, (Ger. *Lustig*)—Jolly, merry.

*Loudet*, (*Lauten* in Ger.)—To make sound.

*L'Ubbriacone*, (Ital.)—Drunkard.

*Luftballon*, (Ger.)—Air-balloon.

*Lump*, (Ger.)—Ragamuffin.

*Lumpenglocke*—An abusive term applied to bells, especially to those which are rung to give notice that the beer-houses must close.

*Madel*, (Ger.)—Girl.

*Maedchen*, (Ger.)—Girl, maiden.

*Markgraefer*—A pleasant light wine grown in the Grand Duchy of Baden.

*Marmorbild*—Marble statue.

*Maskenzug*, (Ger.)—Procession of masked persons.

*Massenversammlung*, (Ger.)—Mass meeting.

*Mein Freund*—My friend.

*Mein Sohn*—My son.

*Meine Seel*, (Ger.)—By my soul.

*Meisjes*, (Flem.)—Girls.

*Middleolter* (*Mittelælter*)—The Middle Ages.

*Mijn liefgesellen*, (Flem.)—My dear comrades.

*Mineted*—Minded.

*Minnesinger*—Poet of love. A name given to German lyric poets, who flourished from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries.

*Mist-hauf*, (Ger.)—Dung-hill.

*Mit hoontin knife*, &c. :—

“With her white hands so lovely,  
She dug the Count his grave.  
From her dark eyes sad weeping,  
The holy water she gave.”

—*Old German Ballad.*

*Mitout*—Without.

*Mitternight*, *Mitternacht*—Midnight.

*Mitternocht*, *Mitternacht*—Midnight.

*Mohr, ein schwarzer*, (Ger.)—A blackamoor.

*Moleschott*—Author of a celebrated work on physiology.

*Mondenlight*—Moonlight.

*Mondenschein*, (Ger.)—Moonlight.

*Morgan*—John Morgan, a notorious Confederate guerilla during the late war in America.

*Morgen-het-ache*—Morning headache.

*Moskopolite*, (Amer.)—Cosmopolite. Mossyhead is the German student phrase for an old student.

*Mud-sill*—The longitudinal timber laid upon the ground to form the foundation for a railway. Hence figuratively applied by the labour-despising Southern gentry to the labouring classes as the substratum of society.

*Murmulte*—Murmured.

*Mutter*, (Ger.)—Mother.

*Naturalizationists*—The officers, &c., who give the rights of native citizens to foreigners.

*Nibelungen Lied*—The lay of the Nibelungen; the great German national epos.

*Nieuw Jarsie*—New Jersey, in America, famous *inter alia* for its sandy beaches and high surf.

*Nig*—Nigger.

*Nirwana*—The Brahminical absorption into God.

*Nix*, (Ger. *Nichts*)—Nothing.

*Nix cum raus*—That I had not come out.

*No sardine*—Not a narrow-minded, small-hearted fellow.

*Norate*—To speak in an oration.

*Noth*, (Ger.)—Need, dire extremity. Das war des Breitmann's Noth, —That was Breitmann's sore trial. Imitated from the last line of the *Nibelungen Lied*.

*Nun*—Now.

*Nun endlich*, (Ger.)—Now at last.

*O' Brady*—An Irish giant.

*Ochsen*, (Ger.)—Oxen ; stupid fellows. As a verb it also is used familiarly to mean hard study.

*Odenwald*—A thickly-wooded district in South Germany.

*Oder*—Other. See Preface.

*Oltra tramontane*; *ultra tramontane*—Applied to the non-Italian Catholic party.

*On-belongs*—Literal translation of *Zugehört*.

*On de snap*—All at once.

*On-did* to *on-do*—Literal translation of the German *anthun*; *to donn*, to put on.

*Onfang*, (Ger. *Anfang*)—Beginning.

*Oonendly*—Unendlich.

*Oonshpeakbarly*, (Ger. *unaussprechbarlich*)—Inexpressibly.

*Oop-geclearéd*, (Ger. *Aufgeklaert*)—Enlightened.

*Ooprighty*, (Ger. *Aufrichtig*)—Upright.

*Oopright-hood*, (Ger. *Aufrichtigkeit*)—Uprightness.

*Oop-sproong*—For *aufsprung*.

*Opple-yack*—Apple-jack. Spirit distilled from cider.

*Orgel-ton*, (Ger.)—Organ sound.

*Orkester*—Orchestra.

*Out-ge-poke-te*—Out-poked.

*Out-signed*, (Ger. *ausgezeichnete*)—Distinguished, signal.

*Out-sprach*—Outspoke.

*Over again*—Uebrigen.

*Paardeken*, (Flemish)—Palfrey.

*Pabst, Der Pabst lebt*, &c.—“The Pope he leads a happy life,” &c., beginning of a popular German song.

*Palact*, (Ger. *Pallast*)—Palace.

*Péké*—Belgian rye whisky.

*Peeps*—People. “Hard on the American peeps”—a phrase for anything exacting or severely pressing.

*Pelznickel, Nick, Nickel*—St. Nicolas, muffled in fur, is one of the few riders in the army of the saints, but, unlike St. George and St. Martin, he oftener rides a donkey than a horse, more especially in that part of the German land which can boast of having given birth to the illustrious Hans. St. Nicolas is supposed, on the night preceding his name-day, the sixth of December, to pass over the house-tops on his long-eared steed, and having baskets suspended on either side filled with sweets and playthings, and to drop down

through the chimneys presents for those children who have been good during the year, but birch-rods for those who have been naughty, would not go to bed early, or objected to being washed, &c. In the expectation of his coming, the children put, on the eve of St. Nicolas' day, either a shoe, or a stocking, or a little basket, into the chimney-piece of their parents' bedroom. We may remark, by the way, that St. Nicolas is the Christian successor of the heathen Nikudr, of ancient German mythology.

*Pesser, besser*, (Ger.)—Better.

*Pestain*—Stain, with the augment.

*Pfaelzer*—A man from the Rhenish Palatinate.

*Pfeil*, (Ger.)—Arrow.

*Philosopede*—Velocipede.

*Pickel-haube*, (Ger.)—The spiked helmet worn by Prussian soldiers.

*Pie the forms*—Break and scatter the forms of types—the greatest disaster conceivable to a true typo.

*Pig-sticker*—Bowie-knife.

*Pile-out*, (Amer.)—Hurry out.

*Pimeby*—By and by.

"*Plain*"—Water plain, *i.e.*, unmixed.

*Plue goats*—Blue coats, soldiers.

*Plug-muss*—Fight for a fire-plug. American fireman's language.

*Pokal*, (Poculum)—Goblet.

*Poker*—A favourite game of cards among Western gamblers.

*Poonkin*—Pumpkin.

*Pop-slets*—Bob-sleds. A very rough kind of sledge.

*Potzblitz*, (Ger.)—int., The deuce.

*Potztausend! Was ist das?*—Zounds! What is that?

*Poulderie*—Poultry.

*Poussiren*—To court.

*Pretzel*, (Ger.)—A kind of fancy bread, twist or the like.

*Prezackly*—Pre (cisely), exactly.

*Protocollirt, protocolliren*—To register, record.

*Pully*, *i.e.*, *Bully*—An Americanism, adjective. Fine, capital. A slang word, used in the same manner as the English used the word *crack*; as, "a *bully* horse," "a *bully* picture."

*Pumpernickel*—A heavy, hard sort of rye-bread, made in Westphalia.

*Put der Konig troo*—To put through, (Amer.), to qualify, to imitate.

*Pye*—To buy.

*Rapp (Rappe)*—A black horse.

*Raushlin', rauschend*—Rustling.

*Reb*—An abbreviation of rebel.

*Redakteur*—Editor.

*Red cock*—Or *make de red cock crow*. Einem den rothen Hahn aufs Dach setzen. A German proverb signifying to set fire to a house.

*Rede*, (Ger.)—Speech.

*Red-Waelsch*, *Roth-Waelsch*, (Ger.)—Thieves' language.

*Reiten gaen*, (Flemish)—Go riding.

*Reiter*, (Ger.)—Rider.

*Reiver*—Robber.

*Reue*, (Ger.)—Repentance.

*Rheingraf*, (Ger.)—Count of the Rhine districts.

*Rheinweinbechers Klang*—The Rhine wine goblet's sound.

*Richter*, (Jean Paul Fr.)—A distinguished German author.

*Ridersmann*, (*Reitersmann* in Ger.)—Rider.

*Ring*—A political clique or cabal.

*Ringe*, (Ger.)—Rings.

*Ritter*, (Ger.)—Knight.

*Roland*—One of the paladins of Charlemagne.

*Rolette*—Roulette.

*Rollin' logs*—Rolling logs, mutually aiding (used only in politics).

*Rosen*, (Ger.)—Roses.

*Rouse*, (Ger. *Heraus*)—Out ; come out.

*Sachsen*—Saxonia, Saxony.

*Sacrin*—Consecrating.

*Sagen Cyclus*—Cycle of legends.

*Sass*, *Sassy*, *Sassin'*—Sauce, saucy, &c.

*Sauerkraut*, (Ger.)—Pickled cabbage.

*Saw it*—Understood it.

*Scatterin*, *Scotterin*—Scattering.

*Schatz*—Sweetheart.

*Schauer*, (Ger.)—Awe.

*Schenk aus*, (Ger.)—Pour out.

*Schenket ein*, (Ger.)—Pour in (fill the glasses).

*Schimmel*, (Ger.)—Grey horse.

*Schimpft und flucht gar laesterlich*, (Ger.)—Swears and blasphemes abominably.

*Schinken*, (Ger.)—Ham.

*Schlager*, (Ger.)—A kind of sword or broadsword ; a rapier used by students for duelling or fighting matches.

*Schlesierwein*, (Ger.)—Wine grown in Silesia, proverbially sour.

*Schlimmer*, (Ger.)—Worse.

*Schlog him ober de kop*—Knocked him on the head.

*Schloss*, (Ger.)—Castle.

*Schmutz*, (Ger.)—Dirt.

*Schnapps*, (Ger.)—Dram.

- Schnitz*—Pennsylvania German word for cut and dried fruit.  
*Schnitz, schnitzen*, (Ger.)—To chop, chip, snip.  
*Schönheitsideal*, (Ger.)—The ideal of beauty.  
*Schopenhauer*—A celebrated German "philosophical physiologist."  
*Schoppen*, (Ger.)—A liquid measure, chopin, pint.  
*Schrocken (Erschrocken)*—Frightened.  
*Schwaben*—Suabia.  
*Schwan*, (Ger.)—Swan.  
*Schweinblatt*—(Swine) Dirty paper.  
*Schweitzer kase*, (Ger.)—Swiss cheese.  
*Schwer*, (Ger.)—Heavy.  
*Schwig, Swig*, verb.—To drink by large draughts.  
*Schwigs, Swig*, n.—A large draught.  
*Schweinfig*, (Ger.)—Swinepig.  
*Scoop*—Take in, get.  
*Scorched*—Escorted. A negro malapropism.  
*Scrouged*, (Amer.)—Pressed, jammed.  
*Seelen-Ideal*—Soul's ideal.  
*Sefen-lefen*—Seven or eleven (minutes).  
*Seins*, (Ger.)—The Being.  
*Selbstanschauungsvermögen*, (Ger.)—Capacity for self-inspection.  
*Selbe*, (Ger. *Selbe*)—Same.  
*Serenity*—A transparency.  
*Shanty*—A board cabin. Slang, for house.  
*Shapel*—Chapel is an old word for a printing-office.  
*Sharman, Sherman*—German.  
*Shings*—Jingo; by jingo.  
*Shpicket*—Spigot; a pin or peg to stop a small hole in a cask of liquor.  
*Shipsy*—Gipsy.  
*Shlide*—Slide. "Let it slide," vulgar for "let it go."  
*Shlide*, (Amer.)—Depart.  
*Shlished, geschlitzt*—Slit.  
*Shlop over*—Go too far and upset or spill. Applied to men who venture too far in a success.  
*Shlopped*—Slopped.  
*Shmysed*, (Ger. *Schmissen*, from *Schmeissen*)—Threw him out of doors.  
*Shnow-wice*, (Ger. *Schnee-weis*)—Snow-white.  
*Shoopider*—Jupiter.  
*Shooting-stick*—A shooting-stick is used for closing up the form of types.  
*Show-spiel, Schauspiel*—Play, piece.  
*Shpoons*—Spoons, plunder.  
*Shtuhl*, (Ger. *Stuhl*)—Stool, chair.  
*Silbern*, (Ger.)—Silver.



*Sinn*, (Ger.)—Meaning.

*Six mals*—Six times.

*Skated*—Went fast, skated (?)

*Skool*—Skull.

*Skyugle*, (Amer.)—"Skyugle" is a word which had a short run during 1864. It meant many things, but chiefly to disappear or to make disappear. Thus, a deserter "skyugled," and sometimes he "skyugled" a coat or watch.

*Slanganderin'*—Foolishly slandering.

*Slasher gaffs*—Spurs for cocks, with cutting edges.

*Slibovitz*—A Bohemian schnapps.

*Slumgoozlin'*—Slum or sham guzzling, humbug.

*Slumgullion*—A Mississippi term for a legislator.

*So mit*, (Ger.)—Thus with.

*Solidaten*, (Ger. *Soldaten*)—Soldiers.

*Sonntag*, (Ger.)—Sunday.

*Soplin*—A sapling, young tree.

*Sottelet*, (Ger. *Gesattelt*)—Saddled.

*Sound upon the goose*—Bartlett, in his Dictionary of Americanisms, states that this phrase originated in the Kansas troubles, and signified true to the cause of slavery. But this is erroneous, as the phrase was common during the native American campaign, and originated at Harrisburg, as described by Mr. Leland.

*Souse und Brouse*, (Ger. *Saus und Braus*)—Revelry and rioting.

*Speck*, (Ger.)—Bacon.

*Spiel*, (Ger.)—Play.

*Spielman*, (Ger.)—Musician.

*Splodderin'*—Splattering.

*Spook*, (Ger. *Spuk*)—A ghost.

*Sporn*, (Ger.)—Spur.

*Sports*—Sporting men.

*Squander*, (Amer.)—Wander. Used in this sense in "The Big Bear of Arkansas."

*Staub*, (Ger.)—Dust.

*Stein*, (Ger.)—Stone.

*Stille*, (Ger.)—Stillness.

*Stim*, (Ger. *Stimme*)—Voice.

*Stohr*—Store.

*Stone fence*, (Amer.)—Rye whisky.

"I went in and got a horn  
Of old stone fence."

—*Jim Crow*, 1832.

*Straaten*, (Flem.)—Streets.

*Stracks*—Straight ahead, or onwards.

*Straight flush*—In poker, all the cards of one suit.

*Strassen*, (Ger.)—Streets.

*Strauss*—Name of the celebrated Viennese valse player and composer.

*Strumpf*, (Ger.)—Stocking.

*Stunden*, (Ger.)—Leagues. About four and a half English miles.

*Sturm und Drang*, (Ger.)—Literally Storm and Violence. *Sturm und Drang periode*, signifying a particular period of German literature.

*Sweynheim and Pannartz*—The first printers at Rome.

*Takes*—Allotments of copy to each printer.

*Tantz*, (Ger.)—Dance.

*Tantzen*, (Ger.)—To dance.

*Tarnal*—Eternal.

*Taub*, *Taube*, (Ger.)—Dove.

*Taugenix*, *Taugenichts*—Good-for-nothing fellow.

*Teufelsjagersmann*—Devil's huntsman.

*Theil*, (Ger.)—Part.

*Thoom*—Thumb.

*Thrip*, (Southern Amer.)—Threepence.

*Thusnelda*—The wife of Arminius, (Hermann,) the Duke of the Cheruskans and conqueror of Varus.

Tie a dog loose. *Losbinden*.

*Tiger*—An American term for a gambling table.

*Tixey*—"I wish I was in Dixie." The origin of this song is rather curious. Although now thoroughly adopted as a Southern song, and "Dixie's Land" understood to mean the Southern States of America, it was, about a century ago, the estate of one Dixie, on Manhattan Island, who treated his slaves well; and it was their lament, on being deported south, that is now known as "I wish I was in Dixie."

*Todt*, (Ger.)—Dead.

*Todtengrips*, *Todtengerippe*—Skeleton.

*Tofe*—Dove.

*To House*, (Ger. *zu Hause*)—At home.

*Tortled*—To turtle, to move off. From *turtle*.

*Touch the dirt*—Touch the road.

*Treppe*—Stairs.

*Treu*, (Ger.)—Faithful, true.

*Trow him with ecks*—Pelt him with eggs.

*Turchin*—Colonel Turchin's men ravaged the town of Huntsville (Ala.) during the civil war.

*Turkas*—Turquoise.

*Turner*, (Ger.)—Gymnast.

*Turner Verein*, (Ger. *Turnverein*)—Gymnastic Society.

*Tyfel*, *Teufel*—Devil.

*Tyfeled*, *Verteufelt*—Devilish.

*Tyfelest*—From *Teufel*, here in the sense of "best" or "worst."

*Tyfel-shnake*, *Teufelsschnaken*—Devilries.

*Tyfel-strikes*, *Teufels-streiche*—Devil-strokes.

*Tyfelwards*—Devilwards.

*Ueber Stein and Schwein*, (Ger.)—Over stone and swine.

*Ueberschwengliche*, (Ger.)—Transcendental, elevated.

*Uhr*, (Ger.)—Clock, watch, hour, time. Used for "hour" in the ballad.

*Uhu*, (Ger.)—Owl.

*Uliverus*—Oliver, another of the twelve Paladins of Charlemagne, who fell at Roncesvalles (a Roland for an Oliver).

*Und lauter guter Ding*, (Ger.)—And of thoroughly good cheer.

*Un-windoong*, (Ger. *Entwicklung?*)—Unravelling.

*Unvollkommene technik*—Unfinished style or method.

*Urbummeleid*, (Ger. *vulg.*)—Arch-loafer's song.

*Urlied*, (Ger.)—The song of yore.

*Van't klein komt men tot't groote*, (Dutch)—Great things have small beginnings. (*Concordia res parvæ crescunt*—Legend on the Dutch ducats; or "*Magna molimur parvi.*")

*Varus*—The Roman commander in Germany, conquered by Arminius.

*Veilchen*, (Ger.)—Violets.

*Vercieren*, (Flem.)—Adorn; exalt.

*Verdammt*, (Ger.)—D—d.

*Verfluchter*, (Ger.)—Accursed.

*Verloren*, (Ger.)—Forlorn.

*Verstay*, *Verstehen*—Understand.

*Versteh*, *Verstehen*, (Ger.)—To understand.

*Vertyfeln* *Verteufeln*—To botch.

*Villiam*—William Street at New York, inhabited by many Germans.

*Vivat!*—The same as *vive!* in French. Hurrah!

*Vlaemsche*—Flemish.

*Von*—One. See Preface.

*Voonderly*, (Ger. *Wunderlich*)—Wondrous, curious.

*Vorüber*, (Ger.)—Past.

*Wachsen*, (Ger.)—Waxen.

*Wachsen*, (Ger.)—To grow.

“Komm' ich in's galante Sachsen  
Wo die schöne Maedchen wachsen.”

—*Old German Song.*

*Waechter*, (Ger.)—Watchman.

*Waelder*, (Ger.)—Woods.

*Wahlverwandschaft*, (Ger.)—Elective affinity, sympathy of souls.

*Wahrsagt*, (Ger. *Wahrsagen*)—To foretell, soothsay.

*Waidmannsheil*, (Ger.)—Huntsman's weal.

*Wald*, (Ger.)—Wood.

*Wallowin*—Walloon.

*Wälschen*, (Ger.)—Of the Latin race.

*Wappenschild* (*Waffenschild*)—Coat of arms.

*Ward all zu Steine*, (Ger.)—Became all stone.

*Ward zu Wind*, (Ger.)—Became a wind.

*Wechselbalg*, (Ger.)—(formerly a popular superstitious belief), a changeling, brat, urchin.

*Weihnachtsbaum*, (Ger.)—Christmas tree.

*Weihnachtslied*, (Ger.)—Christmas song.

*Weingarts*, *weingärten*, (Ger.)—Vineyards.

*Weingeist*, (Ger.)—Vinous, ardent spirit.

*Wein-handle*, (Ger. *Weinhandel* or *Weinhandlung*)—Wine-trade, wine-shop.

*Weinnachtstraum*—lit., Winenight's dream, for “Weihnacht,” Christmas dream.

*Wellen und Wogen*, (Ger.)—Waves and billows.

*Welshhen*—Turkey hen.

*Werda?* (Ger.)—Who's there?

*Werden, das Werden*—The becoming to be.

*Wete* (*Wette*)—Bet.

*We'uns, you'ns*—We and you. A common vulgarism through the Southern States.

“'Tis sad that we'uns from you'ns parts  
When you'ns hev stolen we'uns' hearts.

*Wie gehts*, (Ger.)—How goes it? how are you?

*Wie Milch und Blut*—Like milk and blood.

*Wild und Weh*, (Ger.)—Wild and woebegone.

*Wilde Jagd*—Wild hunt.

*Willkomm*, (Ger.)—Welcome.

*Windsbraut*, (Ger. poet)—Storm, hurricane, gust of wind.

*Wird*, (Ger.)—Becomes.

*Wise-hood*, (Ger. *Weisheit*)—Wisdom.

*Wised*, (Ger. *Wusste*, from *wissen*)—Knew.  
*Witz*, (Ger.)—A sally.  
*Wo bist du?* (Ger.)—Where art?  
*Woe-moody*, (Ger. *Wehmüthig*)—Moanful, doleful.  
*Wohl*, (Ger.)—Well!  
*Wohlauf*, (Ger.)—Well, come on, cheer up.  
*Wolfsschlucht*, (Ger.)—Wolf's glen.  
*Wonnevol*, (Ger. *Wonnevoll*)—Blissful.  
*Woon*, (Ger. *Wunde*)—Wound.  
*Word-blay*—Word-play, pun, quibble.  
*Wunderschéen* (*Wunderschæn*)—Very beautiful.  
*Wurst*—A German student word for indifference.  
*Wurst*, (Ger.)—Sausage.

*Yæger*, (Ger.)—Huntsman.  
*Yaegersmann*, *Jaegersmann*—Huntsman.  
*Yager*, (*Jager*, Ger.)—Hunter.  
*Y'ar*, (Ger. *Jahr*)—Year.  
*Yartausend*, *Jahrtausend*—A thousand years.  
*Yellow pine*—Mulatto.  
*Yonge maegden*, (Flem.)—Young girls.

“I lost a maiden in that hour.”—*Byron*.

*Yoompers*—Jumpers. Rude sledges.  
*Yungling*, *Jüngling*, (Ger.)—Youth.

*Zapfet aus*, (Ger.)—Tap the barrel.  
*Zigeuner*—Gipsy.  
*Zimmer*, (Ger.)—Room.  
*Zukunftig*, (Ger.)—In future.



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